

Lee Towers

"The Devil Went Down To Georgia"

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The devil went down to Georgia.
He was lookin' for a soul to steal.
He was in a bind 'cause he was way behind
And he was willin' to make a deal,
When he came across this young man sawin' on a
fiddle
And playin' it hot.
And the devil jumped up on a hickory stump and said,
"Boy, let me tell you what."

"I guess 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 with you.
Now, you play pretty good fiddle
Boy, but give the devil his due.
I'll bet a fiddle of gold against your soul
'Cause I think I'm better than you."

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 that'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 get this shiny fiddle made of gold.
But if you lose, the devil gets your soul.

The devil opened up his case and he said, "I'll start
This show."

And 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
Somethin' 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.
Chicken in the bread pan pickin' 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.
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
That's ever been."

He played Fire on the mountain. Run, boys, run.
The devil's in the House of the Rising Sun.
Chicken in the bread pan pickin' out dough.
Granny, does your dog bite? No, child, no.

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