

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Plastic Jesus

Plastic Jesus

I don't care if it rains or freezes,
Long as I have my plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car,
Through my trials and tribulations
And my travels through the nation
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far

Plastic Jesus, plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car
I'm afraid he'll have to go,
His magnets ruin my radio
And If I 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 that 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

If I weave around at night
And the policemen 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

SOF