

Chicken Fried

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

♩=160 **G** (light guitar only) **D/F#**

A Sax.

5 **G** **C** **G** **D**

A Sax.

10 **A** **G** **D**

S.
You know I like my chick-en fried, ___ cold beer on a Fri - day night, a pair of jeans that fit_

15 **C** **G** **D** **N.C.** **G**

S.
_ just right, and the ra - di - o up.

T.
up.

VI.
3

B. Cl.

20

S.
Well, I was

VI.
G D C G D

B. Cl.

27 **B** (light guitar + bass) **G** **D** **C** **D** **G** **D** **C** **Drums stop**

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

T.
Sweet tea, pe-can pie, ___ and home - made wine ___

VI.

B. Cl.

34 **D** **G** **D** **C** **D** **Drums restart**

S.
peach-es grow. And my house, it's not much to talk ___ a - bout, ___ but it's

39 **G** **D** **C** **D**

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

T. filled with love that's grown on South-ern ground.

A Sax.

43 **C** **N.C.** **G** **D** **C** **G** **D**

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

T. cold beer on a Fri-day night, a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the ra-di-o up.

B. Cl.

51 **G** * **D** **C** **G** **D**

S. sun- rise, see the love in my wom-an's eyes, feel the touch of a pre cious child and know a moth-er's love. It's

T. love in my wom-an's eyes, feel the touch of a pre cious child love.

B. Cl.

59 **D** * **G** **D** **C** **D** **G** **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. Cl.

65 **C** **D** **G** **D** **C**

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

T. dol-lar sign on peace of mind; this I've come to know

Drums stop

70 **D** **G** **D** **C** **D** **N.C.**

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

E Drums restart

N.C. G D C G D

75 S. chick-en fried, cold beer on a Fri-day night, a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the ra-di-o up. Well, I see the

T. cold beer on a Fri-day night, a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the ra-di-o up.

B. Cl.

83 G * D C G D

S. sun- rise, see the love in my wom-an's eyes, feel the touch of a pre cious child and know a moth-er's love.

T. love in my wom-an's eyes, feel the touch of a pre cious child love.

B. Cl.

F G

91 S.

VI. G D C G D

B. Cl.

99 G D C G D

VI. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

B. Cl.

107 G D/F# G C G

A Sax.

B. Cl.

G D Drums stop G D C G

114 S. I thank God for my life and for the Stars and Stripes. May free-dom for -ev-er fly, let it ring,

T. May free-dom for -ev-er fly, ring,

122 D G D C N.C. G D

S. Sa-lute the ones who died, the ones that give their lives so we don't have to sac-ri fice all the things we love. Like our

H Drums restart
N.C. G

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

138 S. *Well, I see the sun - rise, see the love in my wom-an's eyes, feel the touch of a pre cious child*
T. *love in my wom-an's eyes, feel the touch of a pre cious child*
B. Cl. *love in my wom-an's eyes, feel the touch of a pre cious child*

144 S. *and know a moth-er's love. Getya lit-tle chick-en fried, cold beer on a Fri-day night,*
T. *love. cold beer on a Fri-day night,*
B. Cl. *love. cold beer on a Fri-day night,*

150 S. *a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the ra-di-o up. I like to see the sun - rise, see the love in my*
T. *a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the ra-di-o up. love in my*
B. Cl. *a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the ra-di-o up. love in my*

157 S. *wo - men's eyes, feel the touch of a pre - cious child*
T. *wom - an's eyes, feel the touch of a pre - cious child*
B. Cl. *wom - an's eyes, feel the touch of a pre - cious child*

160 S. *and know a moth-er's love.*
T. *love.*
B. Cl. *love.*