

Grandma's Feather Bed

John Denver

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 b
read.

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 f
rom the shed.

We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun on Grandma's f
eather 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 b
allad or two.

I'd sit and listen and watch the fire till the cobwebs filled m
y 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.

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I'll have to reconsider 'bout the gal down the road:

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