

## Phil Keaggy

### "Sunday's Child"

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Monday's child was feeling blue,  
Tuesday's child who noticed you,  
Wednesday's child was full of woe,  
Thursday's child was dressed up  
With no place to go.  
Friday's child and Saturday  
Out there running wild.  
Since she's met the King of hearts  
They call her Sunday's child.

Sunday's child, oh yeah.  
Sunday's child, oh yeah.

Some they cry all through the night,  
A few send up a wishing kite.  
When the day comes to an end,  
There you sit all alone feeling empty again.  
Frightened by each sadder day,  
So long since you smiled.  
You will find no peace of mind  
Til you're Sunday's child.

Sunday's child, oh yeah.  
Sunday's child, oh yeah.

Every day of the week,  
Every month of the year,  
While time is still on your side,  
Take the love that is here.  
Take the love that is here.

Monday's child was feeling blue,  
Tuesday's child who noticed you,  
Wednesday's child was full of woe,  
Thursday's child was dressed up  
With no place to go.  
Friday's child and Saturday  
Out there running wild.  
Since she's met the King of hearts  
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