

You're the Top (Alternate Take)

Ella Fitzgerald

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 Collisseum
You're the top, you're the Louvre Museum
You're the melody from a symphony by Strauss
You're a Bendel bonnet, a Shakespeare sonnet, you're Mickey Mouse You're the Nile, you're the Tower of Pisa
You're the smile of the Mona Lisa
I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop
But if baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top You're the top, you're Mahatma Gandhi
You're the top, you're Napoleon brandy
You're the purple light of a summer night in Spain
You're the National Gallery, you're Garbo's salary, 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's fated soon to pop
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 the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire
You're an O'Neal drama, you're Whistler's mama, you're camembert You're a rose, you're inferno's Dante
You're the nose, on the great Durante
I'm a lazy lout who is just about to stop
But if baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top

Songwriters

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