

# Grandma's Feather Bed

John Denver

When I was a little bitty boy just up off the floor  
We used to go down to grandma's house every month end or so  
We'd have chicken pie, country ham  
Homemade butter on the bread  
But the best darn thing about grandma's house  
Was the great big feather bed It was nine feet high and six feet wide  
And soft as a downy chick  
It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese  
Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick It could hold eight kids and four hound dogs  
And a piggy we stole from the shed  
We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun  
On 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  
And granny'd sing a ballad or two  
And 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 morning  
In the middle of the old feather bed It was nine feet high and six feet wide  
And soft as a downy chick  
It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese  
Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick It could hold eight kids and four hound dogs  
And a piggy we stole from the shed  
We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun  
On grandma's feather bed Well, I love my ma and I love my pa, I love granny and grandpa too  
I've been fishin' with my uncles, I wrestled 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 them all plus the gal down the road  
For grandma's feather bed It was nine feet high and six feet wide  
And soft as a downy chick  
It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese  
Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick It could hold eight kids and four hound dogs  
And a piggy we stole from the shed  
We didn't get much sleep but we had a lot of fun  
On grandma's feather bed  
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