

Sesame Street, Grandma's Feather Bed

When I was a little bitty boy
Just up off a floor
We used to go down to Grandma's house
Ev'ry month end or so,
We'd heva chicken pie and country ham
'N' home made butter on the bread
But the best darn thing about Grandma's house
Was her great big feather bed

It was nine feet tall and six feet wide
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'd hold eight kids 'n' 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
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 mornin'
In the middle of the old feather bed

It was nine feet tall and six feet wide
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It was made from the feathers of forty 'leven geese

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Well I love my Ma, I love my Pa
I love Granny and Grandpa too
I been fishin' with my uncle
I wrassled with my cousin
I even kissed Aunt Lou ooo!
But if I ever had to make a choice
I guess it oughta be said
That I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road
For Grandma's feather bed
I'd trade 'em all plus the gal down the road ...

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