

# Ballad of Curtis Loew – Lynyrd Skynyrd

Intro: **E D E**

**(E)** Well, I used to wake the mornin' before the rooster crowed,  
**B**  
**E** Searchin' for soda bottles to get myself some dough.  
**A** **F#m**  
**E** Run 'em down to the corner, down to the country store,  
**B**  
**A** Cash 'em in, and give my money to a man named Curtis Loew.  
**E**

Verse:

**E** Old Curt was a black man with white curly hair,  
**B** **A** **E**  
**(E)** When he had a fifth of wine he did not have a care,  
**B** **A** **E**  
**(E)** He used to own an old Dobro, used to play it 'cross his knee  
**B** **A** **E**  
**(E)** I give old Curt my money, he play all day for me.

**A** Play me a song, Curtis Loew, Curtis Loew,  
**E** **E7**  
**A** Well, I got your drinkin' money, tune up your Dobro.  
**E** **E7**  
**A** People said he was useless, them people all were fools,  
**E** **F#m**  
**E** 'Cause Curtis Loew was the finest picker to ever play the blues  
**D** **A** **E** **E D E**

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, stomp my feets, try to stay in time,  
He'd play a song or two, then take another drink of wine.

(Chorus)

(Solo in C#m over Verse and Chorus)

On the day ol Curtis died nobody came to pray  
Preacher man, he said some words and then the chunked him in the grave  
He lived a lifetime playing the black man's blues  
On the the day he died, well that's all he had to lose

(Chorus)