

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Sleepin' at the Foot of the Bed

Sleepin' at the Foot of the Bed  
(Little Jimmy Dickens, Wilson - L. Patrick)

Did you ever sleep at the foot of the bed  
When the weather was a-whizzin' cold  
When the wind was whistlin' around the house  
And the moon was "yeller" as gold  
You give your good warm mattress up  
To Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Fred  
Too many kinfolks on a bad night  
So you went to the foot of the bed.

I could always wait til the old folks "et"  
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 boys' wornout clothes  
And let sister have my sled  
But it always did get my nanny-goat  
To sleep at the foot of the bed.

Was fine enough when the kinfolks come  
And the kids brought brand new games  
You see how fat all the old folks wuz  
And learn all the babies' names  
Had biscuits and custard and chicken pie  
We all got Sunday fed  
But I knowed durn well when my time come  
I would head for the foot of the bed.

They say some folks don't know what it is  
Havin' comp'ny all over the place  
To wrap up a cover on a winter night  
With a big foot settin' in your face  
Or cold toenails a-scratchin' your back  
And the foot-board scrubbin' your head  
I'll tell the world you ain't lost a thing  
Never sleepin' at the foot of the bed.

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' at the foot

Instead of forgin' ahead  
And I don't think it's caused by a doggone thing  
But sleepin' at the foot of the bed.

GG  
apr97