

## Grandma's 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