

# Willie Mabon, The Seventh Son

now everybody's crying about the seventh son,  
in the whole round world there is only one;  
i'm the one, i'm the one,  
i'm the one, i'm the one, the one they call the seventh son.

now i can tell your future before it comes to pass,  
i can do things for you makes your heart feel glad;  
i can look at the skies and predict the rain,  
i can tell when a woman's got another man;  
i'm the one, i'm the one,  
i'm the one, i'm the one, the one they call the seventh son.

i can hold you close and squeeze you tight,  
i can make you cry for me both day and night,  
i can heal the sick and raise the dead,  
i can make you little girls talk all out of your head;  
i'm the one, i'm the one,  
i'm the one, i'm the one, the one they call the seventh son.

now, i can talk these words that sound so sweet,  
and make your loving heart even skip a beat.  
i can take you, baby, and hold you in my arms,  
and make the flesh quiver on your lovely bones;  
i'm the one, i'm the one,  
i'm the one, i'm the one, the one they call the seventh son.