

The Devil Went Down to Georgia

Zac Brown Band

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 didnt know it
But I'm a fiddle player too
And if you care to take a dare
I'll just 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
Is to 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 there's ever been"

Johnny your 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 then he pulled the bow across the strings
And it made an evil hiss
And 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 just sit down in that chair right there
Let me show you how its done

Fire on the mountain, run boys, run
The Devil's in the House of the Rising Sun
Chicken in the bread pan pickin' at 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 there'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' at dough
Granny does your dog bite? No child, no