

Grandmas Feather Bed

John Denver

D **G**
When I was a little bitty boy
D **A**
Just up off the floor
D **G**
We used to go down to Grandma s house
D **A** **D**
Every month end or so
D **G**
We d have chicken pie, country ham
D **A**
Home-made butter on the bread
D **G**
But the best darn thing about Grandma a house
A **D**
Was the great big feather bed

D
It was nine feet high and six feet wide
G **D**
Soft as a downy chick
D
It was made of the feathers of four-eleven geese
E7 **A**
And a while roll of clothe for the tick
D
It could hold eight kids and four hound dogs
G **D**
And the piggy that we stole form the shed
D **G**
Didn t get much sleep but we had alot of fun
A **D**
In Grandma s feather bed

After supper we d sit around the fire
The old folks spit and chew
Pa would talk about the farm in the war
And Grandma d sing a ballad or two
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 morn
In the middle of the old feather bed

Chorus

Well, I love my ma, I love my pa

I love Granny and Grandpa too
I been fishing with my uncle, I wrestled with my cousin
And I even kissed Aunt Sue
But if I ever had to make a choice
I think it oughta be said
That I d trade them all plus the gal down the road
For Grandma s feather bed
(Well, maybe not the gal down the road)

Chorus X2