

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,
C#7 G#
ooh, they re red, white and blue.

G# F#
And when the band plays Hail to the chief
C#7 G#
they point the cannon right at you.

G# Eb7 C#7 G#
It ain t me, it ain t me, I m no senator s son.
G# Eb7 C#7 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# G#dim 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.