

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.