

Chicken Fried

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

♩=160 (light guitar only)

A Sax.

A Sax.

10 **A**
S.
You know I like my chick-en fried, cold beer on a Fri - day night,

14
S.
a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the ra-di-o up.

19
VI.

24
S.
Well, I was

VI.

B (light guitar + bass)
27
S.
raised up be - neath the shade of a Geor - gia pine; and that's home, you know.

31 Drums stop
S.
Sweet tea, pe - can pie, and home - made wine where the peach-es grow. And

35
S.
my house, it's not much to talk a - bout, but it's

39

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

A Sax

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*

49 *

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

54

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

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*

65

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

Drums stop

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*

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

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

91 **F** *3 3 3 3*

96 *3 3 3 3*

101 *3 3 3 3*

A Sax. *3 3 3 3*

110 *3 3 3 3*

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 *let it ring, — Sa-lute the ones — who died, the ones that give — their lives*

126 *so we don't have to sac - ri - fice — all the things we love — Like our*

Drums restart

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*

137

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

143

Drums half

S. *pre-cious _child and know a moth-er's love. — Get ya lit-tle chick-en fried, — cold beer on a*

149

S. *Fri-day night, a pair of jeans that fit — just right, and the ra-di-o up. — I like to see the*

155

Drums full

S. *sun - rise, — see the love in my wo-men's eyes, — feel the touch of a pre-cious _child*

160

D

G

S. *and know a moth-er's love. —*