

## Steve Ouimette

# "The Devil Went Down To Georgia"

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Devil went down to Georgia, he was looking for a soul  
to steal.  
He was in a bind, 'cause he was way behind, so he was  
willing to make a deal.  
When he come across this young man sawing on a  
fiddle and playing it hot.  
And the devil jumps up on a hickory stump and said  
"boy let me tell you what:  
I bet you didn't know it, but I'm a fiddle player too.  
And if you'd care to take a dare, I'll make a bet wit you.  
Now you play a pretty good fiddle, boy, but give the  
devil his due.  
I'll bet a fiddle of gold against your soul.  
I think I'm better than you."

Boy said, "my name's johnny and it might be a sin,  
But I'll take your bet, you're gonna regret.  
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!  
Devil opened up his case and said, "I'll start this show."  
Fire flew from his fingertips as he rosined up his bow.  
And he pulled the bow across the strings and it made  
an evil hiss.  
Then a band of demons joined in and it sounded  
something like this.  
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.  
The chicken in the bread pan picking out dough.  
Granny does your dog bite? no, child, no.  
Devil bowed his head 'cause he knew that he'd been  
beat.  
And he laid that golden fiddle on the ground at

johnny's feet.

Johnny said, "devil, just c'mon back if you ever wanna try again.

I told you once, you son of a bitch, I'm the best there's ever been!"

Fire on the mountain! run, boys, run!

Devil's in the house of the rising sun.

Chicken in the bread pan picking out dough,

Granny, does your dog bite? no, child, no.

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