

Fill in the gaps

Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to wave the flag	Yeah, some folks inherit (6) spangled eyes
(Ooh) they're red, white 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) (1) point the cannon at you, Lord	"How much (7) we give?"
It ain't me, it ain't me	(Ooh) (8) 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 (9) son, son
Some folks are born (2) in	It ain't me, it ain't me
hand	I ain't no fortunate one, one
Lord, don't they help themselves? y'all	It ain't me, it ain't me
But when the taxman comes to the door	I ain't no fortunate one, no no no
Lord, the house (4) (5) a rummage	It ain't me, it ain't me
sale, yeah	I ain't no fortunate one, no no no
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	



- 1. they
- 2. silver
- 3. spoon
- 4. looks
- 5. like
- 6. star
- 7. should
- 8. they
- 9. military

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