

Fortunate Son

Álbum: Willy and the Poor Boys

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Elaborado por: Iván Ramos Hernandez

Some folks are born made to wave the flag
They're red, white and blue
And when the band plays "Hail to the Chief"
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

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
Lord, don't they help themselves, yeah
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, no, no
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no fortunate one

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

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