

# Goofus

NRBQ

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