

Fortunate Son

The Dead Daisies

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"
Lord, they point the cannons at you,
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, no
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one,
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh
But when the taxman comes to the door
Lord, it looks like a rummage sale,
Well It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's son, no none
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, no
Some folks inherit star spangled eyes
Ooh, they send you off to war, Now
And when we ask them, "How much should I give?"
They just say More! more! more! y'all
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no general's son, no
It ain't me, it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one, oh
(Solo)
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no general's son, no no
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 senator's son, no
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no millionaire's, I ain't no fortunate one...
No I'm not no fortunate one
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