

Grandmas Feather Bed

[Intro]

D G A D

[Verse 1]

D G

When I was a little bitty boy

D A

Just up off the floor,

D G

We used to go down to Grandma's house

D A D

Every month end or so

D G

We'd have chicken pie, country ham

D A

Home-made butter on the bread

D G

But the best darn thing about Grandma's house

A D

Was the great big feather bed

[Chorus]

D

It was nine feet high, and six feet wide

G D

And soft as a downy chick

D

It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese

E A

Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick

D

It'd hold eight kids, and four hound dogs

G D

And a piggy we stole from the shed

D G

We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun

A D

On Grandma's feather bed

[Verse 2]

D G

After supper we'd sit around the fire

D A

And the old folks would spit and chew

D G

Pa would talk about the farm and the war

D A D

And Granny'd sing a ballad or two

D G

I'd sit and listen and watch the fire

D A

Till the cobwebs filled my head

D G

Next thing I'd know I'd wake up in the mornin'

A D

In the middle of the old feather bed

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

D G

Well, I love my ma, I love my pa

D A

I love Granny and Grandpa too

D G

I've been fishing with my uncles, I wrestled with my cousin

A D

I even kissed Aunt Lou (ew!)

D G

But if I ever had to make a choice

D A

I guess it oughta be said

D G

That I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road

A D

For Grandma's feather bed

D G

I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road ... (Well, {mumbling} not the gal down the road)

[Chorus]

[Outro]

D G A D A D

