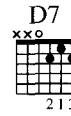
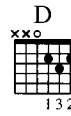
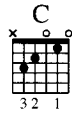
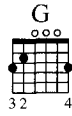


Goober Peas

Words by P. Pindar

Music by P. Nutt



Strum Pattern: 4

Pick Pattern: 3

Verse

Moderately

G C G

mf
1. Sit - ting by the road - side on a sum - mer day, _____
2., 3., 4. See additional lyrics

T
A
B

C D G

chat - ting with my mess - mates, pass - ing time a - way, _____ ly - ing in the shad - ow

C G C G D7 G

un - der - neath the trees, _____ good - ness, how de - li - cious, eat - ing goo - ber peas! _____

Chorus

G C D7 G C

Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! Eat - ing goo - ber peas! _____ Good - ness how de - li - cious,

1., 2., 3. 4.

G D7 G G D7 G

eat - ing goo - ber peas! _____ eat - ing goo - ber peas! _____

Additional Lyrics

2. When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule,
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule!"
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas!
3. Just before the battle the Gen'ral hears a row,
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now."
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
The Georgia Militia—eating goober peas!
4. I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough,
I wish this war was over, when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas!