The Devil Went Down to Georgia

Zac Brown Band

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 didnt know it But I'm a fiddle player too And if you care to take a dare I'll just 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 Is to 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, you're gonna regret Cause I'm the best there's ever been"

Johnny your rosin up your bow and play your fiddle hard 'Cause hell's broke loose 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, "I'll start this show" And fire flew from his fingertips As he rosined up his bow

And then he pulled the bow across the strings And it made an evil hiss And a band of demons joined in And it sounded something like this

When the Devil finished Johnny said, "well you're pretty good old son But just sit down in that chair right there Let me show you how its done

Fire on the mountain, run boys, run The Devil's in the House of the Rising Sun Chicken in the bread pan pickin' at 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 there's ever been"

He played, 'Fire on the Mountain', run boys, run The Devil's in the House of the Rising Sun Chicken in the bread pan pickin' at dough Granny does your dog bite? No child, no