

## "Shake the Hand of the Devil"

V1

He was barely seventeen  
when his wife, Virginia, died.  
He set out on a dirt road-  
hoped to hitch a ride-  
With only a guitar  
that he could hardly play,  
He'd have died a farmhand,  
but chose to run away.

V2

Mississippi Delta heat  
ain't easy to cut through.  
He walked until the sun  
fell slowly out of view  
He came upon a crossroads,  
took his guitar in hand.  
Clumsy fingers, picked a tune  
that echoed 'cross the land.

CH

Robert Johnson saw the Devil coming  
through the foggy night.  
At half past twelve, the Devil said,  
"I'll help you see the light.  
I'll make you an offer  
you can't refuse,  
but you'll shake the hand of the Devil  
if you want to play the blues."

V3

"What's your wish?" the Devil asked  
with a gap-toothed, rotten grin.  
Robert passed him the guitar--  
felt the sting of sin.  
The Devil tuned the strings;  
the young man watched in fear  
then took back his guitar and was  
a bluesman without peer.

(Repeat Chorus)

BR

As he shook the Devil's hand,  
Robert knew he'd crossed a line.  
"The blues are yours," the Devil sneered.  
"But your soul is mine."

(Repeat Chorus)

-Lyrics by Jason Spraggins, 6/2011

-Music by Matt Glickstein