

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#

so we don't have to sacrifice
all the things we love

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.