

# Creedence Clearwater Revival - Fortunate Son

Tom: C

Ponte: (tocando geralmente em G )  
tocar 2X

Versão 1

-----

Verso

**G** **F**  
Some Folk are born, made to wave the flag.

**C** **G**  
oh, that red white and blue.

**G** **F**  
And when the band played "Hail to the Chief".

**C** **G**  
oh, they point the cannon at you, lord

Refrão

**G** **D**  
It ain't me, it ain't me.

**C** **G**  
I ain't no senator's son, no.

**G** **D**  
It ain't me, it ain't me.

**C** **G**  
I ain't no fortunate son, no.

Verso 2

Some folks are born, silver spoon in hand,  
Lord, don't they help themselves.  
But when the tax man come to the door,  
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale.

Refrão

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

Verso

Some folks inherite star spangled eyes,  
oh they'll send ya down to war.  
But when you ask 'em how much should we give,  
They'll only answer, more, more, more.

Refrão

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

Refrão

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

Refrão

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

Fim

It ain't me, it ain't me.....

Versão 2

-----

(J.Fogerty, Creedence Clearwater Revival)

**G** **F**  
Some folks are born made to wave the flag,  
**C7** **G**  
ooh, they're red, white and blue.

**G** **F**  
And when the band plays "Hail to the chief"  
**C7** **G**  
they point the cannon right at you.

**G** **D7** **C7** **G**  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I'm no senator's son.  
**G** **D7** **C7** **G**  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I'm no fortunate one.

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,  
Lord, don't they help themselves.  
But when the tax man comes to the door:  
"Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale."

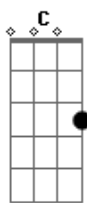
It ain't me, it ain't me, I'm no millionaire's son.  
It ain't me, it ain't me, I'm no fortunate one.

(break: **G** Gdim **C** **G**)

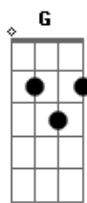
Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,  
ooh, they send you down to war.  
And when you ask them: "How much should we give?"  
Oh, they only answer: "More, more, more"

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

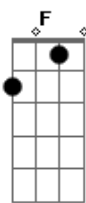
## Acordes



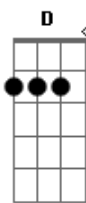
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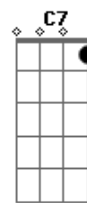
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