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
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

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