

Fortunate Son

Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to wave the flag
ooo, they're red, white and blue
And when the band plays "Hail to the Chief"
ooo, they point the cannon at you, Lord
It ain't me, it ain't me... I ain't no senator's son, no
It ain't me, it ain't me... I ain't no fortunate one, no
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
Lord, don't they help themselves, yeah
But when the taxman comes to the door Lord, the house look a like a rummage sale, yeah
It ain't me, it ain't me... I ain't no millionaire's son, no, no
It ain't me, it ain't me... I ain't no fortunate one, no
(Guitar) Yeah, some folks inherit star-spangled eyes
ooo, they send you down to war, Lord
And when you ask 'em how much should we give
ooo, they only answer; more, more, more yeah
It ain't me, it ain't me... I ain't no military son, son, no no
It ain't me, it ain't me... I ain't no fortunate one, one
It ain't me, it ain't me... I ain't no fortunate one, no, no, no
It ain't me, it ain't me... I ain't no fortunate son, no, no, no

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