

Bruce Springsteen, 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"
They point the cannon right at you

It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no senator's son
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no fortunate son

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
Lord they don't help themselves
But when the taxman comes to the door
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale

It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no millionaire's son
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't 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 ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no military's son
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no fortunate son

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