

# Alabama 3, Ain't Goin' To Goa

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-tranquelize 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