

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