Fare thee well, land of cotton Cotton lisle is out of style Honey child Jump for joy

Don't you grieve, little Eve All the hounds, I do believe Have been killed, ain't ya thrilled? Jump for joy

Have you seen pastures groovy?

Green pasture was just a technicolor movie

When you stomp up to heaven and you meet old Saint Pete

Tell that boy, jump for joy

Step right in, give feet some skin, and jump for joy

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Step right in

Come right in

Move right in

Get on in

Come in, come in
Move in, move in
Right in, right in...