

A3 (Alabama 3) "Ain't Goin' To Goa"

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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 carma 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 t-t-
tranquillise 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'tn 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.

'Cos 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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