**"Chicken Fried by Zac Brown Band"**

*Pre-verse: You know I like my chicken fried
And cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right
And the radio up*
Verse 1: Well I was raised up beneath the shade of a Georgia Pine
And that's home you know
Sweet tea, pecan pie, and homemade 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

**Chorus: 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 love 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**
Verse 2: It's funny how it's the little things in life
That mean the most
Not where you live, what you drive
Or the price tag on your clothes

There's no dollar sign
On a peace of mind
This I've come to know
So if you agree
Have a drink with me
Raise your glasses for a toast

**Chorus: To a little bit of chicken fried
And cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right
And the radio up
I love 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**
Next Page:

Verse3: 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 don't have to sacrifice
All the things we love

**Chorus: Like our chicken fried
And cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right
And the radio up
I love 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

Get a little chicken fried
And cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right
And the radio up
I love 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