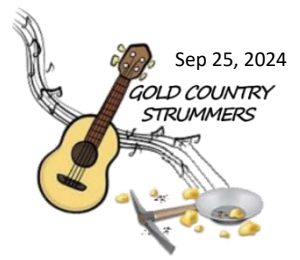


Music by Zac Brown & Wyatt Durrette
Lyrics by John Pontious

Bacon Fried

(Chicken Fried - parody)



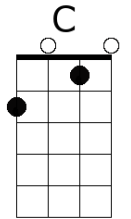
Baritone

Intro: C C G G F F C G

You know I like my ^Cbacon fried, a ^Gbacon burger on a Friday night
Now my jeans they fit too tight, and my cholesterol's ^{C G C}uuu - up

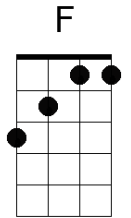
Interlude: C G G F F C G

Well, I was raised on a farm in northern lo-wa, that was home ya know
Maid-Rites, pie, and breaded pork tender-loins, where the tall corn grows
And our barn it wasn't much to talk a - bout
But it was filled with little piggies ^Grunnin' all a-round ^{G↓} to make ^{n.c.}

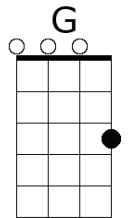


Chorus:

^{n.c.} A little bit of bacon fried. a ^Gbacon burger on a Friday night
Now my jeans they fit too tight, and my cholesterol's ^{C G}uuu - up
I like to see the sun - rise. Three scrambled lots a ^Gbacon on the side
Not too crisp, but done just right It's the taste that I ^{C G}lo - ove



It's funny how those little slabs of life ^Ggo good with toast
Is it chewy? Or, a bit of crunch, that you like the most? ^G



It used to squeal, now it's a tasty meal. After cookin' it real slow
^C Listen to the sizzle of that cute little pig and that a-roma that you know, ^{G↓} From ^{n.c.}

<Chorus>

Interlude: C C G G F F C G

I thank God for my wife who satisfies my appetite
Pan, oven, or even air fried. it makes me si - i - ing
Salute the piggies that have died, the ones that gave their lives
So we don't have to sacrifice all the things we ^{C G↓}lo - ve ^{n.c.} like

<Chorus> C C G C (sustain)