

Blues Traveler, The Devil Went Down To Georgia

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 willing to make a deal

Well he come across a young man sawing on a fiddle and he played it hot
The devil jumped up on a hickory stump
And said "boy, let me tell you what

In case you didn't know it, I'm a fiddle player too
And if you care to make a dare
I'll make a bet with you

Now you play pretty good fiddle, son but give the devil his due
I'll bet a fiddle of gold against your soul
Cause I think I'm better than you!

Well the boy said "my name's johnny, and it might be a sin
But I'll take your bet 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 said, "I'll start this show"
And fire flew from his finger tips as he rosined up his bow
When he pulled that bow across the strings, it made an evil hiss
And a band of demons joined in, it sounded just like this

When the devil finished, johnny said, "well you're pretty good old son
But just 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 with the rising sun,
Chicken in the breadpan 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
And johnny said, "devil, come on back if you ever want to try again
But I 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
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Granny does your dog bite, "no, child, no"