

Chicken Fried

Zac Brown Band

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 up Well, I was raised up
Beneath the shade of a Georgia pine
And thats home you know
Sweet tea, pecan pie and homemade wine
Where the peaches grow And my house its not much to talk about
But its filled with love
Thats 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 sunrise
See the love in my womans eyes
Feel the touch of my precious child
And know a mothers love Its funny how its the little things in life
That mean the most
Not where you live or what you drive
Or the price tag on your clothes
Theres no dollar sign on peace of mind
This Ive 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
Cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right
And the radio up I like to see the sunrise
See the love in my womans eyes
Feel the touch of my precious child
And know a mothers 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 dont 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 like to see the sunrise
See the love in my womans eyes
Feel the touch of my precious child

And know a mothers love Yes, a little 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 sunrise
See the love in my womans eyes
Feel the touch of my precious child
And know a mothers love

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