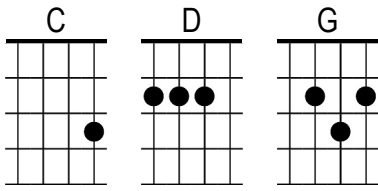


Chicken Fried

Zac Brown Band



G | **D** | **C** | **G** **D**

You know I like my **G** chicken fried, | cold beer on a **D** Friday night |
A pair of jeans that **C** fit just right, | and the radio **G** u-**D**up

G | **D** | **C** | **G** **D**

Well I was **G** raised up beneath the **D** shade of a Georgia **C** pine
And that's **D** home, ya know

G Sweet tea, pecan **D** pie and homemade **C** wine

Where the **D** peaches grow

G And my house it's not **D** much to talk a **C** bout **D**

But it's **G** filled with love that's **D** grown in southern **C** ground **D**

And a little bit of **G** chicken fried, | cold beer on a **D** Friday night |

A pair of jeans that **C** fit just right, | and the radio **G** u-**D**up

Well, I've seen the **G** sunrise, | seen the love in my **D** woman's eyes |

Feel the touch of a **C** precious child, | and know a mother's **G** lo-**D**ve

Well, it's **G** funny how it's the **D** little things in **C** life that **D** mean the most

Not **G** where you live, **D** what you drive or the **C** price tag on your **D** clothes

There's no **G** dollar sign on a **D** piece of mind **C** this I've come to **D** know

So if **G** you agree have a **D** drink with me

Raise you **C** glasses for a **D** toast

To a little bit of **G** chicken fried, | cold beer on a **D** Friday night |
A pair of jeans that **C** fit just right, | and the radio **G** u-**D**up
Well, I've seen the **G** sunrise, | seen the love in my **D** woman's eyes |
Feel the touch of a **C** precious child, | and know a mother's **G** lo-**D**ove

G | **D** | **C** | **G** **D** x2

I thank **G**↓ god for my life
And for the **D**↓ stars and stripes
May freedom **C**↓ forever fly, let it **G**↓ ring **D**↓
Salute the **G**↓ ones who died
The ones that **D**↓ give their lives so we don't have to **C**↓ sacrifice
All the things we **G**↓ love **D**↓

Like our **G** chicken fried, | cold beer on a **D** Friday night |
A pair of jeans that **C** fit just right, | and the radio **G** u-**D**up
Well, I've seen the **G** sunrise, | seen the love in my **D** woman's eyes |
Feel the touch of a **C** precious child, | and know a mother's **G** lo-**D**ove

Get a little **G** chicken fried, | cold beer on a **D** Friday night |
A pair of jeans that **C** fit just right, | and the radio **G** u-**D**up
Well, I've seen the **G** sunrise, | seen the love in my **D** woman's eyes |
Feel the touch of a **C** precious child, | and know a mother's **G** lo-**D**ove **G**↓