

Lynyrd Skynyrd - The Ballad Of Curtis Loew

Tom: D
Intro:

Well, i used to wake the mornin' before the rooster crowed,
Searchin' for soda bottles to get myself some dough.
Run 'em down to the corner, down to the country store,
Cash 'em in, and give my money to a man named curtis loew.

Verso:
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 'cross his knee
I give old curt my money, he play all day for me.

Refrão:
Play me a song, curtis loew, curtis loew,
Well, i got your drinkin' money, tune up your dobro.

People said he was useless, them people all were fools,
'cause curtis loew was the finest picker to ever play the blues

(Verso)

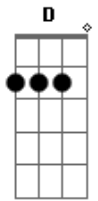
He looked to be sixty, and maybe i was ten,
Mama used to whup me, but i'd go see him again.
I clap my hands, smy feets, try to stay in time,
He'd play a song or two, then take another drink of wine.

(Verso)

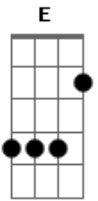
On the day old curtis died, nobody came to pray,
Ol' preacher said some words, and they chunked him in the clay.
But he lived a lifetime playin' the black man's blues,
And on the day he lost his life, that's all he had to lose.

Play me a song curtis lowe, curtis lowe,
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.

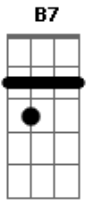
Acordes



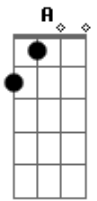
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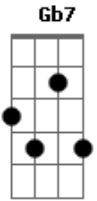
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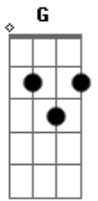
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