

# 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 it 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