

Lynyrd Skynyrd - Curtis Lowe

Tom: A

^E
Well I used to wake the mornin' before the rooster crowed
^E ^A ^{Bm}
Searchin for soda bottles to get myself some dough
^E ^{Bm}
Brung em down to the corner, down to the country store
^A ^E
Cash em in and give my money to a man named Curtis Lowe

^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
Ol' Curt was a black man with white curly hair
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
When he had a fifth of wine he did not have a care
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
He used to own an old dobro used to play it 'cross his knee
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
I'd give Ol' Curt my money, he'd play all day for me

Chorus

^A ^E
Play me a song, Curtis Lowe, hey Curtis Lowe
^A ^E
I got your drinkin' money, tune up your dobro
^A ^E ^D
People said you was useless but them people all were fools
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
Cause Curtis Lowe was the finest picker to ever play the blues

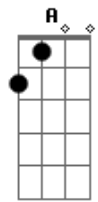
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
He looked to be 60, maybe I was 10
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
Mama used to whoop me but I'd go see him again
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
I'd clap my hands, stomp my feets tryin' to stay in time
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
He'd play me song or two then take another drink of wine

Chorus

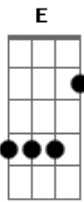
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
On the day Ol' Curtis died nobody came to pray
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
Old preacher said some words and they chucked him in the clay
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
He lived a lifetime playin' the black man's blues
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
And on the day he lost his life that's all he had to lose

^A ^E
Play me a song Curtis Lowe, hey Curtis Lowe
^A ^E
I wish that you was here so everyone would know
^A ^E ^D
People said you was useless but them people all were fools
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E
Cause Curtis, you're the finest picker to ever play the blues
^E ^{Bm} ^A ^E

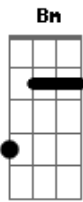
Acordes



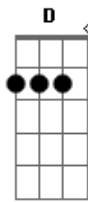
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