

The Best is Yet to Come

by Bill Barnes and Jason Pyles

I remember sitting down at this table with you
the one where our parents dined,
the place our children came to
when it was time.

The evening was young, and we were just beginning
to whet our appetite.
I drank in your grinning
that first course of the night.

But don't fill up.
The best is yet to come.

Now, for the second course, we shared a salad
and purple onions shaped like rings.
We liked it best with no dressing
our garden gave us everything,

Such as the main course, when we met little faces
who looked like you and me.
And for the time that they joined us
we dined exquisitely.

But don't fill up.
The best is yet to come.

Our night wore on,
and now it's getting late.
It's time for me to go,
but just you wait ...

We can't forget dessert, for its preparation
took blood, sweat and tears.
This holy invitation
has awaited us for years.

My candle's growing dim, and the music's fading,
so kiss me goodnight.
And please know that I will be waiting
to dine by candlelight.

So don't fill up.
The best is yet to ...
Don't fill up. ...
Life with you filled me up,
but the best is yet to come.

(capo 4)

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