Daddy Don't Live In That New York City No More

Steely Dan

Daddy, don't live in that New York City no more He don't celebrate Sunday on a Saturday night no more Daddy don't need no lock and key For the piece he stowed out on Avenue D Daddy don't live in that New York City no more Daddy don't drive in that Eldorado no more He don't travel on down to the neighborhood liquor store Lucy still loves her coke and rum But she sits alone 'cause her daddy can't come Daddy don't drive in that Eldorado no more, no more Driving like a fool out to Hackensack Drinking his dinner from a paper sack He says, "I gotta see a joker And I'll be right back" No, my daddy don't live in that New York City no more, no more He can't get tight every night pass out on the barroom floor No, daddy can't get no fine cigar But we know you're smoking wherever you are Daddy don't live in that New York City no more, no more No, no, no, no no

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