

Sinatra Nancy

"Fridays Child"

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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

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