Fortunate Son

By

J. C. FOGERTY

Moderately bright (in Four)

VERSE

Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,
Some folks inherit star span-gled eyes,
Ooh, they’re red, white and blue.
Lord, don’t they help themselves.
Ooh, they send you down to war.

"Hail to the chief", They point the cannon right at you.
comes to the door, Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale.
"How much should we give?" They only answer More! more! more!

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CHORUS

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

To Coda

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

CODA

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

Repeat ad lib. and fade out

it ain't me; I ain't no fortunate one.