

The Devil

Hoyt Axton

It's been rainin' in the mountains and the river's on
the rise.
And 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 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.
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.
"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.
I loved a lovely lady there, she opened up my eyes.
She ran a dancin' school; it was a front, she loved the
Lord.

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