

7th Son

Edwyn Collins

You flew too near the sun
But that don't make you the golden one
Seventh son of a seventh son
But that don't make you the chosen one

Sun burned the molten sky
You singed your wings so you couldn't fly
You fell to earth that's no disgrace
You found your soul when you lost your face
But earthbound you stuck around
Underwhelmed by the realm you found
They sold you out for what it's worth
Welcome to the planet earth

You flew too near the sun
But that that don't make you the golden one
Seventh son of a seventh son
But that don't make you the chosen one

Back street preacher's blues divine
Bitter sweet like holy wine
But when your flock had gathered round
You had to dumb your message down
But still they didn't understand
A stranger in a stranger land
They sold you out that's no disgrace
Welcome to the human race
You flew too near the sun
But that don't make you the golden one
Seventh son of a seventh son

But that don't make you the chosen one
Now you've found yourself alone