

# Goober Peas

www.franzdorfer.com

Folk Song

Chord markings: Eb, Ab, Eb, Eb, Ab

8 Chord markings: Bb7, Eb, Ab, Eb, Ab

15 Chord markings: Eb, Bb7, Eb, Eb, Ab, Bb7

20 Chord markings: Eb, Eb, Ab, Eb, Bb7, Eb

Lyrics:  
Sit-ting by the road-side on a sum-mer's day Chat-ting with my mess-mates, pas-sing time a-  
way Ly-ing in the sha-dows un-der-neath the trees Good-ness, how de - li - cious,  
eat - ing goo - ber peas. Peas, peas, peas, peas Eat - ing goo - ber  
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.