

Wilma Burgess

"The Seventh Son"

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Well, now everybody cryin' 'bout the seventh son
But in the whole round world there is only one
And I'm the one, yes, I'm the one, I'm the one, I'm the one
one
I'm the one they call the seventh son
Well, I can tell your future before it comes to pass
And I can do things for you that make your heart feel glad
Look at the skies and predict the rain
I can tell when a woman's got another man
I'm the one, yes, I'm the one, I'm the one, I'm the one
I'm the one they call the seventh son
Now I can hold you close and I can squeeze you tight
And I can make you cry for me both day and night
And I can heal the sick and even raise the dead
And make you little girls talk out of your head
I'm the one, yes, I'm the one, I'm the one, I'm the one
I'm the one they call the seventh son
Now I can talk these words that sound so sweet
I can make your little heart even skip a beat
I can take you, baby, hold you in my arms
And make the flesh quiver on your lovely bones
I'm the one, yes, I'm the one, I'm the one, I'm the one
I'm the one they call the seventh son
Well, now everybody cryin'
'Bout the seventh son
But in the whole round world there is only one
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