

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 itd 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 youd 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 Im dry, he bought me a beer
He nodded at my guitar Said, Its a tough life, aint it?
I just looked at him
And he said, You aint
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 dont 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 Id 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 dont wanna join him
Well, hes gotta figure out someway to beat him
And I aint 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 dont listen
To the things that I am sayin
Prayin someones gonna hear
And I guess Ill die explainin'
How the things that they complain about
Are things they could be changin
Hopin someones gonna care
I was born to be a singer
And Im bound to die the same
But Ive got to feed this hunger in my soul
If I never have a nickel
I wont even die in shame
Cause I dont believe
That no one wants to know

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