Goober Peas-Traditional

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American
"Goober Peas" = peanuts

C F C
Sitting by the roadside on a summer's day.
C G
Chatting with my messmates passing time away.
C F C
Lying in the shadows underneath the trees.
C F C G7 C
Goodness, how delicious! Eating goober peas!

CHORUS:
C F G7 C
Peas, peas, peas, peas, eating goober peas.
C F C G7 C
Goodness, how delicious! Eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule,
To cry out their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule!"
But another custom, enchantinger 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 eating goober peas.

CHORUS:

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.

CHORUS: