

# 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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