

Fill in the gaps

Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born (1) to (2) the flag	Yeah, (7) folks inherit (8) spangled
(Ooh) they're red, white and blue	eyes
And when the band plays "hail to the chief"	(Ooh) they send you down to war, Lord
(Ooh) (3) point the cannon at you, Lord	And when 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 (4) spoon in hand	I ain't no military 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 looks (5) 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
I ain't no (6) one, no	



Fill in the gaps

- 1. made
- 2. wave
- 3. they
- 4. silver
- 5. like
- 6. fortunate
- 7. some
- 8. star