

Connie Smith

"A-Sleepin' At The Foot Of The Bed"

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Well did you ever sleep at the foot of the bed when the
weather was whizzin' cold
When the wind was a howlin' round the house and the
moon was yellor as gold
And you give your good warm mattress up to Aunt
Lizzie and Uncle Fred
How too many kinfolks on a bad night and you went to
the foot of the bed
Well 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 girls' wornout clothes or let sister
have my sled
But it always did get my nanny goat to sleep at the foot
of the bed
[ac.guitar]
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 always knew when nighttime come I was headed
for the foot of the bed
Now they say some folks don't know what it is havin'
company all over the place
To rassel 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
Well I'll tell the world you ain't lost a thing never
sleepin' at the foot of the bed
Well 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 a sleepin' at the foot of the bed

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