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.

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