

Wendy Matthews "Friday's Child"

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Just when I lose my touch
You come up and touch me
Just when I can't find the words
You run up and tell me
I'm off in the distance, out of time, out of place
You always save a trace for
Friday's child, Friday's child
At times I drift too far from shore
You get the life line to me
When I fight my holy war
You tell me what it's good for
I walk in your footsteps when the road gets too wild

You go the extra mile for
Friday's child, Friday's child
I see it like a silver screen
You see just what you like
When I can't see anything
You make the world turn my way
You make the world turn my way
I walk in your footsteps
The road's hard to find
You stand the test of time
for Friday's child

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