

# Goober Peas

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Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sitting by the roadside on a summer's day  
Chatting with my mess-mates, passing time away  
Laying in the shadows underneath the trees  
Goodness how delicious eating goober peasPeas, peas, peas, peas  
Eating goober peas  
Goodness how delicious  
Eating goober peasWhen a horse-man passes, the soldiers have a rule  
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule?"  
But another pleasure enchanting-er than these  
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peasPeas, peas, peas, peas  
Eating goober peas  
Is wearing out your grinders  
Eating goober peasJust before the battle, the General hears a row  
He said, "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 peasPeas, peas, peas, peas  
Eating goober peas  
The Georgia Militia  
Eating goober peasI think my song has lasted almost long enough  
The subject's interesting but the rhymes are mighty tough  
I wish this war was over and free from rags and fleas  
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts, and gobble goober peasPeas, peas, peas, peas  
Gobble goober peas  
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts  
And gobble goober peas

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