

Ella Fitzgerald, You're The Top

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 Collosseum,
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 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 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 by 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 masy leroux who's just about to stop
But if baby I'm the bottom,
You're the top!