

# Chicken Fried

Zac Brown Band

You know I like my chicken fried  
And cold beer on a Friday night  
A pair of jeans that fit just right  
And the radio up

Well I was raised up beneath the shade of a Georgia Pine  
And that's home you know  
Sweet tea, pecan pie, and homemade wine  
Where the peaches grow  
And my house it's not much to talk about  
But it's filled with love that's grown in 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  
I love to see the sun rise  
See the love in my woman's eyes  
Feel the touch of a precious child  
And know a mother's love

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

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

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

Like our chicken fried  
And cold beer on a Friday night  
A pair of jeans that fit just right  
And the radio up  
I love to see the sun rise  
See the love in my woman's eyes  
Feel the touch of a precious child  
And know a mother's love

Get a little chicken fried  
And cold beer on a Friday night  
A pair of jeans that fit just right  
And the radio up

I love to see the sun rise  
See the love in my woman's eyes  
Feel the touch of a precious child  
And know a mother's love