

Texan Book of the Dead

Clutch

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 itOeee ooahah twingtwang wallawalla bingbang
Oeee ooahah twingtwang wallawalla bingbang, oh yeah
Oeee ooahah, B I N G O
Oeee ooahah, E I E I O[Incomprehensible]

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