

I ain't no fortunate one, no

Fill in the gaps

Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to wave the flag	Yeah, (3) folks inherit (4) spangled
(Ooh) they're red, white and blue	eyes
And when the band plays "hail to the chief"	(Ooh) they (5) you down to war, Lord
(Ooh) (1) point the cannon at you, Lord	And (6) you ask them
It ain't me, it ain't me	"How much should we give?"
I ain't no senator's son, son	(Ooh) they (7) answer
It ain't me, it ain't me	"More, more, more" y'all
I ain't no fortunate one, no	It ain't me, it ain't me
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand	I ain't no military son, son
Lord, don't (2) 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, one
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yeah	It ain't me, it ain't me
It ain't me, it ain't me	I ain't no (8) one, no no no
I ain't no millionaire's son, no, no	It ain't me, it ain't me
It ain't me, it ain't me	I ain't no fortunate one, no no no



Fill in the gaps

- 1. they
- 2. they
- 3. some
- 4. star
- 5. send
- 6. when
- 7. only
- 8. fortunate