

# 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