

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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If I Were a Featherbed

If I Were a Featherbed
(John McCutcheon)

If I were a featherbed, in your house so fine
I'd hold you in my arms each night, keep you warm in the wintertime

If I were an old banjo, felt your finger on my strings
I'd play the sweetest little song that a banjo e'er did sing

If I were a drop of rain that trickled down your chin
I'd run right up and kiss your lips, and kiss them twice again.

If I were a breath of wind on your cheeks as you walked by
I'd pick you up upon my back and teach you how to fly.

If I were a hair ribbon, and my color it was blue
I'd be ten times as beautiful, 'cause I'd be wearing you.

And if I were a big wool rug sitting in your front hall
I'd tickle your feet and make you laugh if you stepped on me at all.

If I were a featherbed, in your house so fine
I'd hold you in my arms each night, keep you warm in the wintertime

(c)1984, John McCutcheon

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