

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, top Steve, 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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