

The Devil Went Down To Georgia

The Levellers

The devil went down to Georgia
He was looking for a soul to steal
And he was in a bind
'Coe he was way behind
And was willin' to make a deal
When he came upon a boy playing on a fiddle
Aand playin' it hot
And the devil jumped up on a hickory stump and said,
"Boy let me tell you what:

I bet you didn't know it but I'm a fiddle player too,
And if you care to take a dare
I'll make a bet with you
Now you play a pretty good fiddle boy
But give the devil his due
I'll bet a fiddle of gold against your soul
'Cos I think I'm better than you."

The boy said, "My name's Johnny
And it might be a sin
But I'll take your bet, your gonna regret
'Cos I'm the best that's ever been."

Johnny rosin up your bow and play your fiddle hard
'Cos hell's broke in Georgia
And the devil deals the cards
And if you win you get this shiny fiddle made of gold
But if you lose the devil gets your soul.

The devil opened up his case and he said,
"Well I guess I'll start this show."
And fire flew from his fingertips
As he rosined up his bow
And he pulled the bow across the strings
And it made an evil hiss
Then a band of demons joined in
And it sounded just like this:

When the devil finished Johnny said,
"Well you're pretty good ol' 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
Devil's in the house of the rising sun
Chickens in the breadpan, picking out dough
Granny does your dog bite?
No, child, no

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, just come on back
If you ever wanna try again.
I done told you once,
You son-of-a-bitch,

I'm the best that's ever been!"

He played:

Fire on the mountain, run boys run

Devil's in the house of the rising sun

Chickens in the breadpan, picking out dough

Granny does your dog bite?

No, child, no