

# You're The Top

Patricia Barber

At words poetic I'm so pathetic  
That I always have found it best  
Instead of getting it 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 Coliseum  
You're the top -  
Mmm? you're the Louvre museum  
You're a 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 - 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 You're the top, you're Mahatma Ghandi  
You're the top - you are 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 are sublime, you're a turkey dinner  
You're the time - 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, topSteve, there is something I got to tell ya  
What is it Judy?  
Well, umm? You're the top (I am?) - mmm ? You're a Waldorf salad  
Oh No, no let me say it  
You're the top (me too?) - You're a Berlin ballad You're the nimble tread of  
The feet of Fred Astaire  
(Actually I don't dance very well)  
You're an O'Neill drama, you're Whistler's Mother -  
Mama (oh), You're Camembert  
You're a rose, (mmm. sweet)  
You're Inferno's Dante  
You're the nose - watch it! I mean  
Whatwhatwhawha what- on the great Durante. That's better  
I'm the lazy lout who is just about to storm Let's not storm

But if baby I'm the bottom  
She's the one for me  
And I've got 'im  
'Cause if baby I'm the bottom  
You're the top

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