**Fortunate Son.**

**Creedence Clearwater Revival.**

G F C G 2x

G (Sol) F (Fa)

Some folks are born made to wave the flag,

C (Do) G

Ooh, that red, white and blue

G F

And when the band plays "hail to the chief",

C G

Ooh, they point the cannon at you, lord!

G D (Ré) C G

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

G D C G

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

G F

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,

C G

Lord, don't they help themselves, oh

G F

But when the taxman comes to the door,

C G

Lord, the house lookin' like a rummage sale, yeah

G D C G

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

G D C G

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

G F C G 2x

G F

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,

C G

Ooh, and they send you down to war, lord

G F

And when you ask them, "how much should we give?"

C G

Ooh, the only answer is more! more! more! yeah!

G D C G

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

G D C G

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

G D C G

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

G D C G

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