

Connie Smith, A-Sleepin' At The Foot Of The Bed

Well did you ever sleep at the foot of the bed when the weather was whizzin' cold
When the wind was a howlin' round the house and the moon was yeller as gold
And you give your good warm mattress up to Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Fred
How too many kinfolks on a bad night and you went to the foot of the bed
Well I could always wait till the old folks ate and eat the leavin's with grace
The teacher could keep me after school I'd still have a smile on my face
I could wear the big girls' wornout clothes or let sister have my sled
But it always did get my nanny goat to sleep at the foot of the bed

[ac.guitar]

It was fine enough when kinfolks come and the kid brought brand new games
You could see how fat all the old folks was and learn all the babies' names
Had biscuits and custard and chicken pie we all got Sunday fed
But I always knew when nighttime come I was headed for the foot of the bed
Now they say some folks don't know what it is havin' company all over the place
To rattle for cover on a winter night with a big foot settin' in your face
Or cold toenails a scratchin' your back and the footboard scrubbin' your head
Well I'll tell the world you ain't lost a thing never sleepin' at the foot of the bed
Well I've done it over and over again in this land of the brave and the free
And in this all fired battle of life it's left its mark on me
For I'm always a strugglin' around at the foot instead of forgin' ahead
And I don't think it's caused from a doggone thing
But a sleepin' at the foot of the bed