

# Texan Book of the Dead (Live in Flint)

## 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 Khan  
In original dialect  
It's really quite cryptical  
There are many copies around  
But this, my man is the original, yeah  
It's given me powers  
But kept me low  
Many have scorned this  
Modern day Pharisees fat with espressos  
Be leary of Timothy  
Clear light and all that  
If you want light, go stare at the sun  
Hell, that boy don't know crap  
If 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 man  
If 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 man  
You want a mantra?  
You want to know?  
You want that mantra?  
Well, here you go  
One for the money  
Two for the show  
And a knick knack paddy wack  
Give the Lord a hand clap  
Ooee 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  
Still want that mantra?  
Still want to know?  
Still want that mantra?  
Well, here you go  
It is written  
I have spoken  
So put this in your pipe  
And smoke it  
Ooee 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]

Songwriters

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