

Nancy Sinatra "Friday's Child"

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FRIDAY'S CHILD

Nancy Sinatra

Friday's child.....Hard luck is her brother
Friday's child.....Her sister's misery
Friday's child.....Her daddy they call hard times
Friday's child.....That's me

Friday's child.....Born a little ugly
Friday's child.... Good looks passed her by..oh
Friday's child.....Makes something look like nothing
Friday's child.....Am I..ya

Guitar Solo

Friday's child.....Never climbed no mountain
Friday's child.....She ain't even gonna tray..oh
Friday's child.....Whom they'll forget to bury
Friday's child.....Am I

Carnahan

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