

Lynyrd Skynyrd, The Ballad Of Curtis Lowe

well I used to wake the mornin
befor the rooster crowed
searchin for soda bottles to get my self 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 didnt have a care
he used to own and 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
cuz Curtis Lowe was the finest picker to ever play the blues
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 keep in time
well he'd play me a song or 2 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
cuz 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
they chucked him in the clay
well he lived a lifetime playin the black mans blues
and on the day he lost his life thats all he had to lose
(chours)

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