

**THE BALLAD OF CURTIS LOEW**

from 'Second Helping'

Intro: E D E

WELL, I USED TO WAKE THE MORNIN' BEFORE THE ROOSTER CROWED,  
SEARCHIN' FOR SODA BOTTLES TO GET MYSELF SOME DOUGH.  
RUN 'EM DOWN TO THE CORNER, DOWN TO THE COUNTRY STORE,  
CASH 'EM IN, AND GIVE MY MONEY TO A MAN NAMED CURTIS LOEW.

Verse:

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 'CROSS HIS KNEE  
I GIVE OLD CURT MY MONEY, HE PLAY ALL DAY FOR ME.

Chorus:

PLAY ME A SONG, CURTIS LOEW, CURTIS LOEW,  
WELL, I GOT YOUR DRINKIN' MONEY, TUNE UP YOUR DOBRO.  
PEOPLE SAID HE WAS USELESS, THEM PEOPLE ALL WERE FOOLS,  
'CAUSE CURTIS LOEW WAS THE FINEST PICKER TO EVER PLAY THE BLUES

HE LOOKED TO BE SIXTY, AND MAYBE I WAS TEN,

MAMA USED TO WHUP ME, BUT I'D GO SEE HIM AGAIN.

I CLAP MY HANDS, STOMP MY FEETS, TRY TO STAY IN TIME,

HE'D PLAY A SONG OR TWO, THEN TAKE ANOTHER DRINK OF WINE.

PLAY ME A SONG, CURTIS LOEW, CURTIS LOEW,

WELL, I GOT YOUR DRINKIN' MONEY, TUNE UP YOUR DOBRO.

PEOPLE SAID HE WAS USELESS, THEM PEOPLE ALL WERE FOOLS,

'CAUSE CURTIS LOEW WAS THE FINEST PICKER TO EVER PLAY THE BLUES

<solo: key C#m / {verse}&{chorus}

ON THE DAY OLD CURTIS DIED, NOBODY CAME AND PRAYED.  
OL' PREACHER SAID SOME WORDS, AND THEY CHUNKED HIM IN THE GRAVE.  
WELL, HE LIVED A LIFETIME, PLAYIN' THE BLACK MAN'S BLUES  
AND ON THE DAY HE LOST HIS LIFE, THAT'S ALL HE HAD TO LOSE.  
  
PLAY ME A SONG, CURTIS LOEW, HEY, CURTIS LOEW,  
I WISH THAT YOU WAS HERE SO EV'RYONE WOULD KNOW  
PEOPLE SAID HE WAS USELESS, THEM PEOPLE ALL WERE FOOLS,  
'CAUSE, CURTIS, YOU'RE THE FINEST PICKER TO EVER PLAY THE BLUES.

**If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thanks.**

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**SHALOM, from  
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