

Grandmas Feather Bed

John Denver

[D]When I was a little **[G]**bitty boy
[D]Just up off the floor, **[A]**
 We **[D]**used to go down to **[G]**Grandma's house
[A]Every month end or **[D]**so
 We'd have **[D]**chicken pie, **[G]**country ham
[D]Home-made butter **[A]**on the bread
 But the **[D]**best damn thing about **[G]**Grandma'a house
 Was the **[A]**great big feather bed **[D]**

Chorus

It was **[D]**nine feet high, six feet wide
[G]Soft as a downy chick
 It was **[D]**made of the feathers of four-eleven geese
[E7]And a while roll of clothe for the **[A7]**tick
 It could **[D]**hold eight kids, four hound dogs
 And the **[G]**piggy that we stole form the **[D]**shed (oink, oink!)
 Didn't get much sleep but we **[G]** had alot of fun
 In **[A]**Grandma's feather **[D]**bed

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

Chorus

Well, I love my ma, I love my pa
 I love Granny and Granpa too
 Been fishing with my uncle, wrestled
 with my cousin
 And I even kissed aunt Sue (foo!)
 But if I ever had to make a choice
 I think it oughta be said
 That I'd trade them all plus the gal
 down the road
 For Grandma's feather bed
 (Well, maybe not the gal down the
 road)

Chorusx2