

# Goober Peas

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Folk Song



D G D D

Sit - ting by the road - side on a sum - mer's day Chat - ting with my mess - mates,

7 G A<sup>7</sup> D G D

pas - sing time a - way Ly - ing in the sha - dows un - der - neath the trees Good - ness, how de -

14 G D A<sup>7</sup> D D G A<sup>7</sup>

li - cious, eat - ing goo - ber peas. Peas, peas, peas, peas Eat - ing goo - ber

20 D D G D A<sup>7</sup> D

peas Good - ness, how de - li - cious, Eat - ing goo - ber peas.

2. 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.

3. Just before the battle, the General hears a row  
He says "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now."  
He turns around in wonder, and what d'ya think he sees?  
The Georgia Militia, eating goober peas.

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