

## Fortunate Son

# "Creedence 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 plays, 'Hail to the chief'  
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord

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

Some folks are born with silver spoon in hand  
Lord, don't they help themselves? Oh  
But when the taxman come to the door  
Lord, the house look like a rummage sale, yes

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

Yeah, yeah, some folks inherit star spangled eyes  
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord  
And when you ask them, how much should we give  
Ooh, they only answer, more, more, more, yo

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

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, son  
It ain't me

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