

Grandma's feather bed

1. When I was a little bitty boy just up off-a floor,
we used to go down to Grandma's house every month end or so.

We had chicken pie and country ham,
and homemade butter on the bread,
but the best darn thing about Grandma's house
was her great big feather bed.

CHORUS

It was nine feet high and six feet wide, soft as a downy chick,

it was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese

took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick.

It'd hold eight kids, four hound dogs and a piggy we stole from the shed,

we didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun

on Grandma's feather bed.

2. After the supper we'd sit around the fire, the old folks'd spit and chew,

Pa would talk about the farm and the war,

and my Granny'd sing a ballad or two

And I'd sit and listen and watch the fire till the cobwebs filled my head,

next thing I knew I'd wake up in the morning

in the middle of the old feather bed.

CHORUS

3. Well, I love my Ma, an' I love my Pa, love Granny and Grandpa, too,

I been fishing with my uncle, I wrestled with my cousin,

I even kissed Aunt Lou, oooh !

But if ever had to make a choice I guess it ought to be said

that I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road

for Grandma's feather bed.

CHORUS