

## Creedance Clearwater Revival "Fortunate Son"

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Some folks are born, made to wave the flag,  
Ooh they're red white and blue  
And when the band play hail to the chief  
They point the cannons at you, ya'll

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son's son  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one naw

Some folks are born, silver spoon in hand  
Lawd (lord) don't they help themselves, ya'll  
But when the tax man comes to the door  
Lowd the house looka like a rummage sale, yea

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaires son, naw  
naw  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one naw

Yea, some folks inherit, star spangled eyes  
Ohh they'll send you down ta war, ya  
And when you ask'em, how much should we give  
Oooh the only answer's more, more, more ya'll

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no military son, son naw  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one naw  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one lawd naw  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate son, lawd naw

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