

Hine Rupert

"Thursday's Child 4 46"

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There's a boy of nine running down the road
And he's out of his mind
Little sister fell down the stairs again
He can't believe in heaven anymore. Amen!
Look from your car window
And you'll see this stoney sideshow
Thursday's child has far to go

And here's a teenage girl lost at the junction
She's out of control
The man she loved left and dumped her, alone
She's just another message on his ansaphone
All she needed was the sound of his soft hello
She mustn't sink so low
Thursday's child has far to go

And no one taught these kids to laugh
Old faces on tiny legs
And no one taught these kids to cry
They just cry
And no one taught these kids to learn about love

Can't the angels save these children
God knows, he made plenty of those
Can't the angels save these children
Must they live on the edge
Please give them a home
Give them some hope

And this family's unheard shouting at the world
Knowing no sanctuary
Frail young mother with the glassy eyes
Fantasizing, she's so tranquilized
Look down from your window
To a dessert where nothing can grow
Thursday's child has far to go

And no one taught these kids to laugh
Old faces on tiny legs
And no one taught these kids to cry
They just cry

Guitar: Phil Palmer
Drums: Michael Witzel
Clarinets and Recorders: Ollie W. Taylor
Piano, keys and vocals: Rupert Hine

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