

## **Daniels Charlie**

### **"Devil Went Down To Georgia"**

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The Devil Went Down to Georgia

The devil went down to Georgia

He was looking for a soul to steal

And he was in a bind

'Cause he was way behind

And was willin' to make a deal

When he came accross 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 care to take a dare

I'll make a bet with 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

'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, your 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 shiney 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 a 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 ol' 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

Devil's in the house of the rising sun

A 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  
Johnny said, "Devil, just come on back  
if you ever wanna 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  
Devil's in the house of the rising sun  
A chicken in the breadpan, picking out dough  
Granny will your dog bite? No, child, no

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