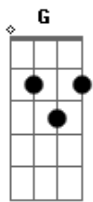


# Creedence Clearwater Revival - Fortunate Son

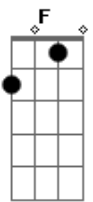
tom:  
 some folks are born made to wave the flag  
 ooh, they're red, white and blue  
 and when the band plays "hail to the chief"  
 oh, they point the cannon at you, lord  
 it ain't me, it ain't me  
 i ain't no senator's son, son  
 it ain't me, it ain't me  
 i ain't no fortunate one, no  
 some 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  
 it ain't me, it ain't me

i ain't no millionaire's son  
 it ain't me, it ain't me  
 i ain't no fortunate one, no  
 yeh, some folks inherit star spangled eyes  
 ooh, they send you down to war, lord  
 and when you ask them, how much should we give  
 oh, they only answer, more, more, more, yoh  
 it ain't me, it ain't me  
 i ain't no military son, son, son  
 it ain't me, it ain't me  
 i ain't no fortunate one  
 it ain't me, it ain't me  
 i ain't no fortunate one, no no no  
 it ain't me, it ain't me  
 i ain't no fortunate son, no no no

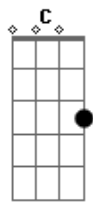
## Acordes



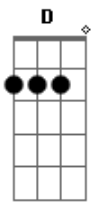
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