

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 | rean, (4) folks innerit (5) spangled |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| (Ooh) they're red, (1) and blue | eyes |
| And when the band (2) "hail to the chief" | (Ooh) (6) send you down to war, Lord |
| (Ooh) they point the cannon at you, Lord | And (7) 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 only 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 (8) son, son |
| 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, one |
| Lord, the house (3) 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 fortunate 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. white
- 2. plays
- 3. looks
- 4. some
- 5. star
- 6. they
- 7. when
- 8. military