

Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), The Best Is Yet To

Out of the tree of life, I just picked me a plum
You came along and everything started to hum
Still it's a real good bet,
The best is yet to come

The best is yet to come,
And won't that be fine
You think you've seen the sun,
But you ain't seen it shine

Wait till the warm-up is underway
Wait till our lips have met
Wait till you see that sunshine day
You ain't seen nothin' yet

The best is yet to come,
And won't that be fine
The best is yet to come,
Come the day you're mine

Come the day that you're mine
I'm gonna teach you to fly
we've only tasted the wine
We're gonna drain that cup dry

Wait till your charms are right,
For the arms to surround
You think you've flown before,
But you ain't left the ground

Wait till you're locked in my embrace
Wait till I hold you near
Wait till you see that sunshine place
There ain't nothin' like it here

The best is yet to come,
And won't that be fine
The best is yet to come,
Come the day that you're mine