

Fortunate Son

Donavon Frankenreiter

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'
They point the cannon right at you

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

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

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

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes
Oh, they send you down to war
And when you ask them how much should we give
The only answer is more, more, more

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