

Clutch

"Texan Book Of The Dead"

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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 it

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

[Incomprehensible]

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