

Clutch, Pulaski Skyway

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.

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Oh but to just dine on sewage, cold seagull pie.
Wrestle albino alligators and spin the good lie.

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