

Chicken Fried
Marcelo Rakar

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

G **D** **C**
Well I was raised up beneath the shade of a Georgia pine

And that`s home you know

G **D** **C**
Sweet tea pecan pie and homemade wine

Where the peaches grow

G **D** **C**
And my house it`s not much to talk about

G **D** **C D**
But it`s filled with love that`s grown in southern ground

G **D**
And a little bit of chicken fried Cold beer on a Friday night
C **G D**
A pair of jeans that fit just right And the radio up

G **D**
Well I`ve seen the sunrise See the love in my woman`s eyes
C **G D**
Feel the touch of a precious child And know a mother`s love

Take Me Home, Country Roads

G **D**
Country Roads, take me home

Em **C**
To the place I belong,

G
West Virginia,

D **C**
Mountain mamma, take me home

G
Country roads