Clutch, Texan Book Of The Dead

So you say you want to go to Heaven,
Well I got the plans.
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.

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,
And you want to know Hell,
Want to drink that cool clear liquor,
Better dig a little deeper in the well.

If you want to know Paradise,
And you want to know Hell,
Want to drink that cool clear liquor,
Better dig a little deeper in the well.

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 knickknackpaddywack
Give a dog a handjob
Ooeeooahahtwingtwangwallawallabingbang
Ooeeooahahtwingtwangwallawallabingbang

Still want that mantra?
Still want to know?
Still want that mantra?
Well here you go.

It is written.
God has spoken.
So put this in your pipe
And smoke it.

Ooeeooahahtwingtwangwallawallabingbang
Ooeeooahahtwingtwangwallawallabingbang
Ooeeooahah, B-I-N-G-O,
Ooeeooahah, E-I-E-I-0.