

## **Burl Ives**

# **"Goober Peas"**

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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 peas

Peas, peas, peas, peas  
Eating goober peas  
Goodness how delicious  
Eating goober peas

When 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 peas

Peas, peas, peas, peas  
Eating goober peas  
Is wearing out your grinders  
Eating goober peas  
Just 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 peas

Peas, peas, peas, peas  
Eating goober peas  
The Georgia Militia  
Eating goober peas

I 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 peas

Peas, peas, peas, peas  
Gobble goober peas  
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts  
And gobble goober peas

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