

Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore

[John Prine](#)

While digesting Reader's Digest in the back of a dirty book store
A plastic flag, with gum on the back fell out on the floor
Well, I picked it up and I ran outside, slapped it on my window shield
And if I could see old Betsy Ross I'd tell her how good I feel
But your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore
They're already overcrowded from your dirty little war
Now Jesus don't like killin', no matter what the reason's for
And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore
Well, I went to the bank this morning and the cashier he said to me
"If you join the Christmas 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
And I stuck them stickers all over my car and one on my wife's forehead
But your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore
They're already overcrowded from your dirty little war
Now Jesus don't like killin', no matter what the reason's for
And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore
Well, I got my window shield so filled with flags I couldn't see
So, I ran the car upside a curb and right into a tree
By the time they got a doctor down I was already dead
And I'll never understand why the man standing in the pearly gates said
"But your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore
We're already overcrowded from your dirty little war"
"Now Jesus don't like killin', no matter what the reason's for
And your flag decal won't get you into Heaven anymore"

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