

Fortunate Son

[Santana](#)

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
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, silver spoon in hand
Lord, don't they help themselves? Yoh
But when the tax man 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
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" yoh
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no military son, son
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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