

# Fortunate Son

[John Fogerty](#)

Some folks are born, made to wave the flag  
Ooo, their red, white and blue  
And when the band plays "Hail to the Chief"  
Ooo, 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, y'all  
But when the taxman comes to the door  
Lord, the house looks 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, yeah  
Some folks inherit star spangled eyes  
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord  
And when you ask 'em, "How much should we give?"  
Ooh, they only answer "More! More! More!", y'all  
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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