

Chicken Fried  
Zac Brown Band

[Intro]: F#, C#, B, F#, C#

[Chorus]:

And a little bit of chicken fried  
cold beer on a Friday night  
a pair of jeans that fit just right  
and the radio up

Well I like to see the sunrise  
See the love in my woman's eyes  
Feel the touch of a precious child  
and know a mother's love

[Verse]:

Well I was raised underneath the shade of a Georgia  
pine

And that's home 'ya know  
Sweet tea, pecan pie and homemade wine

where the peaches grow.  
Well my house is not much to talk about

F# C# B  
but it's still where love is grown on southern ground

[Chorus]:

F#  
And a little bit of chicken fried  
C#  
cold beer on a Friday night  
B  
a pair of jeans that fit just right  
F# C#  
and the radio up

F#  
Well I like to see the sunrise  
C#  
See the love in my woman's eyes  
B  
Feel the touch of a precious child  
F# C#  
and know a mother's love

[Verse]:

F# C# B  
It's funny how it's the little things in life  
That mean the most  
F# C#  
Not where you live or what you drive or the  
B  
Price tag on your clothes  
F# C#  
There's no dollar sign on piece of mind  
B  
and this I've come to know

F# C#  
So if you agree have a drink with me  
B  
Raise your glasses for a toast

[Chorus]:

F#  
And a little bit of chicken fried  
C#  
cold beer on a Friday night  
B  
a pair of jeans that fit just right  
F# C#  
and the radio up

F#  
Well I like to see the sunrise  
C#  
See the love in my woman's eyes  
B  
Feel the touch of a precious child  
F# C#  
and know a mother's love

[Verse]:

F#  
I thank god for my life  
C#  
and for the Stars and Stripes  
B  
may freedom forever fly  
F# C#  
let it ring.  
F#  
Salute the ones who died  
C#

