

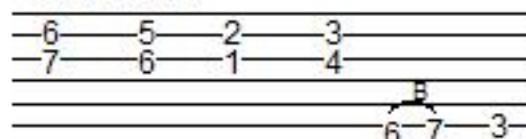
# FORTUNATE SON

Creedence Clearwater Revival

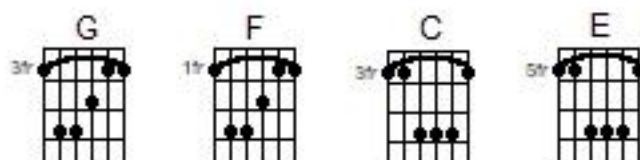
## INTRO



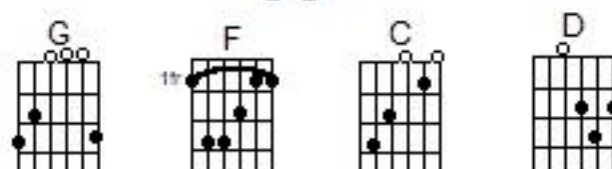
## INTERMEDE



G F  
Some folks are born to wave the flag,  
C G  
Ooh, they're 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 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,  
Yeah!



OU

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 looks like a rummage sale, yes,

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,  
Yeah!

G F  
Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,  
C G  
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord,  
G F  
And when you ask them, "How much should we give?  
C G"  
Ooh, they only answer More! more! more! yoh,