

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 deal When 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 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 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 cards And if you win you'll get
This shiney 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 finger tips
As he rosined up his bow And 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 feet Johnny 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 played 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

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