

# 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 knee  
I'd give old Curt my money, he'd play all day for me

[Chorus]

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.

[Chorus]

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