

Ain't Goin' to Goa (15 plane loads a day)

Alabama 3

I believe I'm gonna
Shut down my chakras, shift Shiva offa my shelf
Take down my tie dyes, my Tibetan bells
Cool down my karma with a can of O.P.T.
Ain't no call for Casteneda in my frontline library. There's one thing I know, Lord above,
I ain't gonna go,
I ain't goin' to Goa, Ain't goin' to Goa now
Ain't goin' to Goa, Ain't gonna Goa now. Ain't dancin' trance, no thanx, no chance to tranquilize me.
Ain't sippin' no smart bar drinks, you, that don't satisfy me.
Dosing up my dharma, with a drop of gasoline,
I ain't down with Mr. McKenna, tantric mantra talkin' don't move me. I don't need no freaky, deeky, fractal
geometry, crystal silicon chip.
I ain't walking on lay lines, reading no High Times put me on another bad trip.
Timothy Leary, just check out this theory,
He sold acid for the F.B.I.
Well, he ain't no website wonder, the guru just went under,
You can keep your California Sunshine.

Songwriters

ROBERT SPRAGG, PIERS MARSH, SIMON EDWARDS, JAKE BLACK
Published by
Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>