

Eurovision Song Contest

"Malta: ira losco - 7th wonder"

Visit "[Malta: ira losco - 7th wonder](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Seven degrees
I'm down on my knees
Waiting for the man to put me under his spell

Seven o' five
He walks into sight
Giving me the eye, he lifts my spirits high

His passion burns and my luck takes a turn
I'm reborn and alive with his love to survive

Is it good? Is it bad?
Am I simply going mad?
Is it fiction or fact?
Am I really losing tact?
Is he magical, logical, natural? I wonder
He's got the makings of my seventh wonder
Ooh whooh whooh whooh

Seventy three kisses for me
That whisper through the silence his feelings for me
Softly he dips my cherry-red lips
In the essence of a hope on which my love can float

His passion burns and my luck takes a turn
I'm reborn and alive with his love to survive

Is it good? Is it bad?
Am I simply going mad?
Is it fiction or fact?
Am I really losing tact?
Is he magical, logical, natural? I wonder
He's got the makings of my seventh wonder

On seven seas we sail on this dream
Turning it into virtual reality
Reality

Is it good? Is it bad?
Am I simply going mad?
Is it fiction or fact?

Am I really losing tact?
(Is he magical?) Magical
(Logical, natural? I wonder)
He's got the makings of my seventh wonder

Am I weak? Am I strong?
In his arms do I belong?
I could climb mountain high
For his love I'd learn to fly
Is he magical, logical, natural? I wonder
He's got the makings of my seventh wonder
(Is he fiction or a matter of fact?)
Seventh wonder
(Is he fiction or a matter of fact?)
Seventh wonder

Visit [Eurovision Song Contest](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.