

Pickin' To Beat The Devil

Pure Prairie League

I make my rounds of the country churches
Playing my guitar for free
My repertoire is one hundred ninety
Songs to God's gloryNow, I'm pickin' to beat the devil
And you know he's on my tail
And the Lord's in my fingers
He won't let me failI found myself in a roadside bar room
I was drinking my time away
Kentucky woman and Tennessee whiskey
It's gonna be hell to payA worn out Chevy and a beat up Martin
Is all I'll ever own
My worthless life is dedicated
To bringing God's children homeNow, I'm pickin' to beat the devil
And you know he's on my tail
And the Lord's in my fingers
He won't let me failFourteen songs and a temperance sermon
That's what a good meal buys
For a little extra there's a guitar solo
Called, 'Reward In The Sky'Now, I'm pickin' to beat the devil
And you know he's on my tail
And the Lord's in my fingers
And He won't let me failYes, I'm pickin' to beat the devil
And you know he's on my tail
And the Lord is in my fingers
And He won't let me fail

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