

Goober Peas

C **F** **C**
Sitting by the roadside on a summer's day,
Dm **D7 G**
Chatting with my messmates, passing time away,
C **F** **C**
Lying in the shadow, underneath the trees,
F **C** **G7** **C**
Goodness how de licious, eating Goober Peas!

Chorus:

F
Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas!
G7 **C**
Eating Goober Peas!
F **C** **G7** **C**
Goodness how de licious, eating Goober Peas!

When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule,
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule!"
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas!

Just before the battle the Gen'ral hears a row,
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now.
He turns around in wonder,
and what do you think he sees ?
The Georgia Militia—eating goober peas!

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough,
I wish this war was over, when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts
and gobble goober peas!