

## "Grandma's Feather Bed"

When I was a little bitty boy, just up off a floor,  
we used to go down to Grandma's house every month end or so.  
We'd have chicken pie and country ham, homemade butter on  
the bread.

But the best darn thing about Grandma's house was her great big  
feather bed.

It was nine feet wide, and six feet high, soft as a downy chick  
It was made from the feathers of forty-eleven 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.

After supper we'd sit around the fire, the old folks would 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.

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Well I love my Ma, I love my Pa, I love Granny and Grandpa too.

I been fishing with my uncle, I ras'led with my cousin, I even  
kissed Aunt Lou, ew!

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

I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road...  
I'll have to reconsider 'bout the gal down the road:

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