

# Goober Peas

American Civil War Song

**Guitar**

**G** **C**

Sit - ting by the road - side on a sum - mer's  
When a horse - man pass - es, the sol - diers have a  
Just be - fore the bat - tle, the Gen' - ral hears a  
I think my song has last - ed al - most long e -

**T**  
**A**  
**B** 2 0 2 3 0 0 2 0 2 0

**Gtr.**

**G**

day Chat - ting with my mess - mates  
rule To cry out their loud - est,  
row. He says, "The Yanks are com - ing, I  
nough. The sub - ject's in - ter - esting but the

0 2 0 2 3 0 0

**Gtr.**

**C** **D7** **G**

pas - sing time a - way Ly - ing in the  
"Mis - ter, here's your mule!" But a - noth - er  
hear their ri - fles now!" He looks down the  
rhymes are might - y rough. I wish this war was

2 0 3 2 0 2 0 2 3

**Gtr.**

**C**

shad - ows un - der - neath the trees  
cus - tom en - chant - ing - er than these Is  
road - way, and what d'you think he sees? The  
o - ver, so free from rags and fleas. We'd

0 0 0 4 2 4 0

## Goober Peas

G C G D7

Good - ness how de - li - cious, eat - ing goo - ber  
 wear - ing out your grind - ers eat - ing goo - ber  
 Georg - ia Mil - i - tia eat - ing goo - ber  
 kiss our wives and sweet-hearts, and gob- ble goo - ber

Gtr.

G C

peas! Peas, peas, peas, peas,

Gtr.

D7 G

eat - ing goo - ber peas. Good - ness how de -

Gtr.

C G D7 G

li - cious, eat - ing goo - ber peas!

Gtr.