The Devil

Darrell Scott

Don't you know,
it's been rainin' in the mountains and the river's on the rise.
Cannot hardly reach the other side.
And the devil, he's in trouble; I can see it in his eyes.
If you don't give him shelter, he won't have no place to hide.

The devil deals in dyin' and he travels in a hearse.
He treats you like a dog, now; he'd like to treat you worse.
But he don't have the answers, an' if he did, he'd lie.
See, the devil is a joker an' he don't want you alive.

An' some you win, an' some you lose,
An' the winner's all grin and the losers say:
"Deal the cards again.
Oh Won't you deal the cards again."

L.A.'s in California, Lord, I been there many times.
It is an education, to be sure.

Oh I loved a lovely lady there, she opened up my eyes.
She ran a dancin' school; it was a front, she loved the Lord.

An' some you win, an' some you lose,
An' the winner's all grin and the losers say:
"Deal the cards again.
Oh Won't you deal the cards again."

It's been rainin' in the mountains and the river's on the rise.
We cannot hardly reach the other side.
And the devil, he's in trouble; I can see it in his eyes.
If you don't give him shelter, he'll have no place to hide.
Oh if you don't give him shelter, he'll have no place to hide.

(Uuuh uuuh uuuh)
He'll have no place to hide.
The devil, he'll have no place to hide.

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