

**Fortunate Son**  
**Creedence Clearwater Revival**

Versão 1

-=====

```
E|-----|
B|-----8~~-----6~~-----5~~-----3~~-----|
G|-----|
D|-9~~-----7~~-----3/5~~-----3/5~~-----|
A|-----|
E|-----6b(7)--3-|
```

```
E|-----|
B|-----|
G|-----|
D|-5-5-5-x--5-x-5-----3-3-3-x--3--x-----3-----|
A|-5-5-5-x--5-x-5-----3-3-3-x--1--x-----3-----|
e|-3-3-3-x--3-x-3-----1-1-1-x--1--x-----1-----|
```

Verso

G F

Some Folk are born, made to wave the flag.

```
E|-----|
B|-----|
G|---5-5-5--x--5-x-5-----0h3-3---0--0---0-----|
D|---5-5-5--x--5-x-5-----5-5-5-----0h3-3---0--0--3--0-----|
A|---3-3-3--x--3-x-3-----5-5-5-----|
e|-----3-3-3-----|
```

C G  
oh, that red white and blue.

```
E|-----|
B|-----|
G|-----|
D|5-5-5-x--5-x-5-----3-3-3-x--3--x--3-----|
A|5-5-5-x--5-x-5-----3-3-3-x--1--x--3-----|
e|3-3-3-x--3-x-3-----1-1-1-x--1--x--1-----|
```

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

E|-----|  
 B|-----|  
 G|---5-5-5--x--5-x-5-----|  
 D|---5-5-5--x--5-x-5-----5-5-5-x-5-x-5-----|  
 A|---3-3-3--x--3-x-3-----5-5-5-x-3-x-3-----|  
 e|-----3-3-3-x-3-x-3-----|

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

E|-----|  
 B|-----|  
 G|-----7-7-7-x-7-x-7-----|  
 D|-5-5-5-x-5-x-5---7-7-7-x-7-x-7-----|  
 A|-5-5-5-x-5-x-5---5-5-5-x-5-x-5-----|  
 e|-3-3-3-x-3-x-3-----|

# Refrão

G D  
 It ain t me, it ain t me.

E|-----|-----|  
 B|-----|-----|  
 G|-5-5-5-x--5b6r5-----|-----|  
 D|-5-5-5-x-----5-5-5-x-5-x-5---|-----|  
 A|-3-3-3-x-----5-5-5-x-5-x-5---|-----|  
 e|-----3-3-3-x-3-x-3---|-----|

C G  
 I ain t no senator s son, no.

E|-----|-----|  
 B|-----|-----|  
 G|-----7-7-7-x-7-x-7-----|-----|  
 D|-5-5-5-x-5-x-5---7-7-7-x-7-x-7-----|-----|  
 A|-5-5-5-x-5-x-5---5-5-5-x-5-x-5-----|-----|  
 e|-3-3-3-x-3-x-3-----|-----|

G D  
 It ain t me, it ain t me.

E|-----|-----|  
 B|-----|-----|  
 G|-5-5-5-x--5b6r5-----|-----|  
 D|-5-5-5-x-----5-5-5-x-5-x-5---|-----|  
 A|-3-3-3-x-----5-5-5-x-5-x-5---|-----|  
 e|-----3-3-3-x-3-x-3---|-----|

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.

Ponte:(tocando geralmente em G)  
tocar 2X

|   |                                      |  |
|---|--------------------------------------|--|
| E | -----                                |  |
| B | ----56---5-----5--1-----1---1/3----- |  |
| G | ----67---6-----6--2-----2---2/4----- |  |
| D | -----                                |  |
| A | -----                                |  |
| E | -----                                |  |

#### Verso

Some folks inherit 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.