

I ain't no fortunate one, no

Fill in the gaps

Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some locks are born made to (1) the mag	rean, some loks innerit star (b)	eyes
(Ooh) they're red, (2) and blue	(Ooh) they send you down to war, Lord	
And when the band plays "hail to the chief"	And when you ask them	
(Ooh) (3) point the (4) at you, Lord	"How much should we give?"	
It ain't me, it ain't me	(Ooh) (7) only answer	
l 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	
ain't no fortunate 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 (5) help themselves? y'all	I ain't no fortunate one, one	
But when 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 (8) one, no no no	
It ain't me, it ain't me	It ain't me, it ain't me	
l 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		



1. wave

- 2. white
- 3. they
- 4. cannon
- 5. they
- 6. spangled
- 7. they
- 8. fortunate

Fill in the gaps