

# Lynyrd Skynyrd - Curtis Lowe

Tom: A

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

<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Ol' Curt was a black man with white curly hair  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
When he had a fifth of wine he did not have a care  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
He used to own an old dobro used to play it 'cross his knee  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
I'd give Ol' Curt my money, he'd play all day for me

Chorus

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

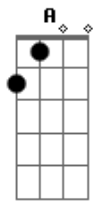
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
He looked to be 60, maybe I was 10  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Mama used to whoop me but I'd go see him again  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
I'd clap my hands, stomp my feets tryin' to stay in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

Chorus

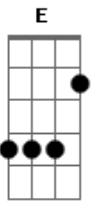
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
On the day Ol' Curtis died nobody came to pray  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Old preacher said some words and they chucked him in the clay  
<sup>E</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
He lived a lifetime playin'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

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

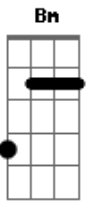
## Acordes



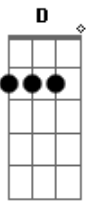
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