

Nickelback, The Devil Went Down To Georgia

Well,
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 man
Playin' a fiddle and playing 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 that I'm a fiddle player too,
And if you'd care to take a dare,
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,
I think I'm better than you."

Boy said, "My name's Johnny and it might be a sin,
But I'm gon' take your bet, you're gonna' regret,
I'm the best that's ever been."

Johnny, 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'll 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 his bow across the strings and it made an evil hiss.
Then 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 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 Risin' Sun.
Chicken in the breadpan picking out dough,
Granny does your dog bite, "No, child, no."

Well that old 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 want to try again
I told you once, you son of a gun
I'm the best there's ever been."

And he played:
Fire on the Mountain, run, boys, run.
Devil's in the House of the Risin' Sun.
Chicken in the breadpan picking out dough,
Granny does your dog bite, "No, child, no."