

# Chicken Fried

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

$\text{♩} = 160$  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. —

V1

20 G D C

V1.

24

S.   
Well, I was

V1

(light guitar + bass)

27 **B** G D C D G

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

V1

Drums stop

32 D C D G D C

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

Drums restart

38 **D** **G** **D** **C** **D**

S.

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

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

S.

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

54 **C** **G** **D**

S.

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

59 **D** **G** **D** **C** **D**

S.

fun - ny how it's the lit - tle things in life that mean the most; not

63 **G** **D** **C** **D**

S.

where you live, what you drive, or the price tag on your clothes. There's no

*Drums stop*

67 **G** **D** **C** **D**

S.

dol - lar sign on peace of mind; this I've come to know So if

71 **G** **D** **C** **D** **N.C.**

S.

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

75 **E** N.C. G D 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*

81 G D G \* D

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

86 C G D

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

91 **F** G D

V1. *3*

95 C G D

V1. *3 3 3*

99 G D

V1. *3 3 3*

103 C G D

V1. *3 3*

107 G D/F# G

A Sax. *3*

111 C G

A Sax.

114 **G** **D** *Drums stop* **G** **D** **C**

S. I thank God for my life\_ and for the Stars\_ and Stripes. May free-dom for - ev-er fly,\_\_\_\_\_

120 **G** **D** **G** **D**

S. let it ring,\_\_\_\_\_ Sa-lute the ones\_ who died, the ones that give\_ their lives

126 **C** **N.C.** **G** **D**

S. so we don't have to sac - ri - fice\_ all the things we love\_\_\_\_\_ Like our

*Drums restart*  
131 **N.C.** **G** **D** **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

137 **G** **D** **G** \* **D**

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

143 **C** **G** **D** **G** *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 **D** **C** **G** **D**

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

155 **G** *Drums full* \* **D** **C**

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

160 **G** **D** **G** **D** **G**

S. and know a moth-er's love. \_\_\_\_\_