

Lynyrd Skynyrd

"Tha Ballad Of Curtis Loew"

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Verse 1:

Well, I used to wake the mornin', before the rooster
crowed
Searchin' for soda bottles, get myself some dough
Run it down to the corner, down to the country store
Cash it in and give my money to a man named Curtis
Loew

Now old Curt was a balck man
With white, curly hair
When he had a fifth of wine
He did not have a care
He use to only know dobro
Used to play it cross his knees
I'd give old Curt my money, he'd play all day for me

Chorus:

Play me a song, Curtis Loew, Curtis Loew
I got your drinkin' money, tune up your dobro
People said you was useless, them people are a fool
Cause Curtis Loew was the finest picker to ever play the
blues

Verse 2:

He looked to be sixty, maybe I was ten
Momma used to whip me, but I'd go see him again
I'd clap my hands, stop my feet, try to stay in time
He'd play me a song or two then take another drink of
wine

(Chorus)

Yes Sir!

(Guitar Solo)

Verse 3:

On the day old Curtis died, nobody came to pray
Old preacher said some words then chunked him in the
clay

Well he lived a lifetime, playin' the black man's blues
And the day he lost his life, that's all he had to lose

Chorus 2:

Play me a song Curtis Loew, Hey, Curtis Loew
I wish that you was here so everyone could know
People you said you were useless, them people are a
fool
Cause Curtis Loew your the finest picker to ever play
the blues

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