

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 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!

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 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'Neill 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!