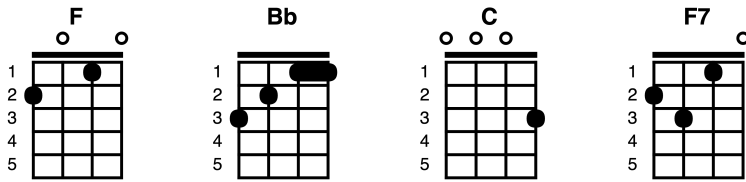


Plastic Jesus

Key of F

Originally by George Cromarty, Ed Rush, 1957. Evolved into a folk tune with many versions; this one is Thomas Csorba's version, mostly, with his chorus and final verse.



Intro:

[F] /// |[Bb] /// |[F] / [C] / |[F] /// |

Verse 1:

[F] I don't care if it rains or freezes
[Bb] long as I got my plastic Jesus
[F] riding on the dashboard of my [C] car.
[F] You can buy him phosphorescent,
[Bb] glow in the dark, pink and pleasant.
[F] Take him with you [C] when you travel [F] far.

Verse 2:

[F] Next to him's my sweet Madonna,
[Bb] dressed in rhinestones settin' on a
[F] pedestal of abalone [C] shell.
[F] Goin' ninety I'm not wary
[Bb] 'cause I've got my Virgin Mary
[F] guaranteeing [C] I won't go to [F] Hell!

Chorus:

[Bb] Oklahoma down to San Antonya
[F] 35, my river of Jordan,
[C] Not a worry along the [F] way [F7]
[Bb] Dallas, Texas, to Tennessee,
[F] plastic Jesus rides with me
[C] bobbin' his head down the inter-[F] state.

Instrumental verse

[F] I don't care if it rains or freezes
[Bb] long as I got my plastic Jesus
[F] riding on the dashboard of my [C] car.
[F] You can buy him phosphorescent,
[Bb] glow in the dark, pink and pleasant
[F] take him with you [C] when you travel [F] far.

Verse 3:

[F]When I'm in a traffic jam
[Bb]He don't care if I say, "damn!"
[F]I can let all my curses [C]roll.
[F]Plastic Jesus doesn't hear me
[Bb]'Cause he has a plastic ear the
[F]man who invented [C]plastic saved my [F]soul.

Verse 4:

[F]If I'm out a-fornicatin'
[Bb]I'll unveil ceramic Satan
[F]and add him to the dashboard of my [C]car.
[F]Women think I'm on the level
[Bb]courtesy of that stoneware devil who
[F]brings me luck, no [C]strings attached, so [F]far.

Verse 5:

(Slow, one strum per measure)
[F]And if I'm caught driving' fast at night
[Bb]Police may think I'm very tight,
but [F]never find my weed, though they may [C]ask.
[F]Plastic Jesus shelters me,
[Bb]for his head screws off, you see,
the [F]perfect place for [C]me to hide my [F]stash.

(Resume pace)

Chorus:

[Bb]Oklahoma down to San Antonya
[F]35, my river of Jordan,
[C]Not a worry along the [F]way [F7]
[Bb]Dallas, Texas, to Tennessee,
[F]plastic Jesus rides with me
[C]bobbin' his head down the inter-[F]state.