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Denver John "Grandma's Feather Bed"

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When I was a little bitty boy just up offa the floor We used to go down to grandma's house every month end or so

We'd have chicken pie, country ham, homemade butter on the bread

But the best darn thing about grandma's house Was the great big feather bed

CHORUS:

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

It was made from the feathers of fourty 'leven geese took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick

I could 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've been fishin' with my uncles, wrestled with my cousins,

I even kissed Aunt Lou (oo!)

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

I trade them all plus the gal down the road for that great big feather bed

Yes I trade them all plus the gal down the road

(mumble: "well maybe not the gal down the road") CHORUS

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