The Devil Went Down to Georgia

Charlie Daniels Band

The devil went down to Georgia

He was looking for a soul to steal

He was in a bind 'cause he was way behind

And he was willin' to make a dealWhen he came across this young man

Sawing on a fiddle and playing it hot

And the devil jumped up on a hickory stump

And said, "Boy let me tell ya whatI guess you didn't know it

But I'm a fiddle player too

And if you'd care to take a dare

I'll make a bet with youNow you play pretty good fiddle boy

But give the devil his due

I'll bet a fiddle of gold against your soul

'Cause I think I'm better than you"The boy said, "My names Johnny, and it might be a sin

"But I'll take your bet

Your gonna regret

'Cause I'm the best that's ever been "Johnny rosin up your bow

And play your fiddle hard

'Cause hell's broke loose in Georgia

And the devil deals the cardsAnd if you win you'll get

This shiney fiddle made of gold

But if you lose the devil

Gets your soulThe devil opened up his case

And he said "I'll start this show"

And fire flew from his finger tips

As he rosined up his bowAnd he pulled the bow across the strings

And it made an evil hiss

Then a band of demons joined in

And it sounded something like this When the devil finished Johnny said

"Well, you're pretty good ol' son

But set right in that chair right there

And let me show you how it's done"Fire on the mountain, run boys run

Devil's in the house of the rising sun

The chicken in the bread pan peckin' out dough

Granny does your dog bite, no child, no The devil bowed his head

'Cause he knew that he'd been beat

And he laid that golden fiddle

On the ground at Johnny's feetJohnny said, "Devil just come on back

If you ever want to try again

"I done told you once you son of a gun

I'm the best there's ever been
And he playedFire on the mountain, run boys run
Devil's in the house of the rising sun
The chicken in the bread pan peckin' out dough
Granny does your dog bite, no child, no

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