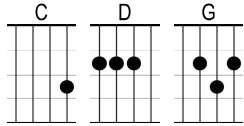


Chicken Fried

Zac Brown Band



Intro (Pick "GCEA")

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

Begin Strum

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 ove

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↓