

The Devil Went Down To Georgia

Celtic Thunder

The devil went down to Georgia
He was looking for a soul to steal
And he was in a bind 'cos he was way behind
And was willing to make a deal
When he came across this young man playing on a fiddle
And playing 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
'Cos 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
'Cos I'm the best that's ever been"

Johnny, rosin up your bow and play your fiddle hard
'Cos 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 something like this

When the devil finished Johnny said
"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
Chickens 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 gun
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
Chickens in the breadpan, picking out dough
Granny, does your dog bite? No, child, no
No, child, no