

## 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 (3) you down to war, Lord
And when the (1) plays "hail to the chief"	And (4) you ask them
(Ooh) (2) point the cannon at you, Lord	"How (5) should we give?"
It ain't me, it ain't me	(Ooh) (6) (7) 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 folks are born silver spoon in hand	It ain't me, it ain't me
Lord, don't they 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
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	



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. band
- 2. they
- 3. send
- 4. when
- 5. much
- 6. they
- 7. only
- 8. fortunate