

Grandma's Feather Bed

Words & Music by Jim Connor

Popularized by John Denver

Moderately like a hoe down

Verse 1



When I was a little bitty boy, just up off – a the floor,



We used to go down to Grandma's house every month-end or so,



We'd have chicken pie, country ham n' home-made but-ter on the bread,



But the best darn thing a –bout Grandma's house was the great big feather –bed.

CHORUS:



It was 9 feet tall, and six feet wide, soft as a downy, chick.



It was made from the feathers of for-ty leven 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.

Grandma's Feather Bed

Verse 2

After supper we'd sit around the fire,
The old folks would sit 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 mornin'
In the middle of the old feather bed.

CHORUS

Verse 3

Well I love my ma, I love my Pa
I Love Granny and Grandpa, too.
I been fishing with my uncle, rassled with my cousin
I even kissed Aunt Loo! OOO!

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

CHORUS

Tag the last 2 lines.