

The Charlie Daniels Band, The Devil Went Down

The Devil went down to Georgia
He was looking for a soul to steal
He was in a bind
Cause he was way behind
He was willing 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 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'll 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

And he pulled the bow across the strings
And it made a 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

Fire on the Mountain, run, boys, run
The Devil's in the House of the Rising Sun
Chicken in the bread pan picking 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 wanna try again
I done told you once, you son of a bitch
I'm the best there's ever been

He played Fire on the Mountain
Run, boys, run
Devil's in the House of the Rising Sun
Chicken in the bread pan picking out dough
Granny, will your dog bite
No, child, no