

Lynyrd Skynyrd "The Ballad Of Curtis Lowe"

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well I used to wake the mornin
befor 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 across his
knee
I'd give old Curt my money he play all day for me

(chours)
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

well he looked to be 60, maybe I was 10
momma used to whoop me
but I'd go see him again
I'd clap my hands, stomp my feet tryin to stay in time
well he'd play me a song or two then take another drink
of wine

(chours)
play me a song Curtis Lowe, Curtis Lowe
well I got your drinkin money tune up your dobro
people said he was useless but 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 lose

(chours)

play me a song Curtis Lowe, yeah Curtis Lowe
I wish that you was here so everyone would know
people said you was useless but them people all were
fools
cuz Curtis your the finest picker to ever play the blues

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