



Goober Peas

Sitting by the roadside on a summer's day
Chatting with my mess-mates passing time away
Lying in the shadows underneath the trees
Goodness how delicious eating goober peas.

Chorus

Peas, peas, peas, peas
Eating goober peas
Goodness how delicious
Eating goober peas.

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

Chorus

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 cracking goober peas.

Chorus

I think my song has lasted just about enough.
The subject's interesting but the rhymes are mighty rough.
I wish the war was over so free from rags and fleas
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts, say good-bye to goober peas.

Chorus

