

Chicken Fried

Zac Brown & Wyatt Durrette (Arr. Wayne Richmond, 2016)

$\text{♩} = 160$ (light guitar only)

A Sax.

5
A Sax.

10 **A**
S.

You know I like my chick-en fried, — cold beer on a Fri-day night, a pair of jeans that fit —
Drums & k/b start

15
S.

— just right, and the ra-di-o up. —

B. C.

20
VI.

B. C.

24
S.

Well, I was

VI.

B. C.

(light guitar + bass)

Drums stop

27 **B**
S.

raised up be-neath the shade — of a Geor-gia pine; — and that's home, you know. Sweet tea, pe-can pie,

B. C.

32
S.

— and home-made wine — where the peach-es grow. And my house, it's not much to talk a-bout, —

38

S.

but it's filled with love that's grown on South-ern ground. And a lit-tle bit of

43 **C**

S.

chick-en fried, cold beer on a Fri-day night, a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the ra-di-o

B. C.

49 *

S.

up. Well, I see the sun - rise, see the love in my wom-an's eyes,

B. C.

54

S.

feel the touch of a pre-cious child and know a moth-er's love. It's

B. C.

59 **D** *

S.

fun-ny how it's the lit-tle things in life that mean the most; not where you live, what you drive, or the

B. C.

65

S.

price tag on your clothes. There's no dol-lar sign on peace of mind; this I've come to know

70

S.

So if you a - gree, have a drink with me; raise your glass-es for a toast to a lit-tle bit of

75 **E** *Drums restart*

S. *chick-en fried, — cold beer on a Fri-day night, a pair of jeans that fit — just right, and the ra-di-o*

B. C.

81

S. *up. — Well, I see the sun - rise, — see the love in my wom-an's eyes,*

B. C.

86 **D**

S. *feel the touch of a pre-cious — child and know a moth-er's love. —*

B. C.

91 **F**

VI *3 3 3 3*

B. C.

97

VI *3 3 3 3*

B. C.

102

VI *3 3*

B. C.

107

A Sax

B. C.

114 **G** Drums stop

S. I thank God for my life_ and for the Stars_ and Stripes. May free-dom for - ev-er fly,_____
120
S. let it ring,____ Sa-lute the ones_ who died, the ones that give_ their lives
126
S. so we don't have to sac - ri - fice_ all the things we love_____ Like our

131 **H**

S. chick-en fried, _ cold beer on a Fri-day night, a pair of jeans that fit_ just right, and the ra-di-o
B. C.

137

S. up. _____ Well, I see the sun - rise, _ * see the love in my wom-an's eyes, feel the touch of a
B. C.

143

S. pre-cious_ child and know a moth-er's love. _____ Get ya lit-tle chick-en fried, _ cold beer on a
B. C.

149

S. Fri-day night, a pair of jeans that fit_ just right, and the ra-di-o up. _____ I like to see the
B. C.

155

S. sun - rise, _ * see the love in my wo-men's eyes, _____ feel the touch of a pre-cious_ child
B. C.

160

S. and know a moth-er's love. _____
B. C.