

Fill in the gaps

Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some (1)	are born made to wave the flag	Yeah, some folks inherit star (5)	eyes
(Ooh) they're red, (2) and blue		(Ooh) they send you down to war, Lord	
And when the band plays "hail to the chief"		And when you ask them	
(Ooh) they (3)	the cannon at you, Lord	"How much (6) we give?"	
It ain't me, it ain't me		(Ooh) they only answer	
I ain't no senator's son, son		"More, more, more" y'all	
It ain't me, it ain't me		It ain't me, it ain't me	
I ain't no fortunate one, no		I ain't no (7) son, son	
Some (4)	are born silver spoon in hand	It ain't me, it ain't me	
Lord, don't they help themselves? y'all		I ain't no fortunate one, one	
But when the taxman comes to the door		It ain't me, it ain't me	
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yeah		I ain't no fortunate one, no no no	
It ain't me, it ain't me		It ain't me, it ain't me	
I ain't no millionaire's son, no, no		I ain't no fortunate one, no no no	
It ain't me, it ain't	me		
I ain't no fortunate	e one, no		



- 1. folks
- 2. white
- 3. point
- 4. folks
- 5. spangled
- 6. should
- 7. military

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