

The Ballad of Curtis Lowe – Lynyrd Skynyrd

Intro Riff:

Slow Blues ♩ = 72

Gtr I Well

T

A 13 13-11 9 9-11 9 11 9 9 13 13-11 9 13

B sl. sl. sl. sl. sl.

Fingerings:

Slow Blues ♩ = 72

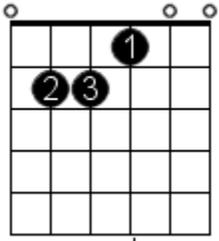
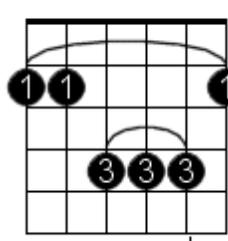
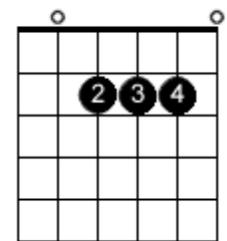
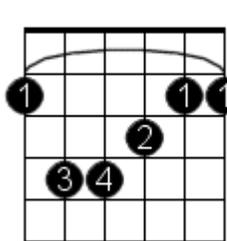
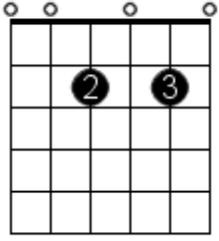
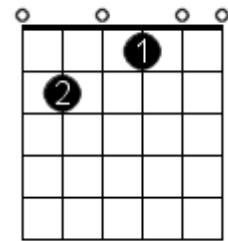
Gtr I Well

T

A 13 13-11 9 9-11 9 11 9 9 13 13-11 9 13

B 1 1 3 1 1 2 1 sl. sl. sl.

Chords Used:

<p>E</p>  <p>E B E A♭ B E</p>	<p>B</p>  <p>F# B F# B E♭ F#</p>	<p>A</p>  <p>E A E A C# E</p>	<p>G♭ / F#</p>  <p>F# C# F# B♭ C# F#</p>
<p>A7</p>  <p>E A E G C# E</p>	<p>E7</p>  <p>E B D A♭ B E</p>		

Strumming Pattern: D, DD, DU

E 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 Lowe

E 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 I'd give old Curt my money, he'd play all day for me

(chorus)

A Play me a song Curtis Lowe, Curtis Lowe
A I got your drinking money, tune up your dobro
A People said he was useless, them people are the fools
E 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