

CHICKEN FRIED

C1 V1 C V2 C I V3 C C

Chorus 1

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

G D C G D

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 home made 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 like to seen 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

Well its 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 a piece of mind this I`ve come to know
So if you agree have a drink with me, raise you glasses for a toast

Interlude

G D C G D

Verse 3

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