

Sting, Seventh Son

Everybody's talking 'bout a seventh son,
In the whole round world there's only one

I'm the one,
Yes, I'm the one,
I'm the one, I'm the one,
The one they call the seventh son.

I can tell your future, it will come to pass,
I can do things for you; make your heart feel glad,
Look in the sky, 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,
The one they call the seventh son

I can hold you close, I can squeeze you tight,
Make you cry for me both day and night,
Heal the sick and raise the dead,
Make little girls talk out of their heads.

I'm the one,
Yes, I'm the one,
I'm the one, I'm the one,
The one they call the seventh son

I can talk these words that sound so sweet,
Even make your little heart skip a beat,
I can heal the sick and raise the dead,
Make little girls talk out of their heads

I'm the one,
Yes, I'm the one,
I'm the one, I'm the one,
The one they call the seventh son

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