## Ira Losco "7th Wonder"

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Seven degreesÂ...
I'm down on my knees
Waiting for the man to put me under his spell
7:05Â...
He walks in to 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 wonderÂ...
He's got the makings of my 7th wonder

Seventy-threeÂ...
Kisses for me
That whisper through the silence his feelings for me
Softly he dipsÂ...
My cherry-red lips,
In the essence of 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 wonderÂ...
He's got the makings of my 7th wonder

On seven seasÂ...we sail on this dream, Turning it in to virtual 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? Logical? NaturalÂ...I wonderÂ... He's got the makings of my 7th wonder

Am I weak? Am I strong?
In his arms do I belong?
I could climb - mountain high
For his love I'll learn to fly
Is he magical?
Logical?
Natural wonderÂ...
He's got the making of my 7th wonder

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