

# Jello Biafra & Mojo Nixon With The Toadliquors, P

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

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