

The Devil Went Down to Georgia

Emerson Drive

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 didn't know it, boy
I'm a fiddle player too
And if you'd care to take a dare
Well, I'll make a bet with you?
'Now you play pretty good fiddle, boy
But give the Devil his due
I'll bet a fiddle of gold against your soul
'Cause I think I'm better than you?
The boy said, 'My name's Johnny
And it just might be a sin
But I'll take this bet, you're gonna regret
I'm the best that's ever been?
Johnny, rosin up your bow and play your fiddle hard
Hell broke loose in Georgia and the Devil deals his cards
And if you win you get this shiny fiddle made of gold
And 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
When he pulled the bow across the strings
And it made an evil hiss
And a band of demons joined in
And it sounded somethin' like this, here we go
When the Devil finished
Johnny said, 'Well, you're pretty good, old 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
The devil's in the House of the Rising Sun
Chicken in the bread pan pickin' out dough
Granny, does your dog bite? No, child, no
Well, 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, come on back
If you ever want to try again
Well, I told you once, you son of a gun
I'm the best that's ever been?
Fire on the mountain, run, boys, run
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Granny, does your dog bite? No, child, no