Wednesday's Child

Matt Monro

Wednesday's child is a child of woe. Wednesday's child cries alone, I know. When you smiled, just for me you smiled, For a while I forgot I was Wednesday's child.

Friday's child wins at love, they say.
In your arms Friday was my day.
Now you're gone, well I should have known,
I am Wednesday's child, born to be alone.

Now you're gone, well I should have known, I am Wednesday's child, born to be alone.

Wednesday's child, born to be alone.