

De-Lovely "You're The Top"

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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 Coliseum
You're the top, you're the Louver Museum
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss
You're a Bendel bonnet, a Shakespeare's 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 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 Turkey dinner
You're the time of a 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 an Arrow collar
You're the top, you're a Coolidge dollar
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 pose, you're Inferno's Dante
You're the nose on the great Durante
I'm just in a way as the French would say, "De trop"
But if, baby, I'm the bottom you're the top

You're the top, you're a world of talent
You're the top, you're a Berlin ballad
You're the baby grand of a lady and a gent

You're an old Dutch master, you're Mrs. Astor
You're Pepsodent
You're romance, you're the steppes of Russia
You're the pants, on a Roxy usher
I'm a lazy lout for just about to stop
But baby, I'm the bottom you're the top

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