

# Creedence Clearwater Revival, 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.  
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? Yoh!  
But when the taxman  
Comes to the door,  
Lord, the house look a 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, some folks inherit  
Star-spangled eyes;  
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord.  
And when you ask them,  
"How much should we give?"  
Ooh, they only answer, "More, more, more." Yoh!

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.