

# The Best Thing

Carly Simon

I was his foreigner  
And he was mine.  
We ate on terraces  
And drank the cheapest wine.  
And he believed in me  
Down by the serpentine.  
How was I to know  
it was the best thing  
To come along for a long time.  
I turned the page

And saw three children with smiles.  
I looked to see  
What I could make of the youngest child.  
And as she blew the candles out  
She turned five.  
How was I to know  
It was the best thing  
To come along for a long time.  
What do the people at the end of the world do  
About time? What about time?  
Their secret sleeps with me.

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