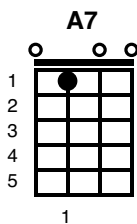
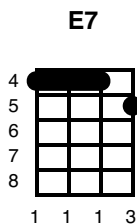
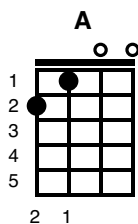
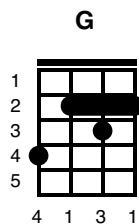
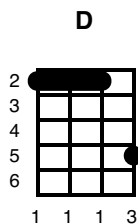


# Grandmas Feather Bed

John Denver

Key of D



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

## Chorus

D G  
 It was nine feet high, six feet wide  
 D  
 Soft as a downy chick  
 D G  
 It was mad of the feathers of four-eleven geese  
 E7 A7  
 And a white roll of cloth for the tick  
 D G  
 It could hold eight kids, four hound dogs  
 D  
 And the piggy that we stole form the shed (oink, oink!)

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 and the war  
 And Granny'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 Sue (ooo!)  
 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