

Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore

(Written and recorded by John Prine, 1971.)

While **(G)** digesting Reader's Digest in the **(C)** back of a dirty book store,
A **(D)** plastic flag, with gum on the back, fell out on the **(G)** floor.
Well, I **(G)** picked it up and I ran outside, slapped it on my window **(C)** shield,
And if **(D)** I could see old Betsy Ross, I tell her how good I **(G)** feel. *(tacet)*

But your **(C)** flag decal won't get you into **(G)** Heaven any more.
They're al**(D)**ready overcrowded from your **(G)** dirty little war.
Now **(C)** Jesus don't like killin', no matter **(G)** what the reason's for,
And your **(D)** flag decal won't get you into Heaven any **(G)** more.
(B_b) (C) (D)

Well, I **(G)** went to the bank this morning and the **(C)** cashier said to me,
(D) "If you join the Christmas club we'll give you
ten of them flags for **(G)** free."

Well, I **(G)** didn't mess around a bit I took him up on what he **(C)** said.
And I **(D)** stuck them stickers all over my car,
and one on my wife's fore**(G)**head. *(tacet)*

(chorus)

Well, I **(G)** got my window shield so filled, with flags I couldn't **(C)** see.
So, I **(D)** ran the car upside a curb, and right into a **(G)** tree.
By the **(G)** time they got a doctor down, I was already **(C)** dead.
And I'll **(D)** never understand, why the man
standing in the Pearly Gates **(G)** said. *(tacet)*

But your **(C)** flag decal won't get you into **(G)** Heaven any more.
We're al**(D)**ready overcrowded from your **(G)** dirty little war.
Now **(C)** Jesus don't like killin' No matter **(G)** what the reason's for,
And your **(D)** flag decal won't get you into Heaven... any... **(G)** more.

