

Fill in the gaps

Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some (1) are born made to wave the flag	Yeah, some folks (6) star spangled ey	es/
(Ooh) they're red, white and blue	(Ooh) they send you (7) to war, Lord	
And when the band plays "hail to the chief"	And (8) you ask them	
(Ooh) (2) point the cannon at you, Lord	"How much should we give?"	
It ain't me, it ain't me	(Ooh) (9) 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 folks are born (3) spoon in hand	It ain't me, it ain't me	
Lord, don't they (4) themselves? y'all	I ain't no fortunate one, one	
But when the taxman (5) to the door	It ain't me, it ain't me	
Lord, the house looks like 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. folks
- 2. they
- 3. silver
- 4. help
- 5. comes
- 6. inherit
- 7. down
- 8. when
- 9. they

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