

Jack Johnson - Plastic Jesus Fall Line Spring Wind

Tom: D

Riff (A)

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

Now I putting shoulder to the wheel
Cause I wanna catch some fish, Oh

G

A

G

D

Love calls just like a wild bird

A

Bm

It's just another day

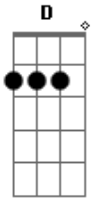
G

A

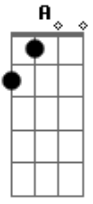
D

Spring blew my list of things to do away

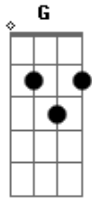
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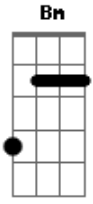
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