

John Fogerty, Fortunate Son

(John Fogerty)

Some folks are born
made to wave the flag,
Ooh, they're red, whit 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 one.

Some folks are born
silver spoon in hand,
Lord don't they help themselves.
But when the tax man 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 one.

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 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 Son.