

Little Jimmy Dickens "A-Sleeping at the Foot of the Bed"

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(Happy Wilson - Luther Patrick)

Did you ever sleep at the foot of the bed
When the weather was whizzin' cold
When wind was whistlin' around the house
And the moon was yellor as gold?

You give your good warm mattress up
To Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Fred
Too many kinfolks on a bad night
And you went to the foot of the bed.

I could always wait till the old folks ate
And eat the leavin's with grace
The teacher could keep me after school
I'd still have a smile on my face.

I could wear the big boys' wornout clothes
Or let sister have my sled
But it always did get my nanny goat
To sleep at the foot of the bed.

--- Instrumental ---

It was fine enough when kinfolks come
And the kid brought brand new games
You could see how fat all the old folks was
And learn all the babies' names.

Had biscuits and custard and chicken pie
We all got Sunday fed
But I know darn well when my time come
I was headed for the foot of the bed.

They say some folks don't know what it is
Havin' company all over the place
To wrestle for cover on a winter night
With a big foot settin' in your face.

Or cold toenails a scratchin' your back
And the footboard scrubbin' your head
I'll tell the world you ain't lost a thing

Never sleepin' at the foot of the bed.

--- Instrumental ---

I've done it over and over again
In this land of the brave and the free
And in this all fired battle of life
It's left its mark on me.

For I'm always a strugglin' around at the foot
Instead of forgin' ahead
And I don't think it's caused from a doggone thing
But sleepin' at the foot of the bed...

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