Goofus

Bent Fabric

I was born on a farm out in Ioway
A flaming youth who was bound that he'd 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 used to say
"Sounds a little Goofus to me"

Cornfed chords appeal to me, I like rustic harmony
Hold that note and change the key, that's called "Goofus"
Not according to the rules that you learn at music schools
But the folks just dance like fools, they go "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 orchestree
And we all played just the same "Goofus" harmony
And I must admit we made a hit

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