Seventh Son of a Seventh Son

Rory Gallagher

He was the seventh son of a seventh son People claimed that he could cure anyone

He had the power there is no doubt From his healing hands the light shone all about No magic potion or mystic words, His eyes stared at you, no sound was heard

People came from north and south To see this faith healing man, see what he was all about Cured the young and cured the old Soon the whole nation knew his name

Seventh son of a seventh son Is it to late Now that I've come? Seventh son of a seventh son Is it to late? You know why I've come

Outside his door where queues ten deep, Soon this faith healing man could get no sleep. On the street they milled outside Soon this man had to spend his days inside

He cured a woman who could not speak And you know the blind child? Now he can see Never asked for payment or took anything from them Faith healing man was not the same

One day a man with a big cigar Drove into town in a long, long silver car. He made a deal, said thin boy would go far, Said he'd make this faith healing country boy into a movie star.

The seventh son of a seventh son He moved away from this small town To the city he soon came He looked up in lights, saw his name.

See all the people who knew him well, As though he was still here, the stories they all tell About the time he made the lame boy walk But know you have to pay hear him talk

One day he returned from the city of lights You know something had happened there, his powers had died But know he says he won't cure no more Faith healin' man you have returned

Seventh son of a seventh son Is it to late? You know why I've come Seventh son of a seventh son, To be cured Well half went up with those big city lights Seventh son of a seventh son Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: