

## Fortunate Son

### The Ghost Inside

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, Lord

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

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand  
Lord, don't they help themselves, no  
But when the taxman come to the door  
Lord, the house lookin' like a rummage sale, yeah

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

Yeah, some folks inherit star-spangled eyes  
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord  
And when you ask 'em, "How much should we give?"  
Ooh, they only answer, "More, more, more, more"

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