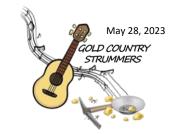
## Chicken Fried



Intro: C C G G F F C G

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

F

C

G

C

G

C

A pair of isome that fit just right

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

C

Sweet tea, pecan pie and homemade wine, where the peaches grow

C

F

G

And my house it's not much to talk a - bout

C G F G↓
But it's filled with love that's grown in southern ground and

## **Chorus:**

n.c. C

A little bit of chicken fried. Cold beer on a Friday night

F

C

G

A pair of jeans that fit just right and the radio uuu - up

C

G

I like to see the sun - rise. See the love in my woman's eyes

F

C

G

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

C

G

Not where you live or what you drive or the price tag on your clothes

C

G

There's no dollar sign on peace of mind. This I've come to know

C

G

F

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

C
I thank God for my life and for the stars and stripes

F
C
May freedom for - ever fly. Let it ri - ng
C
Salute the ones who died, the ones that give their lives
F
C
So we don't have to sacrifice all the things we lo - ve like

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

