

The Ballad Of Curtis Loew

[Intro]

E D A E

[Verse]

Well I used to wake the morning before the rooster crowed
E Searching for soda bottles to get myself some dough
E Brought em down to the corner, down to the country store
A Cash em in and give my money to a man named curtis loew

Old curt was a black man with white curly hair
E When he had a fifth of wine he did not have a care
E He used to own an old dobro, used to play it across his knee
E Id give old curt my money, hed play all day for me

[Chorus]

Play me a song curtis loew, curtis loew
A I got your drinking money, tune up your dobro
A People said he was useless, them people are the fools
E cause curtis loew was the finest picker to ever play the blues

[Interlude]

E D D E

[Verse]

He looked to be sixty, and maybe I was ten

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E B D A
Mama used to whip me but Id go see him again
E B A E
Id clap my hands, stomp my feets, try to stay in time
E B
Hed play me a song or two
D E E7
Then take another drink of wine.

[Chorus]

A E E7
Play me a song curtis loew, curtis loew
A E E7
I got your drinking money, tune up your dobro
A E F# F#
People said he was useless, them people are the fools
E D A E
cause curtis loew was the finest picker to ever play the blues

[Interlude]

E D A A

Yes sir

[Solo]

E B A E
E B D E
E B A E
E B D E

A A E E
A A E E
A A E F# F#
E D A E

[Verse]

E B A E
On the day old curtis died, nobody came to pray
E B D A
Ol preacher said some words, and they chunked him in the clay

