

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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