

Plastic Jesus

C
Well, I don't care if it rains or freezes,

F
Long as I have my plastic Jesus,
C G7
Riding on the dashboard of my car;

C
Through all trials and tribulations,

F
We will travel every nation,
C G7 C
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far.

F C
Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus,

G7
Riding on the dashboard of my car,

C
Through all trials and tribulations,

F
We will travel every nation,
C G7 C
With my plastic Jesus I'll go 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.
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 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 dashboard of my car:
Though the sunshine 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 who's boss,
I never blow the 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 for 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.

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.