

## Grandma's Feather Bed (Jim Connor, ~1973) \*

G C G D  
When I was a little bitty boy just up off the floor,  
After supper we'd sit around the fire The old folks spit and chew  
Well, I love my ma, I love my pa, I love Granny and Grandpa too

G C  
We used to go down to Grandma's house  
Pa would talk about the farm and the war  
Been fishing with my uncle, wrestled with my cousin

G D G C  
Every month end or so. We'd have chicken pie, country ham  
And Grandma'd sing a ballad or two. I'd sit and listen and watch the fire  
And I even kissed aunt Sue (foo!) But if I ever had to make a choice

G D  
Homemade butter on the bread  
Till the cobwebs filled my head  
I think it oughta be said

G C  
But the best darn thing about Grandma's house  
Next thing I'd know I'd wake up in the morn'  
That I'd trade them all plus the gal down the road

D G  
Was the great big feather bed  
In the middle of the old feather bed  
For Grandma's feather bed

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Chorus:

G C G  
It was nine feet high, six feet wide, soft as a downy chick

G C  
It was made of the feathers of forty-eleven geese

G D  
Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick

G C  
It could hold eight kids, four hound dogs

G D  
And the piggy that we stole from the shed (oink, oink!)

G C  
Didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun

D G  
On Grandma's feather bed

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\* Recorded by John Denver