

Ain't Goin' to Goa

Alabama 3

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I believe I'm gonna
Shut down my chakras, shift Shiva off-a 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 Castaneda 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 thanks, no chance to t-t-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
Cause the righteous truth is, there ain't nothing worse than
Some fool lying on some Third World beach wearing
Spandex, psychedelic trousers, smoking damn dope
Pretending he gettin' consciousness expansion. I want
Consciousness expansion, I go to my local tabernacle
An' I sing with the brothers and sisters

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