

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 yellow as gold,
 You give your good one mattress up to Aunt Lizzie & 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 had an eating believings 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 grabbing your head,
I'll tell the world you ain't lost a thing never asleepin' 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 asleepin' at the foot of the bed.

Songwriters

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