

Creedence Clearwater Revival

Fortunate Son

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

/ G F / C7 G / G F / C G /

It ain't me, it ain't me

I ain't no senator's son (millionaire's, military, fortunate)

It ain't me, it ain't me

I ain't no fortunate one

/ G D7 / C7 G / :

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
Lord, don't they help themselves, oh
But when the taxman come to the door
Lord, the house look a like a rummage sale, yes

Yeah, some folks inherit star spangled eyes
Ooh, they send you down to war
And when you ask them, how much should we give
Ooh, they only answer, more, more, more, yeah