

The Devil Went Down To Georgia (Metal Version)

Charlie Daniels Band

The devil went down to Georgia
He was lookin' for a soul to steal
He was in a bind
'Cause he was way behind
And he was willin' to make a deal When he came upon this young man
Sawin' on a fiddle and playin' it hot
And the devil jumped
Up on a hickory stump
And said, "boy, let me tell you what I 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 you Now you play a 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 name's Johnny
And it might be a sin
But I'll take your bet
And you're gonna regret
'Cause I'm the best there'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 cards
And if you win, you get this shiny fiddle made of gold
But if you lose, the devil gets your soul The devil opened up his case
And he said, "I'll start this show."
And fire flew from his fingertips
As he rosined up his bow Then he pulled the bow across the strings
And it made an evil hiss
And a band of demons joined in
And it sounded something like this When the devil finished
Johnny said, "well, you're pretty good, old son
But sit down in that chair right there
And let me show you how it's done." He played Fire on the Mountain run boys, run
The devil's in the House of the Rising Sun
Chicken in a bread pan pickin' out dough
Granny, does your dog bite? No child, no The devil bowed his head
Because he knew that he'd been beat
And he laid that golden fiddle
On the ground at Johnny's feet Johnny said, "Devil, just come on back
If you ever want to try again
I done told you once you son of a bitch

I'm the best that's ever been."He played Fire on the Mountain run boys, run
The devil's in the House of the Rising Sun
Chicken in a bread pan pickin' out dough
Granny, does your dog bite? No child, no

Songwriters

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