

Fortunate Son – Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
Ooh, they're red, white and blue
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief",
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, Lord,
It ain't me, it ain't me,
I ain't no senator's son, son
It ain't me, it ain't me;
I ain't no fortunate one, no,
Yeah!

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh
But when the taxman comes to the door,
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale,
yes,

It ain't me, it ain't me,
I ain't no millionaire's son, no
It ain't me, it ain't me;
I ain't no fortunate one, no

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord,
And when you ask them,
"How much should we give?"

Ooh, they only answer More! more! more! yoh,
It ain't me, it ain't me,
I ain't no military son, son
It ain't me, it ain't me;

I ain't no fortunate one, one
It ain't me, it ain't me,
I ain't no fortunate one, no no no,
It ain't me, it ain't me,
I ain't no fortunate son, no no no



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych

