

Chicken Fried

Zac Brown Band

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

Well I was raised up beneath the shade of a Georgia Pine
And that's home you know
Sweet tea, pecan pie, and homemade 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

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 love to see the sun rise
See the love in my woman's eyes
Feel the touch of a precious child
And know a mother's love

It's funny how it's the little things in life that mean the most
Not where you live, what you drive or the price tag on your clothes
There's no dollar sign on a peace of mind, this I've come to know
So if you agree, have a drink with me,
Raise your glasses for a toast

To a little bit of chicken fried
And cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right
And the radio up
I love to see the sun rise
See the love in my woman's eyes
Feel the touch of a precious child
And know a mother's love

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

Like our chicken fried
And cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right
And the radio up
I love to see the sun rise
See the love in my woman's eyes
Feel the touch of a precious child
And know a mother's love

Get a little chicken fried
And cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right
And the radio up

I love to see the sun rise
See the love in my woman's eyes
Feel the touch of a precious child
And know a mother's love