

CCR - Fortunate Son

G F
Some folks are born to wave the flag,
C G
Ooh, that red, white and blue, dog
G F
And when the band plays "hail to the chief",
C G
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, lord!

G D 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
Yeah!

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, dog
G D C G
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunate one, no.

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 G G 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, dog.
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 fortunat one, dog.
G D C G
It ain't me, it ain't me, I ain't no fortunat one, dog.