

Pearl Jam, Fortunate Son

Some folks are born
Made to wave that flag
Ooh that red, white 'n blue
And when they play
'Hail to the Cheif'
Ooh they point the cannon at you, lord

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

Some folks are born
Silver spoon in hand
Lord don't they help themselves?
And when the taxman
Knocks on their door
Ooh the house looks like a rummage sale, yeah

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 millionaires son, no, no

Some folks are born
Starspangled eyes
Ooh they send you out to war
And when Australia asks
'How much do we give?'
Ooh they just ask for more and more and more and more and more and...

It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no millionaires son, no
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 CIA son, no
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no fortunate son, son, son