

Chicken Fried

Zac Brown and Wyatt Durrette



Intro: C G F C G

(CHORUS)

You know I like my Chicken Fried

Cold beer on a Friday night

A pair of jeans that fit just right

And the radio up

Interlude: C G F C G

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

and my house it's not much to talk about

but we were still loved and grown on southern

ground

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

Ain't it funny how its the little things in life

That mean the most

Not where you live or what you drive or the

Price tag on your clothes

There's no dollar sign on peace of mind

and this I've come to know

If you agree have a drink with me

Raise your glasses for a toast

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Interlude: C G F C G (2x)

I thank god for my life

And for the stars and stripes

May freedom forever fly

Let it ring

Salute the ones who died

And the ones who give their lives

So we don't have to sacrifice

All the things we love

(REPEAT CHORUS 2x)