

The Ballad of Curtis Lowe – Lynyrd Skynyrd

Intro Riff:

Slow Blues ♩ = 72

Gtr I Well

T 13 13 11 9 9 11 9 11 9 9 13 13 11 9 13

A sl. sl. sl. sl. sl.

B

Fingerings:

Slow Blues ♩ = 72

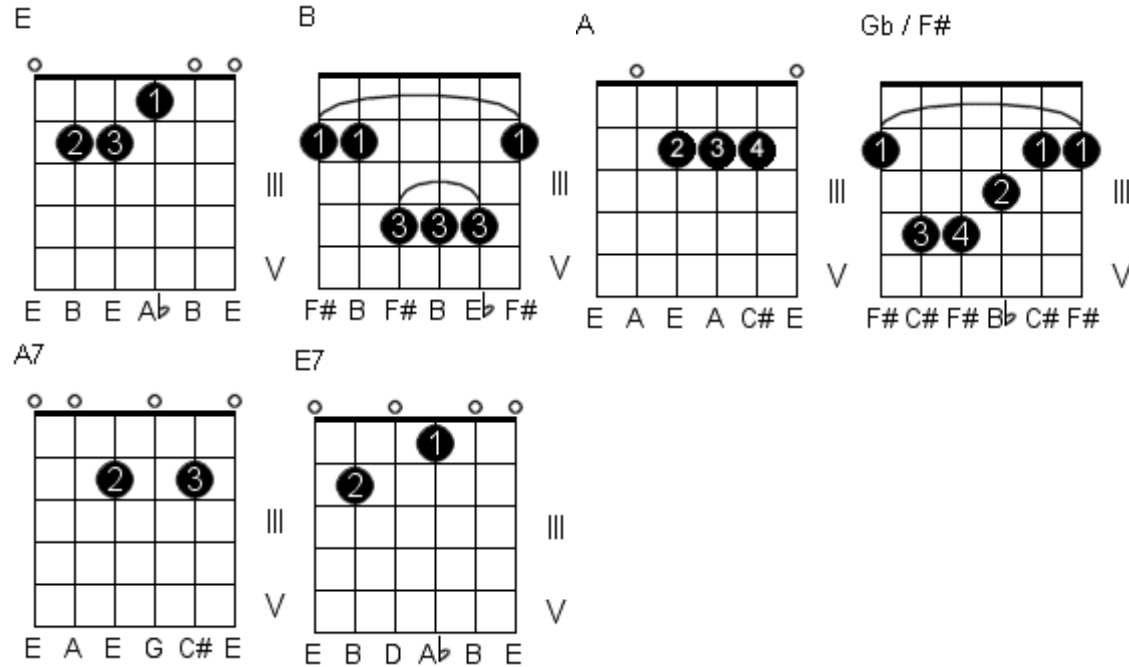
Gtr I Well

T 13 13 11 9 9 11 9 11 9 9 13 13 11 9 13

A 1 3 1 1 2 1

B sl. sl. sl. sl. sl.

Chords Used:



Strumming Pattern: D, DD, DU

Well I used to wake the morning before the rooster crowed
 Searching 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 Lowe

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 across his knee
 I'd give old Curt my money, he'd play all day for me

(chorus)

Play me a song Curtis Lowe, Curtis Lowe
 I got your drinking money, tune up your dobro
 People said he was useless, them people are the fools
 Cuz' Curtis Lowe was the finest picker to ever play the blues

E B A E
He looked to be sixty, and maybe I was ten
E B A E
Mama used to whip me but I'd go see him again
E B A E
I'd clap my hands, stomp my feet, try to stay in time
E B
He'd play me a song or two
A E E7
Then take another drink of wine.

(chorus)

A E E7
Play me a song Curtis Lowe, Curtis Lowe
A E E7
I got your drinking money, tune up your dobro
A E E7
People said he was useless, them people are the fools
E A D A A7
Cuz' Curtis Lowe was the finest picker to ever play the blues

E B A E
On the day old Curtis died, nobody came to pray
E B A E
Ol' preacher said some words, and they chunked him in the clay
E B A E
But he lived a lifetime playin' the black man's blues
E B A E E7
And on the day he lost his life, that's all he had to lose

A E E7
Play me a song Curtis Lowe, Curtis Lowe
A E E7
I wish that you was here so everyone would know
A E E7
People said he was useless, them people all are fools
E D A A7 E
Cuz' Curtis you're the finest picker to ever play the blues