

# Fortunate Son

## Creedence Clearwater Revival

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"  
Oh, they point the cannon at you, Lord  
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, no  
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand  
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh  
But when the tax men come to the door  
Lord, the house look a 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, some folks inherit star spangled eyes  
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord  
And when you ask them, "How much should we give?"  
Oh, they only answer, more, more, more, yoh  
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, no, no, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate son, no, no

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