

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