Emerson Drive, Devil Went Down To Georgia

The devil went down to Georgia
He was lookin' 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
Sawin' on a fiddle and playin' 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 boy I'm a fiddle player too And if you care to take a dare Well 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 name's Johnny, And it just might be a sin But I'll take this bet, you're gonna regret, I'm the best that's ever been

Johnny rosin up your bow And play your fiddle hard Hell broke loose in Georgia And the devil deals his cards And if you win you 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
When he pulled the bow across the strings
And it made an evil hiss
And a band of demons joined it
And it sounded somethin' like this
Here we go

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 pickin' out dough Granny does your dog bite No child no

Well, 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, come on back If you ever want to try again I done told you once you son of a gun, I'm the best that's ever been"

Fire on the mountain Run, boys, run The devil's in the house of the rising sun Chicken in the bread pan pickin' out dough Granny does your dog bite No child no