

# Fortunate Son (feat. Scott Stapp)

## Santana

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? Yoh  
But when the tax man comes to the door  
Lord, the house look a 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 them, "How much should we give?"  
Ooh, they only answer, "More, more, more" yoh  
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, no, no, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate son, no, no, no

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