

Jack Johnson, Plastic Jesus

don't care if it rains or freezes
as long as I've got my plastic Jesus
sitting on the dashboard of my car
it comes in colors pink and pleasant
it glows in the dark cause its iridescent
I'll take it with me whenever I go far
so give me my lady Madonna
dressed in rhinestones and sitting on a
pedestal of abalone shells
driving 90 but I'm not scared
because I've got my Virgin Mary
assuring me that I will never go to hell

And by the way
You know that hope will make you strange
Make you blink, make you blank, make you sink
It will make you afraid of change
And often blame
The box with the view of the world
And the walls that fill the frame
I turn it up but then I turn it off
Because I can't stand when they start to talk
About the hurting and killing
Whose shoes are we filling
The damage and ruin
Man, the things that we're doing
We gotta stop, we gotta turn it all off
We gotta rewind and start it up again

Because we fell across the fall line
Ain't there nothing sacred anymore

Somebody saw him jump
But nobody saw him slip
I guess he lost a lot of hope
And then he lost his grip
Now he's lying in the freeway
In the middle of this mess
Guess we lost another one
Just like the other one
Optimistic hypocrite
That didn't have the nerve to quit
The things that kept him wanting more
Until he finally reached the core

He fell across the fall line
Ain't there nothing sacred anymore