

Hey there son, you wanna be a star?
Hey there boy, you better have a plan
You better think of something 'cause you're not good enough on
your own

I'm a wanted man 'cause I sold my soul to the devil
I'm an outlaw now, but I bought what I wanted

I sold my soul to the devil

I am a legend. Idolized and feared, I'm a ghost of a man
I've been damned to hell, and there's no way to tell if I'm eve
r coming back

Now I'll be remembered
I'll take it to my grave, what I thought up when I went down to
Georgia
I thought it up when I went down to Georgia
And I just hear my mother's words, and she said

"You better think of something, 'cause you're not good enough o
n your own"

I'm a common man, I just sold my lie to the people
They won't forget me now, 'cause they bought what I wanted

I sold my soul to the devil

I took a stroll to the crossroads
And I met the devil there
And he said, "Boy, do you have a plan? It'll only cost you your
soul"
And I said, "Oh, I don't wanna be forgotten. So let 'em know
I sold my soul to the devil. I sold it"