

Chicken Fried

G D C G D

You know I like my chicken fried, cold beer on a Friday night

A pair of jeans that fit just right and the radio up
G D C G D

Well I was raised up beneath the shade of a Georgia pine and
that's home you know

Sweet tea, pecan pie and home made 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 like 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

G

D

C

D

Well its 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

G

D

To 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 seen the sun rise, see the love in my woman's eyes

C

Feel the touch of a precious child, and know a mother's

G D

love

[Solo]G D C G D

G

I thank god for my life

D

And for the stars and stripes

C

G

D

May freedom forever fly, 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

G

D

Like our 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

Feel the touch of a precious child, and know a mother's

G D

love

G

D

Getcha a little 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

Feel the touch of a precious child, and know a mother's

G D

love