

# Goofus

Phil Harris

I was born on a farm out in Iowa  
A flaming youth I was bound I would fly away  
I packed my grip and I grabbed my saxophone  
Can't read notes, but I play anything by ear  
I made up tunes on the sounds that I used to hear  
When I'd start to play folks to say  
Sounds a little goofus to me  
Corn fed chords appeal to me  
I like rustic harmony  
Hold a note and change the key  
Hey but that's goofus  
Not according to the rules  
That you learned in music schools  
But the folks just dance like fools  
They sure go for goofus

Got a job but I just couldn't keep it long  
The leader said that I played all the music wrong  
So I stepped out with an outfit of my own  
Got together a new kind of orchestra  
And we all played just the same goofus harmony  
And I must admit we made a hit  
Goofus has been lucky for me  
Got together a new kind of orchestra  
And we all played just the same goofus harmony  
And I must admit we made a hit  
Goofus has been lucky for me  
Goofus has been lucky for me  
Goofus has been lucky for me

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