

## Travis Tritt

### "Devil Went Down To Georgia"

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It's been ten long years since  
The devil laid his fiddle at Johnny's feet  
And it burned inside his mind  
The way he suffered that defeat  
In the darkest pits of hell  
The devil hatched an evil plan  
To tempt the fiddle player for  
He's just a mortal man  
"The sin of pride," the devil  
Cried is what will do you in  
"I thought we had this settled,  
I'm the best there's ever been."

Johnny did you ever know  
That time keeps marching on  
The coldest hour is the one  
Comes just before the dawn  
The devil's back in Georgia  
Will you stand up to the test  
Or will you let the devil be the best?

"In truth I haven't played much  
Since the baby came in June  
But give me half a minute an'  
I'll get this fiddle back in tune"

The devil grabbed the golden  
Fiddle out of Johnny's hand and said  
"Though I'm the fiddle player  
Underground and I walk upon the land"

"Y'all just better be just turnin'  
Back if you want this boy to win  
'Cos practice is the only cure for  
The predicament he's in"

"Now devil it would be a sin  
For you to get my bow  
You go on back to hell and to  
The wood shed I will go"

Johnny are you practising or  
Will your hands grow cold?  
The devil walks the land and  
Plays a fiddle made of gold  
Can you hear the babe a crying,  
Will he ever know  
The devil wants his daddy's very soul?

"Before we play I want to  
Thank you for letting God's  
Own Word ring true  
He said you can't be trusted"  
"Yes but what you gonna do?"  
"Well you get your fiddle devil if  
You think that you can win  
'Cos I beat you once you old dog  
And I can whip your butt again"

John Brown's green, the devil is red  
Mama's little baby loves short-nymph bread  
The devil's dream is that he can win  
But Johnny is the best that's ever been

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