

# Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore

John Prine I-122

G C  
 While digesting Reader's Digest, in the back of a dirty book store,  
 D7 G  
 A plastic flag, with gum on the back, fell out on the floor.

C  
 Well, I picked it up and I ran outside, slapped it on my windshield,  
 D7 G  
 And if I could see old Betsy Ross, I tell her how good I feel.

## Chorus:

C G  
 But your flag decal won't get you into Heaven any more.  
 D7 G G7  
 They're already overcrowded from your dirty little war.  
 C G  
 Now Jesus don't like killin', no matter what the reason's for,  
 D7 G Bb C D7  
 And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven any more.

G C  
 Well, I went to the bank this morning, and the cashier he said fo me, D7 G  
 "If you join The Chrismas club we` ll give you ten of them flags for free."  
 Well, I didn't mess around a bit, I took him up on what he said. C  
 And I stuck them stickers all over my car, and one on my wife's forehead. D7 G

## Chorus

G C  
 Well, I got my windshield so filled with flags I couldn't see. D7 G  
 So, I ran the car upside a curb, and right into a tree. C  
 By The time they got a doctor down, I was already dead. D7 G  
 And I'll never understand why the man standing in the Pearly Gates said...

## Chorus