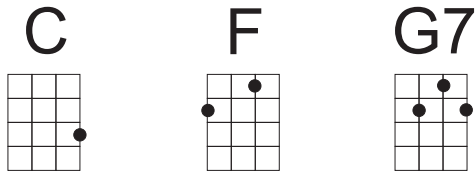


Goober Peas



[C] Sitting by the roadside [F] on a summer's [C] day
Chatting with my messmates [G7] passing time away
[C] Lying in the shadows [F] underneath the [C] trees
Goodness how de[F]licious, [C] eating [G7] goober [C] peas

Chorus:

Peas, peas, [F] peas, peas, [G7] eating goober [C] peas.
Goodness how de[F]licious, [C] eating [G7] goober [C] peas

When a horseman passes, the [F] soldiers have a [C] rule,
To cry out their loudest, [G7] mister, here's your mule
[C] But another pleasure, en[F]chanting-er than [C] these
Is wearing out your [F] grinders, [C] eating [G7] goober [C] peas

Chorus

Just before the battle, the [F] General hears a [C] row
He says "The Yanks are coming, I [G7] hear their rifles now!"
[C] He looks around in wonder and [F] what d'ya think he [C] sees?
The Georgia Mi[F]litia, [C] eating [G7] goober [C] peas

Chorus

I think my song has lasted [F] almost long [C] enough.
The subject's interesting, but [G7] rhymes are mighty rough.
[C] I wish this war was over, so [F] free from rags and [C] fleas.
We'd kiss our wives and [F] sweethearts,
and [C] gobble [G7] goober [C] peas