

# MARC COHN, Saving The Best For Last

Got into a cab in New York City  
Was an Oriental man behind the wheel  
Started talking about heaven  
Like it was real  
Said "They got mansions in heaven  
Yeah the angels are building one for me right now  
And I know...  
They're saving the best for last  
Look around this town  
And tell me that it ain't so  
They're saving the best for last  
Don't ask me how I know  
'Cause it must be  
Saving the best for last for me  
You can go a hundred miles a second  
Don't have to drive no lousy cab  
Got everything you want and more man  
And the King picks up the tab  
You walk around on streets of gold all day  
And you never have to listen  
To what these customers say and I know...  
(Chorus)  
I remember when I was a child  
Lost in the streets of Chinatown  
My mother had a vision and I was found  
(Saving the best for last for me)  
Oh-oh -- saving the best for last  
And when I finally take this journey  
I'm gonna wave goodbye to Earth  
Gonna throw this meter in the ocean  
And prove what I was worth  
And I don't care who tries to flag me down  
They're gonna have to find another ride uptown  
And I know  
They're saving the best for last..."