

Phil Harris "Goofus"

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I was born on a farm out in loway
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
I'd start to play, folks used to say
Sounds a little goofus to me

Corn-fed chords appeal to me
I like rustic harmony
Hold the 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 love goofus

Got a job but I just couldn't keep it long
The leader said 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

I must admit, we made a hit
Goofus has been lucky for me

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