

Kris Kristofferson

"How To Beat The Devil"

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"It was wintertime in Nashville
Down on music city row,
And I had to find a place to get
Myself out of the cold
To warm the frozen feeling
That was eating at my bones,
Keep the chilly wind off my guitar.
My thirsty wanted whiskey
My hungry needed beans,
But it'd been a month of paydays
Since I'd earned the equal scene
So with a stomach full of empty
And a pocket full of dreams
I swallowed my pride and stepped inside a bar,
Actually you'd call it a tavern
Cigarette smoke to the ceiling
Sawdust on the floor, friendly shadows
I saw that there was just one old man sitting at the bar,
And I could see him checking me and my guitar,
He said, 'Come up here boy and show us what you
are!'
I said, 'I'm dry.' He bought me a beer.
He looked at my guitar and said, 'It's a tough life
ain't it?'
I look ed at him and he said, 'You aint making any
money are you?'
I said, 'You been reading my mail.'
He just smiled and said, 'Let me see that guitar,
I got something you oughta hear.'
Then he laid it on me...

If you waste your time talking to
The people who won't listen to
The things that you are saying who
Do you think's gonna hear?
And if you should die explaining how
The things that they complain about
Are things they could be changing,
Who do you think's gonna care?
There were other lonely singers
In a world turned deaf and blind
Who were crucified

For what they tried to show
And their voices have been scattered by
The swirling winds of time,
Because the truth remains
That no one wants to know.

The old man was a stranger
But Iâ€™d heard his workds before
Back when failure had me locked out
On the wrong side of the door,
When no one stood beside me
But my shadow on the floor
And lonesome is more than a state of mind.
See the devil haunts a hungry man
If you donâ€™t want to join him,
You gotta beat him.
I ainâ€™t saying I beat the devil,
But I drank his beer for nothing
And then I stole his songâ€¦

And you still can hear me singing to
The people who wonâ€™t listen to
The things that I am saying hoping
Someoneâ€™s gonna hear?
And I guess Iâ€™ll die explaining how
The things that they complain about
Are things they could be changing,
Hoping someoneâ€™s gonna care?
I was born a lonely singer
And Iâ€™m bound to die the same
But Iâ€™ve gotta feed the hunger in my soul
And if I never have a nickel
I wonâ€™t ever die ashamed,
Because I donâ€™t believe
That no one wants to know.
"

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