Grandma's Feather Bed (John Denver) C When I was a little bitty boy (Chorus) Just up off the floor, Well, I love my ma, I love my pa We used to go down to Grandma's house I love Granny and Grandpa too Every month end or so Been fishing with my uncle, wrestled with my We'd have chicken pie, country ham **G7** And I even kissed Aunt Sue (ewww!) Home-made butter on the bread But the best darn thing about Grandma's house But if I ever had to make a choice **G7** Was the great big feather bed I think it oughta be said That I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road Chorus: C **G7** It was nine feet high, six feet wide For Grandma's feather bed I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road – Soft as a downy chick **TACET mumbling** It was made of the feathers of forty-'leven geese (Well, maybe not the gal down the road) And a whole bolt of cloth for the tick (Chorus) It could hold eight kids, four hound dogs C Didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fuuuun And the piggy that we stole form the shed In Grandma's feather bed Didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun In 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 BARITONE And Grandma'd sing a ballad or two

I'd sit and listen and watch the fire

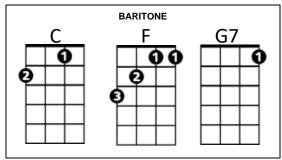
In the middle of the old feather bed

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

C G7 C

Till the cobwebs filled my head

C



Grandma's Feather Bed (John Denver) G When I was a little bitty boy (Chorus) Just up off the floor, Well, I love my ma, I love my pa We used to go down to Grandma's house I love Granny and Grandpa too Every month end or so Been fishing with my uncle, wrestled with my We'd have chicken pie, country ham **D7** And I even kissed Aunt Sue (ewww!) Home-made butter on the bread But the best darn thing about Grandma's house But if I ever had to make a choice **D7 D7** Was the great big feather bed I think it oughta be said Chorus: That I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road G **D7** It was nine feet high, six feet wide For Grandma's feather bed I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road -Soft as a downy chick **TACET mumbling** It was made of the feathers of forty-'leven geese (Well, maybe not the gal down the road) And a whole bolt of cloth for the tick (Chorus) It could hold eight kids, four hound dogs G Didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fuuun And the piggy that we stole form the shed In Grandma's feather bed Didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun D7 In Grandma's feather bed ø After supper we'd sit around the fire The old folks'd spit and chew Pa would talk about the farm and the war BARITONE And Grandma'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' **G D7 G**

In the middle of the old feather bed