

Grandma's Feather Bed

C F
When I was a little bitty boy
C G7
Just up off-a floor
C F
We used to go down to Grandma's house
C G7 C
Every month end or so
C F
We had chicken pie and country ham
C G7
And homemade butter on the bread
C F
But the best darn thing about Grandma's house
C G7 C
Was her great big feather bed

CHORUS

C F
It was nine feet high and six feet wide
C G7
Soft as a downy chick
C F
It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven
geese
C D7 G7
Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick
C F
It'd hold eight kids, four hound dogs
C G7
And a piggy we stole from the shed
C F
We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun
C G7 C
On Grandma's feather bed

C F
After the supper we'd sit around the fire
C G7
The old folks'd spit and chew
C F
Pa would talk about the farm and the war
C G7 C
And Granny'd sing a ballad or two
C F
I'd sit and listen and watch the fire
C G7
Till the cobwebs filled my head
C F
Next thing I knew I'd wake up in the morning
C G7 C
In the middle of the old feather bed

CHORUS

C F
Well I love my Ma, an' I love my Pa
C G7
Love Granny and Grandpa too
C F
Been fishing with my uncle, I wrestled with my
cousin
C G7
I even kissed Aunt Lou oooh
C F
But if ever had to make a choice
C G7
I guess it ought to be said
C F
That I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road
C G7 C
For Grandma's feather bed

CHORUS