



Chicken Fried



Baritone

Intro: C C G G F F C G

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

Interlude: C G G F F C G

Well, I was raised underneath the shade of a Georgia pine and that's home ya know
Sweet tea, pecan pie and homemade wine, where the peaches grow
And my house it's not much to talk a - bout
But it's filled with love that's grown in southern ground and

Chorus:

n.c. C G
A little bit of chicken fried. Cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right and the radio uuu - 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 mothers lo - ove
It's funny how it's the little things in life that mean the most
Not where you live or what you drive or the price tag on your clothes
There's no dollar sign on 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

<Chorus>

Interlude: C C G G F F C G

I thank God for my life and for the stars and stripes
May freedom for - ever fly. Let it ri - ng
Salute the ones who died, the ones that give their lives
So we don't have to sacrifice all the things we lo - ve like

<Chorus> (x2) C C G C (sustain)

