

Bob Seger, Fortunate Son

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, 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 now
And when the tax man comes to the door
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes

It ain't me
It ain't me
I ain't no millionaire's son, son, son
It ain't me
It ain't me

I ain't no fortunate one, no, no

Some folks inherit star-spangled eyes
Ooh, they send you down to war
And when you ask 'em how much should we give
Ooh, they only answer more, more, more, more

It ain't me
It ain't me
I ain't no military son, son, 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, one, one
It ain't me
It ain't me
I ain't no fortunate son, son, son