

Grandma's Feather Bed

John Denver



[D] [G] [A] [D]

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

Chorus: It was [D] nine feet high, and six feet wide
And [G] soft as a downy [D] chick
It was [D] made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese
Took a [E] whole bolt of cloth for the [A] tick
It'd [D] hold eight kids, and four hound dogs
And a [G] piggy we stole from the [D] shed
We didn't [D] get much sleep but we [G] had a lot of fun
On [A] Grandma's feather [D] bed

[D] After supper we'd [G] sit around the fire
And the [D] old folks would spit and [A] chew
[D] Pa would talk about the [G] farm and the war
And [D] Granny'd sing a [A] ballad or [D] two
I'd [D] sit and listen and [G] watch the fire
Till the [D] cobwebs filled my [A] head
Next [D] thing I'd know I'd [G] wake up in the mornin'
In the [A] middle of the old feather [D] bed

Repeat Chorus

Well, I [D] love my ma, I [G] love my pa
I love [D] Granny and Grandpa [A] too
I've been [D] fishing with my uncles, I [G] wrestled with my cousin
I [A] even kissed Aunt [D] Lou (ew!)
But [D] if I ever [G] had to make a choice
I [D] guess it oughta be [A] said
That I'd [D] trade 'em all plus the [G] gal down the road
For [A] Grandma's feather [D] bed
I'd [D] trade them all plus the [G] gal down the road ...
(Well, {mumbling} not the gal down the road)

Repeat Chorus

[D] [G] [A] [D] [A] [D]