

# Trans-island Skyway

Donald Fagen

I was born yesterday  
When they brought my Kamakiri  
When they handed me the keys  
It's a steam-power 10  
The frame is out of Glasgow  
The tech is Balinese

It's not a freeway bullet  
Or a bug with monster wheels  
It's a total biosphere  
The farm in the back  
Is hydroponic  
Good, fresh things  
Every day of the year  
Good, fresh things  
Every day of the year

With all screens and functions  
In sync lock with Tripstar  
This cool rolling bubble  
Is all set to samba  
This route could be trouble  
(This route could be trouble)

Steamin' up  
That Trans-Island Skyway  
Tryin' to make that final deadline  
And if the lanes are clear  
We're gonna drive a little harder  
We'll be deep in the Zone by cryin' time

Say, there's a wreck  
On the side of the road  
Lots of blood and broken glass  
Well, the kid who was driving  
I know from somewhere  
Some kids just drive too fast

Wait just a minute  
There's a beautiful survivor  
With dancer's legs and laughing eyes  
C'mon snakehips, it's all over now  
Strap in tight cause it's a long sweet ride

Relax - put some sounds on  
I'll brew up some decaf  
C'mon kick off those heels ma'am  
Now breathe in and sigh out  
Let's get with the program  
(Let's talk about the good times, honey)

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We reach the sprangle  
Just at dawn  
These little streets I used to know  
Is that my father  
Mowin' the lawn  
(C'mon daddy get in let's go)

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We pull into Five Zoos  
Past motels and drive-thrus  
That noon sun is blinding  
The tidepools are boiling  
Below plates are grinding  
(Let's talk about the good times, honey)

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(ooh, cryin' time)  
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