

# The Devil Went Down to Georgia

Charlie Daniels

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Charlie Daniels - The Devil Went Down To Georgia  
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One Way single (1991)

(original from Million Mile Reflections by the Charlie Daniels Band)

The Devil went down to Georgia, he was looking for a soul to steal.  
He was in a bind, 'cause he was way behind, he was willing to make a deal.  
When he came across this young boy sawing on a fiddle and playing it hot.  
Well the Devil jumped up on a hickory stump, said, "Boy let me tell you what.  
I guess you didn't know it, but I'm a fiddle player too,  
Now if you care to make a dare, well I'll make a bet with you.  
Now you play pretty good fiddle boy, but give the Devil his due,  
I'll bet a fiddle of gold against your soul 'cause I think I'm better than you."  
The boy said, "My name's Jonny 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." Jonny rosin up  
you bow and play your fiddle hard.  
'cause hell's broke loose in Georgia and the Devil deals the cards.  
And if you win you'll get this shiny fiddle made of gold,  
But if you loose the Devil gets your soul. Hey! So the Devil opened up his case, said, "I guess  
I'll start this show."  
And fire flew from his finger tips as he rosined up his bow.  
When he drew that bow across the strings, it made an evil hiss.  
Then a band of demons joined in, it sounded something like this. So the Devil finished, Jonny  
said, "Well you're pretty good old son.  
Sit down in that chair out there, let me show you how it's done." He played Fire on the  
Mountain, run, boys, run.  
The Devil's in the house with the rising sun,  
Chicken in the breadpan picking out dough,  
Granny does your dog bite, "No, child, no."  
So the Devil bowed his head because he knew that he'd been beat.  
He laid that golden fiddle on the ground at Jonny's feet.  
And Jonny said, "Devil, just come on back if you ever want to try again,  
'cause I've told you once, you son of a gun, I'm the best there's ever been." He played Fire on the  
Mountain, run, boys, run.  
The Devil's in the house with the rising sun,  
Chicken in the breadpan picking out dough  
Granny does your dog bite, "No, child, no."

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

