

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, white and blue	(Ooh) they send you (6) to war, Lord
And when the band plays "hail to the chief"	And when you ask them
(Ooh) they point the (1) at you, Lord	"How (7) 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 military son, son
Some (2) are born silver spoon in hand	It ain't me, it ain't me
Lord, don't (3) help themselves? y'all	I ain't no fortunate one, one
But when the taxman (4) to the door	It ain't me, it ain't me
Lord, the house looks (5) 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. cannon

- 2. folks
- 3. they
- 4. comes
- 5. like
- 6. down
- 7. much

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