

Goober Peas

Burl Ives

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