

Johnny Mercer

"Goofus"

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I was born on a farm out in Iowa
A flaming youth who was bound to 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'

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

Hearing all the noises around the farm
Seem to kind of guide my arranging arm
Everything I wrote had a rural charm
And did we have the ginger & pepper

Though they called us a plain little country band
We wore big hats & the comedy got a hand
The booking agent began to wire me

The boys all laughed
When the shaw said the band was swell
But he'd book us in a great big york hotel
But nobody laughed when we played the tab
Goofus has been lucky for me
Horses! Cows! Turkeys! Chickens!
Goofus has been lucky for me

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