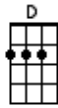
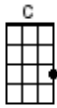
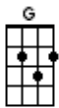


Grandma's feather bed



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

Chorus

G C
It was nine feet high, six feet wide
G
Soft as a downy chick
G C
It was made of the feathers of forty-leven geese
G
And a whole bolt of cloth for the tick
G C
It could hold eight kids, four hound dogs
G
And the piggy that we stole form the shed (oink, oink!)
G C
Didn't get much sleep but we had alot of fun
D G
In Grandma's feather bed

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 Granpa too
Been fishing with my uncle, wrestled with my cousin
And I even kissed aunt Lou (foo!)
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

