

Rory Gallagher

"Seventh Son Of 7th Son"

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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

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