

Chicken Fried – Zak Brown

Verse:

G D C D
Well I was raised up beneath the shade of a Georgia pine and that's home you know
G D C D
Sweet tea, pecan pie and homemade wine where the peaches grow
G D C D
And my house it's not much to talk about
G D C D
But it's filled with love that's grown in southern ground

Chorus:

G D
And a little bit of chicken fried, cold beer on a Friday night
C G D
A pair of jeans that fit just right and the radio up
G D
I like to see the sun rise, see the love in my woman's eyes
C G D
Feel the touch of a precious child, and know a mother's love

Verse:

G D C D
Well it's funny how it's the little things in life that mean the most
G D C D
Not where you live or what you drive or the price tag on your clothes
G D C D
There's no dollar sign on a piece of mind this I've come to know
G D C D
So if you agree have a drink with me, raise you glasses for a toast

SOLO: G, D, C, G, D

Break:

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

(Repeat chorus as desired. End on G)