

Johnny was a country boy
Made his living off the land
Every Saturday night he'd play the guitar
With the boys in the local band

Now the devil he played with golden fingers
Near the waters he did dwell
Made your backbone shiver, when you walked by the river
And you listened to his tunes from hell

The river runs on so freely, the river runs to the sea
Johnny sold his soul to the devil down below
Who will never more set him free
And he never can again be free

Johnny talked to the river
Shouted into the deep
You can have my soul if you give me your guitar
Make her laugh, make her mourn and weep

Up came the devil and he spoke to Johnny
You'll be the best in all the land
You'll play hot, you'll play well, as the fires from hell
But your soul will be at my command

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Johnny can jive and Johnny can boogie
Let the music flow so free
Play the strings so you can hear them ring
Through the bayou country

Now the people came from near and far
When they heard about the guitar-man
Johnny's voice got hoarse and his fingers were all bloody
But his playing never took an end

Sometimes in the dead of night
There's music sounding through the trees
The devil plays a tune on the bank of the river
Johnny's soul sings harmony

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