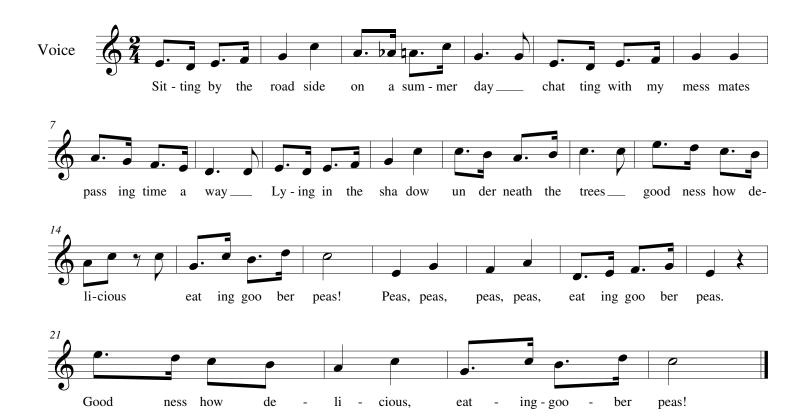
## **Eating Goober Peas**

Nutt





## Verse 2:

When a horseman passes soldiers have a rule To cry out at the loudest, "Mister here's your mule!" But another pleasure enchantinger than these, Is wearing out your grinders eating goober peas.

## Verse 3:

Just before the battle, the General hears a row He says "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now." He turns around in wonder, and what d'ya think he sees? The Georgia Militia, eating goober peas

## Verse 4:

I think my song has lasted almost long enough.
The subject's interesting, but the rhymes are rough.
I wish the war was over, so free from rags and fleas
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts, and gobble goober peas.