

Fortunate son
(John Fogherty) by John Fogherty

Some folks are born made to wave the flag
Ooh, theyre red, white and blue
And when the band plays Hail to the chief
They point the cannon right at you

It aint me, it aint me
I aint no senators son
It aint me, it aint me
I aint no fortunate son

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

It aint me, it aint me
I aint no millionaires son
It aint me, it aint me
I aint no fortunate son

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 aint me, it aint me
I aint no militarys son
It aint me, it aint me
I aint no fortunate son

It aint me, it aint me
I aint no fortunate one, no no
It aint me, it aint me
I aint no fortunate son