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Blues Traveler "The Devil Went Down to Georgia"

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Original performer: charlie daniels band

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 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"

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