

Marc Cohn

"Saving The Best For Last"

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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 they're saving the best for last
Look around this town and tell me that it ain't so
They must be saving the best for last
Don't ask me how I know 'cause it must be
Saving the best for last for me
Oh, saving the best for last for me

But 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

'Cause I know they must be saving the best for last
Man, I look around this town so don't tell me that it ain't

so
They're just saving the best for last
Don't ask me how I know 'cause it must be
Saving the best for last for me
Oh, saving the best for last for me
Oh, saving the best for last for me

Saving the best
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