

Fortunate Sun
Donavon Frankenreiter

[Intro] **G F C**
G F C

G F
Some folks are born made to wave the flag
C G
Ooh, they re red, white and blue

F
And when the band plays Hail To The Chief
C G
Oh, they point the cannon at you, Lord

D
It ain t me, it ain t me
C G
I ain t no senator s son
D
It ain t me, it ain t me
C G
I ain t no fortunate one, no

F
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand
C G
Lord, don t they help themselves, oh
F
But when the taxman come to the door
C G
Lord, the house look a like a rummage sale, yes

D
It ain t me, it ain t me
C G
I ain t no senator s son
D
It ain t me, it ain t me
C G
I ain t no fortunate one, no

F
Yeh, some folks inherit star spangled eyes
C G
Ooh, they send you down to war, Lord
F
And when you ask them, how much should we give
C G
Oh, they only answer, more, more, more, yoh

D

It ain't me, it ain't me

C **G**

I ain't no senator's son

D

It ain't me, it ain't me

C **G**

I ain't no fortunate one, no

It ain't me, it ain't me

C **G**

I ain't no senator's son

D

It ain't me, it ain't me

C **G**

I ain't no fortunate one, no