

Carpenters

"Goofus"

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I was bored on a farm down in Iowa
A flaming youth I was bound I would fly away
I grabbed my hat 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
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
That's called Goofus
Not according to the rules
That you learn in music schools
But the folks just dance like fools
They love " 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
Repeat (*)
Repeat (**)

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