

# Bruce Springsteen, Fortunate Son

Some folks are born made to wave the flag  
Ooh, they're red, white and blue  
And when the band plays &quot;Hail to the chief&quot;  
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 ain't no fortunate son

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand  
Lord they don't help themselves  
But when the taxman comes to the door  
Lord, the house looks 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 ain't no fortunate son

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes  
Ooh, they send you down to war  
And when you ask them &quot;how much should we give ?&quot;  
They only answer more! more! more!

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

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