

# Goofus

Carpenters

I was born on a farm out in Ioway  
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 used to say  
"Sounds a little Goofus to me"

Cornfed 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 learn 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 orchestree  
And we all played just the same "Goofus" harmony  
And I must admit we made a hit  
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