

Plastic Jesus Fall Line Spring Wind
Jack Johnson

Riff (A)

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e|---0--0--0-----0--0--0-----0--0--0-----0--0--0-----3--|
B|---2--2--2-----2--2--2-----2--2--2-----2--2--2-----3--|
G|---2--2--2-----2--2--2-----2--2--2-----2--2--2-----0--|
D|---2--2--2--4--4--4--4--5--5--5--5--4--4--4--4-----0--|
A|-0-----2--|
E|-----3--3--|
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Intro: D

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

D

D
And by the way You know that
D
hope will make you strange
D
Make you blink, make you blank, make you sink
D G
It will make you afraid of change
G
And often blame

G

The box with the view of the world

D

And the walls that fill the frame

D

I turn it up

D

but then I turn it off

D

Because I can't stand when they start to talk

G

About the hurting and killing

G

Whose shoes are we filling

G

The damage and ruin

G

Man, the things that we're doing

D

Good god, We gotta stop, we gotta turn it all off

D

We gotta rewind

D

and start it up again

Riff (A)

because we fell across the fall line

G

ain't there nothing sacred anymore

G

D

Nana nana nana na

G, D, G, D, G, D

D

Somebody saw him jump

D

But nobody saw him slip

D

I guess he lost a lot of hope

D

And then he lost his grip

G

Now he's lying in the freeway

G

In the middle of this mess

G

Guess we lost another one

G

Just like the other one

D

Optimistic hypocrite

D
That didn't have the nerve to quit
D
The things that kept him wanting more
D
Until he finally reached the core

Riff (A)
he fell across the fall line
G
ain't there nothing sacred anymore

Riff (A)
we fell across the fall line
G
ain't there nothing sacred anymore

G D
Nana nana nana na

G, D, G, D

G D
Nana nana nana na

G D G
All my friends are getting older,
A Bm
I guess I must be too.

G
Without their love and kindness
A
I don't want I'll do

G D
Oh the wine bottle's half empty
A Bm
The money's all been spent

G
We're a cross between our parents
A
And hippies in a tent.

G D
Oh, Love calls just like a wild bird
A Bm
It's just another day
G A D
Spring blew my list of things to do away.

G, D, G, D

G D G

In a mucked up lovely river

A Bm

I cast my my little fly

G

But I look at that river and I smell it and

A

it makes me want to cry, Oh

G D

To clean our dirty planet

A Bm

Now there's a noble wish

G

Now I putting shoulder to the wheel

A

Cause I wanna catch some fish, Oh

G D

Love calls just like a wild bird

A Bm

It's just another day

G A D

Spring blew my list of things to do away