

Curtis Lowe  
Lynyrd Skynyrd

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

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

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

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

**A** **E**  
Play me a song Curtis Lowe, hey Curtis Lowe

**A** **E**  
I wish that you was here so everyone would know

**A** **E** **D**  
People said you was useless but them people all were fools

**E** **Bm** **A** **E**  
Cause Curtis, you re the finest picker to ever play the blues

**E** **Bm** **A** **E**