

Fill in the gaps

Fortunate Son by Creedence Clearwater Revival

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

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