

Lynyrd Skynyrd - Curtis Lowe

Tom: A

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

Ol' 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 Ol' Curt my money, he'd play all day for me

Chorus

Play me a song, Curtis Lowe, hey Curtis Lowe
 I got your drinkin' money, tune up your dobro
 People said you was useless but them people all were fools
 Cause Curtis Lowe was the finest picker to ever play the blues

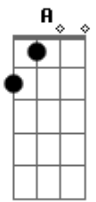
He looked to be 60, maybe I was 10
 Mama used to whoop me but I'd go see him again
 I'd clap my hands, stomp my feets tryin' to stay in time
 He'd play me song or two then take another drink of wine

Chorus

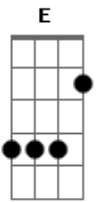
On the day Ol' Curtis died nobody came to pray
 Old preacher said some words and they chucked him in the clay
 He lived a lifetime playin' the black man's blues
 And on the day he lost his life that's all he had to lose

Play me a song Curtis Lowe, hey Curtis Lowe
 I wish that you was here so everyone would know
 People said you was useless but them people all were fools
 Cause Curtis, you're the finest picker to ever play the blues

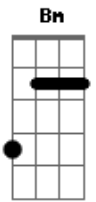
Acordes



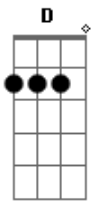
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