BALLAD OF CURTIS LOEW

E B A E

E B

Well I used to wake the morning before the rooster crowed

E A F#7

Searching for soda bottles to get myself some dough

E B

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

E B A E

Old curt was a black man with white curly hair

E B A E

When he had a fifth of wine he did not have a care

E B A E

He used to own an old dobro, used to play it across his knee

E B A E

I’d give old curt my money, he’d play all day for me

**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#7**

**People said he was useless, them people are the fools**

**E A D A A7**

**cause curtis loew was the finest picker to ever play the blues**

E B A E

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 feets, 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**

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 loew, hey curtis loew

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

cause curtis you’re the finest picker to ever play the blues