

# 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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