

# The Ballad of Curtis Lowe

## Lynyrd Skynyrd

Well I used to wake the mornin  
Befor the rooster crowed  
Searchin for soda bottles to get my self 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 Lowe  
Old Curt was a black man with white curly hair  
When he had a fifth of wine he didnt have a care  
He used to own and old dobro used to play across his knee  
I'd give old Curt my money he play all day for me

Play me a song Curtis Lowe Curtis Lowe  
Well I got your drinkin money tune up your dobro  
People said he was useless them people all were fools  
'Cause Curtis Lowe was the finest picker to ever play the blues

He looked to be 60 maybe I was 10  
Momma used to whoop me  
But I'd go see him again  
I'd clap my hands, stomp my feet tryin to keep in time  
Well he'd play me a song or 2 then take another drink of wine

Play me a song Curtis Lowe Curtis Lowe  
Well I got your drinkin money tune up your dobro  
People said he was useless but them people all were fools  
'Cause Curtis Lowe was the finest picker to ever play the blues

On the day old Curtis died nobody came to pray  
Old preacher said some words  
They chucked him in the clay  
Well he lived a lifetime playin the black mans blues  
And on the day he lost his life that's all he had to lose

Play me a song Curtie Lowe Curtis Lowe  
I wish that you was here so everyone would know  
People said he was useless but them people all were fools  
'Cause Curtis your finest picker to ever play the blues

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