Fortunate Son

The Dead Daisies

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"
Ooh, they point the cannon at you

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no senator's son, no
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't 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
Lord, it looks like a rummage sale

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

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord
And when you ask them, "How much should we give?"
They just saying – more, more, more!

It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no general son, no
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, aw!

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

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

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