

# The Devil Went Down To Jamaica

David Allan Coe

The Devil went to Jamaica  
He was looking to sell some weed  
He was doin' fine, they were standing in line  
It was excellent weed indeed  
He came across a young man who was likewise peddling pot  
And the devil slid down the beach and said "boy let me tell you  
what,  
I guess you kinda figured I'm a reefer head of course  
And after all this time, I guess that I'm a conessuire of sorts  
Now your stuff smells ok, but this can tranquilize a hourse  
I bet a million in cash against your satsh that mines better th  
en yours."  
The boy said my names Johnny and you ain't smoked nothing yet  
One hit of this grass'll kick your ass, you got yourself a bet.  
"

Johnny role a ball of hash and make sure its the bomb  
Cause the devils got the kinda stuff they smoke in vietnam  
You'll get a million smackaroos in cash if you can cope  
But if you cant the devil gets your dope

The devil packed a bong with a little ockopoco gold  
And rosin flew from his fingertips as he fired up his bowl  
He filled that chamber all the way and he took a mighty hit  
And as they passed it back and forth it gave them both a coughi  
ng fit

When the bowl was finished Johnny said hey man that stuff was g  
reat  
But fill your lungs with some of this and prepare to vegetate

Cannibas and bevis sweet mary jane  
The devils in the back yard frying his brain  
Zig zag filled with a diggidy dank  
Hold on tight it'll hit you like a tank

The devil noddod off because he knew that he was stoned  
And he asked if he could buy an ounce of the stuff that Johnny  
owned  
Johnny said devil just come on back if you ever want to catch a  
buzz  
I done told you once you son of a bitch mines the best there ev  
er was

Fired up duvais one by one  
Aint gonna stop till the bags done  
Green as a bull frog sticky as glue  
Granny do you get high yes I do.