

# Eating Goober Peas

Nutt

Voice

Sit - ting by the road side on a sum - mer day \_\_\_ chat ting with my mess mates  
pass ing time a way \_\_\_ Ly - ing in the sha dow 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!



## Verse 2:

When a horseman passes soldiers have a rule  
To cry out at the loudest, "Mister here's your mule!"  
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,  
Is wearing out your grinders eating goober peas.

## Verse 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

## Verse 4:

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