Pulaski Skyway

Clutch

Oh but to just dance on steel, the sky Pulaski way By the fires of Elizabeth, never cease to amaze So hats off to the industry's casualties , tra loo tray lay

Oh that swamp full of grabbing hands Pull you under New Amsterdam Chinese boxes hold their secrets well How many are there one can never tell

Got to get religion, they gonna join that underground church Even the mole people got to get religion They gonna join that underground church

Art class for the bourgeoisies, lab rats for the cat Real estate moguls, Chump Towers When the wind blows you can hear the windows go Rat a tat rat a tat tat tat

Jimmy Hoffa in the Meadowlands Weighing down that union man Grab his ankles, stevedores Oh how those Jets do roar

Got to get religion, they gonna join that underground church Even the mole people got to get religion They gonna join that underground church

Oh but to just dine on sewage, cold seagull pie Wrestle albino alligators and spin the good lie Oh that swamp full of grabbing hands

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