

To Beat The Devil

Waylon Jennings

It was winter time in Nashville
Down on Music City Row
I was lookin' for a place to get
Myself out of the cold
To warm the frozen feelin'
That was eatin' at my soul
And keep the chilly winds off my guitar
My thirsty wanted whiskey
And my hunger needed beans
But I guess it'd been a month of payday
Since I heard that eagle scream
So with a stomach full of empty
And a pocket full of dreams
I left my pride and stepped inside a bar
Actually I guess you'd call it a tavern
Cigarette smoke to the ceilin'
Sawdust on the floor friendly shadows
I saw that there was just
An old man sittin' at the bar
In the mirror, I could see him
Checkin' me and my guitar
He said, "Come up here, boy
Show us what you are"
I said I'm dry, he bought me a beer
He nodded at my guitar
Said, "It's a tough life, ain't it?"
I just looked at him
And he said, "You ain't
Makin' any money are you?"
I said, "You been readin' my mail
He just smiled and said, "Let me see that guitar
I got somethin' you oughta hear"
Then he laid it on me
If you waste your time a talkin'
To the people who don't listen
To the things that you are sayin'
Who do you thinks gonna hear?
And if you should die explainin'
How the thing they complain about

Or the things they could be changin'
Who do you thinks gonna care?
There were lots of other singers
In the world turned deaf and blind
Who were crucified for what they tried to show
Now their voices have been scattered
By the swirlin' winds of time
And the truth remains that no one wants to know
Well, the old man was a stranger
But I'd have heard his song before
Back when failure had me locked out
On the wrong side of the door
No one stood behind me
But my shadow on the floor
And lonesome was more than a state of mind
You see the Devil haunts a hungry man
And if you don't wanna join him
Well, he's gotta figure out someway to beat him
And I ain't sayin' I beat the Devil
But I drink his beer for nothin'
And then I stole his song
You can still hear me singin'
To the people who don't listen
To the things that I am sayin'
Prayin' someone's gonna hear
And I guess I'll die explainin'
How the things that they complain about
Are things they could be changin'
Hopin' someone's gonna care
I was born to be a singer
And I'm bound to die the same
But I've got to feed this hunger in my soul
If I never have a nickel
I won't even die in shame
'Cause I don't believe
That no one wants to know

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