## **Plastic Jesus**

Music & Lyrics by George Cromarty, Ed Rush, & Ernie Marrs I don't care if it rains or freezes Long as I got my plastic Jesus Riding on the dashboard of my car. Through my trials and tribulations And my travels through the nations 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 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

Soprano

Baritone

## Plastic Jesus (cont'd)

When I'm in a traffic jam He don't care if I say "damn". I can let all my curses roll. Plastic Jesus doesn't hear 'Cause 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 D If I weave around at night, And policemen thing I'm tight, They 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. D 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.