

You're the Top

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 Colliseum

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

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