

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)

(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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