Goofus

Joe "Fingers" Carr

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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