

A-Sleepin' At The Foot Of The Bed

Little Jimmy Dickens

Did you ever sleep at the foot of the bed
When the weather was a whizzin' cold?
When the wind was a whistlin' round
The house and the moon was yeller as gold
You give your good warm mattress
Up to aunt Lizzie and uncle Fred
Too many kinfolks on a bad night
So you went to the foot of the bed
I could always wait till the old folks
et an eat the leavin's with grace
The teacher could keep me after school
I'd still have a smile on my face
I could wear the big boys worn out clothes
And let sister have my sled
But I'd always did get my nanny goat
To sleep at the foot of the bed
Was fine enough when the kinfolks come
And the kids brought brand new games
You could see how fat all the old folks
Was and learn all the babies names
Had biscuits and custard and chicken pie
We all got Sunday fed
But I'd know darn well when nighttime come
I was heading for the foot of the bed
They say some folks don't know
What it is having company all over the place
To wrestle for cover on a winter night
With a big foot sitting in your face
Or a cold toenail just a scratching your back
And the foot boards scrubbin' your head
I'll tell the world you ain't lost a thing
Never a sleepin' at the foot of the bed
I've done it over and over again
In this land of the brave and the free
And in this awful battle of life
It's left it's mark on me
For I'm always a struggling around
At the foot instead of forging ahead
And I don't think it's caused from a dog
Gone thing but a sleepin' at the foot of the bed

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