Lyrics to "You're the Top!" (1934) by Cole Porter

Intro:

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.

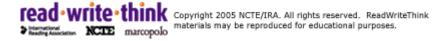
You're the top! You're the Coliseum. You're the top! You're the Louvre Museum. You're the melody from a symphony by Strauss. You're a Bendel bonnet, A Shakespeare sonnet, You're Mickey Mouse!

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 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.



Lyrics to "You're the Top!" (1934) by Cole Porter

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! And More!!:

You're a Ritz hot toddy You're a Brewster body You're the boats that glide on the sleepy Zuider Zee You're a Nathan Panning You're Bishop Manning You're broccoli You're a prize You're a night at Coney You're the eyes of Irene Bordoni You're an Arrow collar You're a Coolidge dollar You're a baby grand of a lady and a gent You're an Old Dutch master You're Mrs. Aster You're Pepsodent You're romance You're the steppes of Russia You're the pants on a Roxy usher You're a dance in Bali You're a hot tamale You're an angel, you're simply too, too, too diveen You're a Botticelli You're Keats You're Shelley You're Ovaltine You're a boon You're the dam at Boulder You're the moon over Mae West's shoulder You're the Tower of Babel You're the Whitney Stable By the River Rhine, You're a sturdy stein of beer You're a dress from Saks's You're next year's taxes

You're stratosphere

