

Ethel Merman

"You're The Top"

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You're the top
(You're the top)
You're the top
(You're the top)
You're the top
(You're the top, you're the top)

At words, poetic, I'm so pathetic
That I always have found it best
Instead of getting them 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 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 Gandhi
You're the top!
You're Napoleon brandy

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 Repose, you're Inferno's Dante
You're the nose on the great Durante
I'm a toy balloon that's fated soon to pop
But if baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top

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