

Rackets And Drapes, Plastic Jesus

Away in the manger, no crib for his bed
That's the story that they told you when they tucked you in
The little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head
They never told you that's not where the story really ends

Plastic Jesus is plugged in, on each and every Christmas Day

Plastic Jesus, you will melt, you don't mean a thing to me
Plastic Jesus, mannequin, a statue that is not even real

The little man hanging from the cross on your neck
False advertisement cause that man you wear is no longer dead
Make a little gesture for the whole world to see
Just motion that you go through when you pray and eat

Plastic Jesus on the shelf, tell me how can he save himself?

Plastic Jesus, you will melt, you don't mean a thing to me
Plastic Jesus, mannequin, a statue that is not even real

Mary had the little lamb too...
Wash me clean cause I'm dirty, dirty
Wash me clean so I'm pretty, pretty