

Grandma's Feather Bed

by 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

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Took a whole bolt of cloth for the tick

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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
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