

The Explosion

"Plastic Jesus"

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Bouncin' on the dashboard
Boppin' to the beat
To every bump in the road
Every hole in the street
Bought him at the Walmart
Got 'em on sale
The last one sittin' there dusty on the shelf
It's just a tiny figurine...
But are we missin' what it means...

We got crosses on our necks
Bibles in hand
When the sun comes out
We make our own plans
We pull him out when we need him
Put him back when we're done
Ain't no way to treat god's only son...
If we only wanna hear him
When his words will please us
Then we might as well be prayin' to a Plastic Jesus

Ol' Miss Jackson
At the end of the block
She built her life
Upon that rock
Everyday of the week
She walks that walk
And when she goes to speak
The spirit talks
It do us some good to heed that warning
It ain't just about Sunday morning

Lord, knows we'd be better off
If we could just surrender all...

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