

Howdy Neighbor

Judy Garland

Howdy neighbor!
Happy harvest.
May your 40 acres soon be fields of clover.
Yes, indeed, and plant a wish
With every seeden by and by
The sun and rain will make an etching
Of a million little green fingers
Stretching to the sky

Howdy neighbor
Happy Harvest
Get your rocking chairs
For all your cares are over.
Clap your hands and lick your chops,
Your bumper crops are on the climb.

Hey, we're gonna roll in plenty,
Spend a five or ten or twenty,
And those happy harvest bells are gonna chime.
Remember neighbor when you work for mother nature
You get paid by father time.

Chicks are gonna cackle
And every burlap sack'll
Be full of taters and tobaccos
And dozens of different good and healthey greens,
And if the weatherman won't upset us
Mister, you can bet us
There'll be lots of crispy lettuce in your jeans
ALL

Full of tater! Crispy lettuce! Fresh tomatoes! Crispy lettuce in your jeans!

JANE
Plant them to live and find out just what livin' means

Howdy neighbor!
Happy harvest!
May your forty acres soon be fields of clover
Go on puff your corncob pipes
And no more gripes and no more groans.
No mortgages or loans
And you won't see a trace
Of worryin' on the face of Farmer John.

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Clap your hands and lick your chops
Your bumper crops are on the climb.

Hey, we're gonna roll in plenty.
Spend a five or ten or twenty
And those happy harvest bells are gonna chime.
Remember, neighbor, when your work for mother nature
You get paid by father time!