

Susannah McCorkle

"Do You Miss New York?"

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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 matter we must grapple

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

Do you ever burn to pack up and return
To the thick of it, or are you really sick of it?
As you always say

Do you miss the pace? The rat race, a racket
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 seem like home
Or just another nice place to visit?

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 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?
If you had the choice would you still choose to do it all
again?

Do you find yourself standing in line to see Annie Hall
again?
Do you ever run into that someone who used to be you?
Do you miss New York? Me too, me too, me too, me too

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