

Goober Peas traditional

C C F C
Sitting by the roadside on a summer's day
C C Dm^(½) F^(½) G^(½) G7^(½)
Chatting with my mess-mates passing time away
C C F C
Lying in the shadows underneath the trees
C F C^(½) G7^(½) C
Goodness how delicious eating goober peas

C^(½) C7^(½) F G7 C
Peas, peas, peas, peas, eating goober peas
C F C^(½) G7^(½) C
Goodness how delicious eating goober peas

When a horse-man passes, the soldiers have a rule
To cry out their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule!"
But another custom, enchanting-er than these
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas

Just before the battle, the General hears a row
He says "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now"
He looks down the roadway and what d'you think he sees
The Georgia Militia eating goober peas

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