

Plastic Jesus

by George Cromarty, Ed Rush, & Ernie Marrs

[D] I don't care if it rains or freezes
[G] 'Long as I got my Plastic Jesus
[D] Riding on the dashboard of my [A] car.
[D] Through my trials and tribulations
[G] And my travels through the nations
[D] With my Plastic [A] Jesus I'll go [D] far

[D] Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus
[G] Riding on the [D] dashboard of my [A] car
[D] I'm afraid He'll have to go
[G] His magnets ruin my radio
[D] And if I have a [A] wreck
He'll leave a [D] scar

Riding down a thoroughfare
With His nose up in the air
A wreck may be ahead, but He don't mind
Trouble coming He don't see
He just keeps His eye on me
And any other thing that lies behind

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus
Riding on the [D] dashboard of my [A] car
Though the sunshine on His back
Make Him peel, chip and crack
A little patching keeps Him up to par

When I'm in a traffic jam
He don't care if I say "damn"
I can let all my curses roll
Plastic Jesus doesn't hear
'Cause he has a plastic ear
The man who invented plastic saved my soul

Plastic Jesus! Plastic Jesus
Riding on the [D] dashboard of my [A] car
Once His robe was snowy white
Now it isn't quite so bright
Stained by the smoke of my cigar

If I weave around at night
And policemen think I'm tight
They never find my bottle, though they ask
Plastic Jesus shelters me
For His head comes off, you see
He's hollow, and I use Him for a flask

Plastic Jesus! Plastic Jesus
Riding on the [D] dashboard of my [A] car
Ride with me and have a dram
Of the blood of the Lamb
Plastic Jesus is a holy bar

[G] I don't care if it rains or freezes
[C] Long as I got my plastic Jesus
[G] Sittin on the dashboard of my [D] car
[C] Well, I don't care if it [C7] rains or
freezes,
[F] Long as I have my plastic Jesus
[C] Riding on the dashboard of my [D7] car

[C] Through all trials and tribulations,
[F] We will travel every nation,
[C] With my plastic [G7] Jesus I'll go [C] far.

[F] Plastic Jesus, [C] plastic Jesus
[C] Riding on the [D7] dashboard of my [G7]
car
[C] Through all trials and [C7] tribulations,
[F] We will travel [F#dim7] every nation,
[C] With my plastic [G7] Jesus I'll go [C] far.

I don't care if it rains or freezes
's long as I've got my Plastic Jesus
Glued to the dashboard of my car,
You can buy Him phosphorescent
Glow in the dark, He's Pink and Pleasant,
Take Him with you
when you're travelling far.

I don't care if it's dark or scary,
Long as I have magnetic Mary,
Ridin' on the dashboard of my car,
I feel I'm protected amply,
I've got the whole damn Holy Family,
Riding on the dashboard of my car.

You can buy a Sweet Madonna
Dressed in rhinestones sitting on a
Pedestal of abalone shell,
Goin' ninety, I'm not wary
'Cause I've got my Virgin Mary,
Guaranteeing I won't go to Hell.

I don't care if it bumps or jostles
Long as I got the Twelve Apostles
Bolted to the dashboard of my car
Don't I have a pious mess
Such a crowd of holiness
Strung across the dashboard of my car

No, I don't care if it rains or freezes,
Long as I have my plastic Jesus,
Riding on the dashboard of my car,
But I think he'll have to go,
His magnet ruins my radio,
And if we have a wreck he'll leave a scar.

Riding through the thoroughfare,
with his nose up in the air
A wreck may be ahead, but he don't mind
Trouble coming, he don't see,
he just keeps his eyes on me
And any other thing that lies behind

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus,
riding on the dashboard of my car
Though the sun shines on his back makes
him peel, chip, and crack
A little patching keeps him up to par

When pedestrians try to cross
I let them know whose boss
I never blow my horn or give them warning
I ride all over town, trying to run them down
And it's seldom that they live to see the
morning

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car
His halo fits just right and I use it as a sight
And they'll scatter or they'll splatter
near and far

When I'm in a traffic jam
he don't care if I say Damn
I can let all sorts of curses roll
Plastic Jesus doesn't hear,
for he has a plastic ear
The man who invented plastic saved my soul

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus riding on the
dashboard of my car
Once his robe was snowy white,
now it isn't quite so bright
Stained by the smoke of my cigar

God made Christ a Holy Jew
God made Him a Christian too
Paradoxes populate my car
Joseph beams with a feigned elan
From the shaggy dash of my furlined van
Famous cuckold in the master plan;

Naughty Mary, smug and smiling,
Jesus dainty and beguiling
Knee-deep in the piling of my van;
His message clear by night or day
My phosphorescent plastic Gay
Simpering from the dashboard of my van.

When I'm goin' fornicatin'
I got my ceramic Satan
Sinnin' on the dashboard of my
Winnebago Motor Home
The women know I'm on the level
Thanks to the wild-eyed stoneware devil
Ridin' on the dashboard of my Car
Sneerin' from the dashboard of my ...
Leering from the dashboard of my van.

If I weave around at night
And the police think I'm tight,
They'll never find my bottle, though they ask;
plastic Jesus shelters me,
For His head comes off, you see--
He's hollow, and I use Him for a flask.

Plastic Jesus, plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car:
Ride with me and have a dram,
Of the blood of the Lamb,
Plastic Jesus is a holy bar.