



## Grandma's Feather Bed

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'd have chicken pie and country ham, 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 wide, and six feet high, soft as a downy chick.  
Made from the feathers of forty-eleven geese,  
took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick.  
It'd hold eight kids and 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.

After supper we'd sit around the fire, the old folks'd spit and chew.  
Pa would talk about the farm and the war, and Granny'd sing a ballad or two.  
I'd sit and listen and watch the fire till the cobwebs filled my head,  
Next thing I'd know I'd wake up in the morning  
in the middle of the old feather bed.

### Chorus

Well I love my Ma, I love my Pa, I love Granny and Grandpa too.  
I been fishing with my uncle, I wrassled with my cousin, I even kissed Aunt Lou,  
ew!

But if I ever had to make a choice, I guess it oughta be said  
That I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road for Grandma's feather bed.

### Chorus

