

Rosemary Clooney, Do You Miss New York?

(Dave Frishberg)

Since I took a left and moved out to the coast
From time to time I find myself engrossed
With other erstwhile denizens of the apple
While we sit around and take L.A. to task
There's a question someone's bound to ask
And with this complex question we must grapple

Do you miss New York
The anger, the action
Does this laid back lifestyle
Lack a certain satisfaction

Do you ever burn
To pack up and return to the thick of it
Are you really sick of it
As you always say

Do you miss the pace
The rat race, the racket
And if you had to face it now
Do you still think you could hack it

When you're back in town
For a quick look around, how is it
Does it feel like home
Or just another nice place to visit

And were those halcyon days
Just a youthful phase you outgrew
Tell me do you miss New York
Do you miss New York

Do you miss the strain
The traffic, the tension
Do you view your new terrain
With a touch of condescension

And on this quiet street
Is it really as sweet as it seems out here
Do you dream your dreams out here
Or is that passe

Do you miss the scene
The frenzy, the faces
Did you trade the whole parade
For a pair of parking places

And if you had the choice
Would you still choose to do it all again
Do you find yourself in line
To see Annie Hall again

And do you ever run into that guy
Who used to be you
Tell me do you miss New York
Me too