

The Ballad of Curtis Loew

Lynyrd Skynyrd

Well I used to wake the morning before the rooster crowed
Searching 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 Loew
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 across his knees
I'd give old Curt my money, he'd play all day for me
Play me a song Curtis Loew, Curtis Loew
I got your drinking money, tune up your dobro
People said he was useless, them people are the fools
'Cause Curtis Loew was the finest picker to ever play the blues
He looked to be sixty, and maybe I was ten
Mama used to whip me but I'd go see him again
I'd clap my hands, 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 Loew, Curtis Loew
I got your drinking money, tune up your dobro
People said he was useless, them people are the fools
'Cause Curtis Loew was the finest picker to ever play the blues
Yes sir
On the day old Curtis died, nobody came to pray
Ol' preacher said some words, and they chunked him in the clay
But 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 Loew, Hey Curtis Loew
I wish that you was here so everyone would know
People said he was useless, them people all are fools
'Cause Curtis you're the finest picker to ever play the blues

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