

# Chicken Fried by Zac Brown Band

**Intro:** (D) (D) (A) (A) (G) (G) (D) (A)

You know I like my (D) chicken fried. Cold beer on a (A) Friday Night,  
A pair of jeans that (G) fit just right. And the radio (D) uuu (A) uuu (D) pp.

**Instrumental:** (D) (A) (A) (G) (G) (D) (A)

## Verse 1

Well I was (D) raised up beneath the (A) shade of a Georgia (G) pine.  
And that's (A) home you know.

(D) Sweet tea pecan (A) pie and homemade (G) wine. Where the (A) peaches grow  
And (D) my house it's not (A) much to talk a-(G)-bout, (A)  
(D) but it's filled with love that's (A) grown in southern (G) ground. (A) ↓

## Chorus

And a little bit of (D) chicken fried. Cold beer on a (A) Friday Night,  
A pair of jeans that (G) fit just right. And the radio (D) uuu (A) uuup  
I like to see the (D) sun rise see the love in my (A) woman's eyes  
Feel the touch of a (G) precious child and know a mother's (D) lo... (A) ve.

## Verse 2

And it's (D) funny how it's the (A) simple things in (G) life that (A) mean the most  
Not (D) where you live or (A) what you drive or the (G) price tag on your (A) clothes  
There's no (D) dollar sign on a (A) peace of mind; (G) this I've come to (A) know.  
So if (D) you agree have a (A) drink with me. Raise your (G) glasses for a (A) toast. ↓

## Chorus

To a little bit of (D) chicken fried. Cold beer on a (A) Friday Night,  
A pair of jeans that (G) fit just right. And the radio (D) uuu (A) uuup  
I like to see the (D) sun rise see the love in my (A) woman's eyes  
Feel the touch of a (G) precious child and know a mother's (D) lo... (A) ve.

**Instrumental:** (D) (D) (A) (A) (G) (G) (D) (A) ↓

## Verse one strum each chord

I thank (D) God for my life and for the (A) stars and stripes.  
May freedom for-(G)-ever fly, let it (D) ring. (A)  
Salute (D) those who died, and the ones who (A) gave their lives so we don't (G) sacrifice.  
All the things we (D) love. (A)

## Chorus sing 2x

Like our (D) chicken fried. Cold beer on a (A) Friday Night,  
A pair of jeans that (G) fit just right. And the radio (D) up. (A)  
Well I see the (D) sunrise see the love in my (A) woman's eyes  
Feel the touch of a (G) precious child and know a mother's (D) love. (A)

Getcha a little (D) chicken fried. Cold beer on a (A) Friday Night,  
A pair of jeans that (G) fit just right. And the radio (D) up. (A)  
Well I see the (D) sunrise see the love in my (A) woman's eyes  
Feel the touch of a (G) precious child and know a mother's (D) love. (A) (D) (D) (D) ↓(A)

