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Pure Prairie League "Pickin' To Beat The Devil"

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I make my rounds of the country churches Playing my guitar for free My repertoire is one hundred ninety Songs to God's glory

Now, I'm pickin' to beat the devil And you know he's on my tail And the Lord's in my fingers He won't let me fail

I found myself in a roadside bar room I was drinking my time away Kentucky woman and Tennessee whiskey It's gonna be hell to pay

A worn out Chevy and a beat up Martin Is all I'll ever own My worthless life is dedicated To bringing God's children home

Now, I'm pickin' to beat the devil And you know he's on my tail And the Lord's in my fingers He won't let me fail

Fourteen songs and a temperance sermon That's what a good meal buys For a little extra there's a guitar solo Called, 'Reward In The Sky'

Now, I'm pickin' to beat the devil And you know he's on my tail And the Lord's in my fingers And He won't let me fail

Yes, I'm pickin' to beat the devil And you know he's on my tail And the Lord is in my fingers And He won't let me fail

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