

# The Toy Dolls, The Devil Went Down To Georgia

The devil went down to Scunthorpe,  
Looking for a soul to steal  
In a bind an' way behind  
He was willin' to make a deal.  
He came across this young man  
Pickin' on a guitar, playing it hot an'  
An' the devil jumped on a hickory stump  
An' said 'I'll tell ya what'  
I guess you didn't know it,  
I'm a guitar player too,  
and if you care to take a dare  
I make a bet with you.  
Now you play a real good guitar boy,  
But give the devil his due,  
I'll bet a guitar of gold against you soul  
'Cause i think i'm better then you.  
The boy said my name's Johnny,  
It might be a sin,  
I'll take your bet  
You're gonna regret,  
I'm the best I've ever been.

Johnny rosen up your pick  
An' play your guitar hard  
'Cause hell's broke loose in scunthorpe  
An' the devil deals the cards.  
Now if you win you'll  
Get this shinny guitar made of gold,  
But if you loose the devil gets your soul!

The devil opened up his case  
And said 'i'll start this gig'  
and fire flew from his finger tips  
As he rosened up his pick.  
He strummed the pick across  
The strings it made an evil hiss  
Then a band of demons joined  
In and it sounded somthing like this

When the devil finished Johnny said  
'You're pretty good ol' son,  
But sit down in that chair right there  
Let me show you how it's done!'

Fire on the mountain run boy's run!  
Devil's in the house of the risen sun!  
Chicken in the bread pan picken 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 guitar  
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 bitch  
I'm the best I've ever been!' Yeah!!!

Fire on the mountain run boy's run!  
Devil's in the house of the risen sun!  
Chicken in the bread pan picken out dough!  
Granny does your dog bite.  
No child, no!!!