

Chicken Fried (Priority)

Zac Brown Band



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

(musical)

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

Well I've seen the sunrise, See the love in my woman's eyes
Feel the touch of a precious child, And know a mother's love

And 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 piece of mind this I've come to know
So if you agree have a drink with me, Raise you glasses for a toast

To a little bit of chicken fried, Cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right, And the radio up

Well I've seen the sunrise, 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
And the ones that give their lives, so we don't have to sacrifice
All the things we love

Like our chicken fried, Cold beer on a Friday night
A pair of jeans that fit just right, And the radio up

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