

Fill in the gaps

Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to wave the flag	Yeah, some folks inherit star spangled eyes
(Ooh) they're red, (1) and blue	(Ooh) (6) send you down to war, Lord
And when the (2) plays "hail to the chief"	And (7) you ask them
(Ooh) they point the cannon at you, Lord	"How much should 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 (3) one, no	I ain't no military son, son
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand	It ain't me, it ain't me
Lord, don't (4) help themselves? y'all	I ain't no fortunate one, one
But when the taxman (5) 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 one, no	



- 1. white
- 2. band
- 3. fortunate
- 4. they
- 5. comes
- 6. they
- 7. when

Fill in the gaps