

Louis Armstrong **"You're The Top"**

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At words poetic, I'm so pathetic
That I always found it best
Instead of getting 'em off my chest
To let 'em rest unexpressed

I hate parading, serenading
As I'll probably miss the bar
But if this ditty is not so pretty
At least it'll tell you how great you are

You're the tops
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's sonnet
You're Mickey Mouse

You're the Nile
You're the Tower of Pisa
Mama, 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 Crosby's salary
You're cellophane

Mama you're sublime

You're a turkey dinner
Oh, you're the time of a Derby winner
I'm a toy balloon that is fated soon to pop

But if, baby, I'm the bottom
You're the top

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