

# Texan Book of the Dead

## Clutch

So you say you want to go to heaven  
Well, I got the plans  
'Cause it walks like the Sasquatch  
And it breeds like Kubla KhanIn original dialect  
It's really quite cryptical  
There are many copies around  
But this, my man is the original, yeahIt's given me powers  
But kept me low  
Many have scorned this  
Modern day Pharisees fat with espressosBe leary of Timothy  
Clear light and all that  
If you want light, go stare at the sun  
Hell, that boy don't know crapIf you want to know paradise  
You want to know hell  
Want to drink that cool clear liquor  
Better dig a little deeper in the well, my manIf you want to know paradise  
You want to know hell  
Want to drink that cool clear liquor  
Better dig a little deeper in the well, my manYou want a mantra?  
You want to know?  
You want that mantra?  
Well, here you goOne for the money  
Two for the show  
And a knick knack paddy wack  
Give the Lord a hand clapOoee ooahah twingtwang wallawalla bingbang  
Ooee ooahah twingtwang wallawalla bingbang, oh yeah  
Ooee ooahah, B I N G O  
Ooee ooahah, E I E I OStill want that mantra?  
Still want to know?  
Still want that mantra?  
Well, here you goIt is written  
I have spoken  
So put this in your pipe  
And smoke itOoee ooahah twingtwang wallawalla bingbang  
Ooee ooahah twingtwang wallawalla bingbang, oh yeah  
Ooee ooahah, B I N G O  
Ooee ooahah, E I E I O[Incomprehensible]

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