

I ain't no fortunate one, no

Fill in the gaps

Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to (1)	the flag	Yeah, some (6)	inherit star spangled eyes
(Ooh) they're red, white and blue		(Ooh) they send you down to war, Lord	
And (2) the (3) plays	"hail to the chief"	And when 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 fortunate one, no		I ain't no (7)	son, son
Some folks are born silver (4)	in hand	It ain't me, it ain't me	
Lord, don't they help themselves? y'all		I ain't no (8)	one, one
But (5) 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			



Fill in the gaps

- 1. wave
- 2. when
- 3. band
- 4. spoon
- 5. when
- 6. folks
- 7. military
- 8. fortunate