

C.c.r. "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"
They point the cannon right at you

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

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,
Lord, dont they help themselves
But when the tax man comes to the door,
Lord the house looks like a rummage sale

It ain't me, it ain't me

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

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,
Ooh, they send you down to war
And when you ask them, "How much should we give?"
They only answer "More! More! More!"

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

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

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