

Jello Biafra, Plastic Jesus

Well, I don't care if it rains or freezes
Long as I have my plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car
Through all trials and tribulations
We will travel every nation
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far

CHORUS

Plastic Jesus, plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car
Through all trials and tribulations
We will travel every nation
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far

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 sight
And they'll scatter or they'll splatter near and far

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

Plastic Jesus, 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 wreck he'll leave a scar

Plastic Jesus, plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car
Once His robe was snowy white
Not it isn't quite so bright
Stained by the smoke of my cigar