

Lynyrd Skynyrd "Curtis Lowe"

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Well, I used to wake the mornin' before the rooster
crowed
Searchin' for soda bottles to get myself some dough
Brought '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 it 'cross his
knee
I'd give old Curt my money, he'd play all day for me

Play me a song Curtis Lowe, Curtis Lowe
Well, 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 ten
Mama used to warn me but I'd go see him again
I'd clap my hands, and stomp my feet, try to stay in
time
He'd play me a song or two, then take another drink of
wine

Play me a song Curtis Lowe, Curtis Lowe
Well, 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

On the day Old Curtis died, nobody came to pray
Old preacher said some words and they chucked 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 do

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, you're the finest picker to ever play the
blues

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