

Goober Peas

American South

Sit - ting by the road - side on a sum - mer's
When a horse - man pass - es, the sol - diers have a
Just be - fore the bat - tle, the Gen' - ral hears a
I think my song has last - ed al - most long e -

day Chat - ting with my mess - mates
rule To cry out their loud - est,
row. He says, "The Yanks are com - ing, I
nough. The sub - ject's in - ter - esting but the

pas - sing time a - way Ly - ing in the
"Mis - ter, here's your mule!" But a - noth - er
hear their rif - les now!" He looks down the
rhymes are might - y rough. I wish this war was

shad - ows un - der - neath the trees
cus - tom en - chant - ing - er than these Is
road - way, and what d'you think he sees? The
o - ver, so free from rags and fleas. We'd

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Good - ness how de - li - cious, eat - ing goo - ber
 wear - ing out your grind - ers eat - ing goo - ber
 Georg - ia Mil - i - tia eat - ing goo - ber
 kiss our wives and sweet - hearts, and gob - ble goo - ber

peas! Peas, peas, peas, peas,

eat - ing goo - ber peas. Good - ness how de -

li - cious, eat - ing goo - ber peas!