

Lynyrd Skynyrd

"Ballad Of Curtis Lowe"

Visit "[Ballad Of Curtis Lowe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well i used to wake the morning
before the rooster crowed
searchin for soda bottles, to get myself some dough
run em down to the corner
down to the country store
cash em in and give my money to a man named curtis
lowe
old Curt was a black man
with white, curly hair
when he had a fifth of wine he did not have a care
he used to own an old dobro
used to play 'coss his knee
I'd give old curt my money and he'd play all day for me

Chorus:

Play me a song Curtis Lowe, hey Curtis Lowe
I got your drinkin money,
tune up your dobro,
people said he was useless, them people all were
fools,
'cause Curtis Lowe was the finest picker to ever play
the blues

He looked to be sixty, and maybe i was 10
Mama used to whoop me, but i'd go see him again
I'd clap my hands and stomp my feet just tryin to stay
in time
he'd play me a song or two then take another drink a
wine

Chorus

On the day old Curtis died nobody came to pray
old preacher said some words and they chunked him in
the clay
well he lived a lifetime playin the black man's blues
and on the day he lost his life that's all he had to lose

Play me a song Curtis Lowe, hey Curtis Lowe
I wish that you was here so everyone would know
people said he was useless, them people all were fools

'cause Curtis Lowe was the finest picker to ever play
the blues

Visit [Lynyrd Skynyrd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.