

# The Ballad Of Curtis Loew

## Lynyrd Skynyrd

Well, I used to wake the mornin'  
Before the rooster crowed  
Searchin' 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 'cross his knee  
I'd give old Curt my money  
He'd play all day for me  
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  
He looked to be sixty  
And maybe I was ten  
Mama used to whoop 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  
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  
Yes, sir  
On the day old Curtis died  
Nobody came to pray  
Ol' preacher said some words  
And they chunked him in the clay

Well, 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 were fools  
'Cause Curtis you're the finest picker  
To ever play the blues

Songwriters

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