

Thinking Through History: How do these songs reveal the feeling of the counter culture of the 1960s?

Fortunate Son - Creedence Clearwater Revival - Fortunate Son Lyrics

Artist: [Fortunate Son](#)

Album: [Miscellaneous](#)

Genre: [Pop](#)

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

But 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 with silver spoon in hand
Lord, don't they help themselves? Oh
But when the taxman come to the door
Lord, the house look like a rummage sale, yes

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, 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, yo

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

Read more at <http://www.songlyrics.com/fortunate-son/creedence-clearwater-revival-fortunate-son-lyrics/#foQsdDffh5uXUOQY.99>

Marvin Gaye - What's Going On Lyrics

Artist: [Marvin Gaye](#)

Album: [What's Going On](#)

Genre: [R&B](#)

Mother, Mother
There's too many of you crying
Brother, brother, brother
There's far too many of you dying

You know we've got to find a way
To bring some lovin' here today, yeah

Father, Father
We don't need to escalate
You see, war is not the answer
For only love can conquer hate

You know we've got to find a way
To bring some lovin' here today

Picket lines and picket signs
Don't punish me with brutality
Talk to me so you can see
Oh, what's going on? what's going?
Ya, what's going on? ah, what's going on?

Mother, Mother
Everybody thinks we're wrong
Oh, but who are they to judge us
Simply because our hair is long?

Oh, you know we've got to find a way
To bring some understanding here today

Picket lines and picket signs
Don't punish me with brutality
Talk to me so you can see
Oh, what's going on? yeah what's going on?
Tell me what goin' on? I'll tell you what's going on?

Read more at <http://www.songlyrics.com/marvin-gaye/what-s-going-on-lyrics/#ArjrVBvUqdhWe115.99>

Bob Dylan - The Times They Are A-Changin'

Lyrics

Artist: [Bob Dylan](#)

Album: [The Times They Are a-Changin'](#)

Genre: [Rock](#)

Come gather 'round, people, wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone

If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
Oh, the times they are a changin'

Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin

And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a'changin'

Come Senators, Congressmen, please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled

There's a battle outside and it's ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
Oh, the times they are a changin'

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command

Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
Oh, the times they are a changin'

The line, it is drawn, the curse, it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past

The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last
Oh, the times they are a changin'

Writer(s): Bob Dylan
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