

# The Ballad Of Curtis Loew

In C – orig in E

C Harp

5 5 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3 4 4 5 4 4 4 4

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e | -----  
b | --5--5-3--3--3-----3-5-3--3-----  
g | -----5-----5-2---2-5-----5--5 s1 9---  
d | -----5-----

C

G

Well, I used to wake the mornin', before the rooster crowed

C

F

D

Searchin' for soda bottles, to get myself some dough

C

G

Run em down to the corner, down to the country store

F

C

Cash em in and give my money, to a man named Curtis Loew

C

G

F

C

Old Curt was a black man, with white curly hair

C

G

Bb

F

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

C

G

F

C

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

C

G

Bb

C

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

F

C

Play me a song, Curtis Loew, Curtis Loew

F

C

I got your drinkin' money, tune up your Dobro

F

D

People said he was useless, them people all were fools

C

Bb

F

C

'Cause Curtis Loew was the finest picker, to ever play the blues (riff)

C

G

F

C

(chords as 2<sup>nd</sup> verse)

He looked to be 60, maybe I was 10

Mama used to whoop me, but I'd go see him again

I'd clap my hands and stomp my feet, tryin' to stay in time

He'd play me a song or two, then he'd take another drink of wine (chorus)

On the day ol' Curtis died, nobody came to pray

An ol' preacher said some words, then they chucked him in the clay

He lived a lifetime, playin' the black man's blues

And on the day that he lost his life, that was all he had to lose

F

C

Play me a song, Curtis Loew, Curtis Loew

F

C

I wish that you was here, so everyone would know

F

D

People said you were useless, them people all were fools

C

Bb

F

C

'Cause Curtis you're the finest picker, to ever play the blues (riff)