

You're the Top

Marcus Roberts Trio

At words poetic, I'm so pathetic
That I always have found it best,
Instead of getting 'em off my chest,
To let 'em rest unexpressed.
I hate parading my serenading
As I'll probably miss a bar,
But if this ditty is not so pretty,
At least it'll tell you how great you are. You're the top! You're the Colosseum,
You're the top! You're the Louvre Museum,
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss,
You're a Bendel bonnet, a Shakespear sonnet,
You're Mickey Mouse.
You're the Nile, You're the Tow'r of Pisa,
You're the smile on the Mona Lisa.
I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop,
But if, Baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top! Your words poetic are not pathetic
On the other hand, boy, you shine
And I can feel after every line
A thrill divine down my spine.
Now gifted humans like Vincent Youmans
Might think that your song is bad,
But for a person who's just rehearsin'
Well I gotta say this my lad: You're the top! You're Mahatma Ghandi.
You're the top! You're Napoleon brandy.
You're the purple light of a summer night in Spain,
You're the National Gall'ry, You're Garbo's sal'ry,
You're cellophane.
You're sublime, You're a turkey dinner.
You're the time of the Derby winner.
I'm a toy balloon that is fated soon to pop.
But if, Baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top! You're the top! You're a Ritz hot toddy.
You're the top! You're a Brewster body.
You're the boats that glide on the sleepy Zuider Zee,
You're a Nathan Panning, You're Bishop Manning,
You're broccoli.
You're a prize, You're a night at Coney,
You're the eyes of Irene Bordoni,

I'm a broken doll, a fol-de-rol, a blop,
But if, Baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top. You're the top! You're an Arrow collar.
You're the top! You're a Coolidge dollar.
You're the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire,
You're an O'Neill drama, You're Whistler's mama,
You're Camembert.
You're a rose, You're Inferno's Dante,
You're the nost of the great Durante.
I'm just in the way, as the French would say
"De trop,"
But if, Baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top. You're the top! You're a Waldorf salad.
You're the top! You're a Berlin ballad.
You're a baby grand of a lady and a gent.
You're an old dutch master, You're Mrs. Aster,
You're Pepsodent.
You're romance, You're the steppes of Russia,
You're the pants on a Roxy usher.
I'm a lazy lout that's just about to stop,
But if Baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top! You're the top! You're a dance in Bali.
You're the top! You're a hot tamale.
You're an angel, you simply too, too, too divine,
You're a Botticelli, You're Keats, You're Shelley,
You're Ovaltine.
You're a boon, You're the dam at Boulder,
You're the moon over Mae West's shoulder.
I'm a nominee of the G.O.P. or GOP,
But if, Baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top! You're the top! You're the Tower of Babel.
You're the top! You're the Whitney Stable.
By the River Rhine, You're a sturdy stein of beer,
You're a dress from Saks's, You're next year's taxes,'
You're stratosphere.
You're my thoist, You're a Drumstick Lipstick,
You're the foist in the Irish svipstick,
I'm a frightened frog that can find no log to hop,
But if, Baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!

Songwriters

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