

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 glory Now, 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 fail I found myself in a roadside bar room
I was drinking my time away
Kentucky woman and Tennessee whiskey
It's gonna be hell to pay A worn out Chevy and a beat up Martin
Is all I'll ever own
My worthless life is dedicated
To bringing God's children home Now, 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 fail Fourteen 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 fail Yes, 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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