

John Prine

"Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven"

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While digesting Reader's Digest
In the back of a dirty book store
A plastic flag with gum on the back
Fell out on the floor.
Well, I picked it up and ran outside
And slapped it on my windshield.
And if I could see ol' Betsy Ross
I'd tell her how good I feel.

(Chorus:)
But, you flag decal won't get you
Into Heaven anymore.
They're already overcrowded
From your dirty little war
Now Jesus don't like Killin'
No matter what the reasons for.
And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven
anymore.

Well, I went to the Bank this morning
And the cashier said to me
If you join the Christmas Club
We'll give you ten of them flags for free.
I didn't mess a round a bit
I took him up on what he said
And stuck them stickers all over my car
And one on my wife's forehead.

(Chorus:)
But, you flag decal won't get you
Into Heaven anymore.
They're already overcrowded
From your dirty little war
Now Jesus don't like Killin'
No matter what the reasons for.
And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven
anymore.

Well, I got my windshield so filled with flags I couldn't
see
So I ran my car upside a curb and right into a tree
By the time they got a doctor down
I was already dead,

And I'll never understand
Why the man,
Standing in the Pearly Gates said "Amen!"

(Chorus:)

But your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore,
We're already overcrowded from your dirty little war
Now Jesus don't like killin'
No matter what the reasons for.
And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven
anymore.

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