

# To Beat The Devil

Waylon Jennings

It was winter time in Nashville  
Down on Music City Row  
I was lookin' for a place to get  
Myself out of the cold  
To warm the frozen feelin'  
That was eatin' at my soul  
And keep the chilly winds off my guitar.

My thirsty wanted whiskey  
And my hunger needed beans  
But I guess it'd been a month of payday  
Since I heard that eagle scream  
So with a stomach full of empty  
And a pocket full of dreams  
I left my pride and stepped inside a bar  
Actually I guess you'd call it a tavern  
Cigarette smoke to the ceiling  
Sawdust on the floor friendly shadows.

I saw that there was just  
An old man sittin' at the bar  
In the mirror I could see him  
Checkin' me and my guitar  
He said come up here boy  
Show us what you are  
I said I'm dry, he bought me a beer  
He nodded at my guitar.

Said it's a tough life ain't it  
I just looked at him  
And he said you ain't  
Makin' any money are you  
I said you been readin' my mail  
He just smiled and said let me see that guitar  
I got somethin' you oughta hear  
Then he laid it on me.

If you waste your time a talkin'  
To the people who don't listen  
To the things that you are sayin'  
Who do you thinks gonna hear  
And if you should die explainin'  
How the thing they complain about  
Or the things they could be changing  
Who do you thinks gonna care.

There were lots of other singers  
In the world turned deaf and blind  
Who were crucified for what they tried to show  
Now their voices have been scattered  
By the swirling winds of time  
And the truth remains that no one wants to know.

Well, the old man was a stranger  
But I'd've heard his song before  
Back when failure had me locked out  
On the wrong side of the door

No one stood behind me but my shadow on the floor  
And lonesome was more than a state of mind

You see the devil haunts a hungry man  
And if you don't wanna join him  
Well, he's gotta figure out someway to beat him  
And I ain't sayin' I beat the devil  
But I drink his beer for nothin'  
And then I stole his song

You can still hear me singin'  
To the people who don't listen  
To the things that I am sayin'  
Prayin' someone's gonna hear  
And I guess I'll die explaining  
How the things that they complain about  
Are things they could be changin'  
Hopin' someone's gonna care.

I was born to be a singer  
And I'm bound to die the same  
But I've got to feed this hunger in my soul  
If I never have a nickel  
I won't even die in shame  
'Cause I don't believe that no one wants to know...