

Anything Goes, You're The Top

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You're The Top
(1998 London Cast Recording)

HER:

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 seranading
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 Shakrespeare 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!

HIM:

Your words poetic are not pathetic.
On the other hand, babe, you shine.
And I can feel after every line
A thrill devine
Up my spine.
Now gifted humans like Vincent Youmans
Might think that your song is bad,
But I got a notion
I'll second the motion
And this is what I'm going to add:

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 the bottom,
You're the top!

HER:

You're the top!
You're an arrow collar.

You're the top!
You're a Coolidge dollar.
You're the nimble thread of the feet of Fred Astaire,
You an O'Neill drama

HIM:
You're Whistler's mother

HER:
You're Camembert.

HIM:
You're a rose
You're Inferno's Dante

HER:
You're the note
On the great Durante.
I'm just in the way, as the French would say,
"De trop."
But, if baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!

HIM:
You're the top!
You're a dance in Bali.
You're the top!
You're a hot tamale.
You're an angel, you're simply too, too, too diveen.
You're a Botticelli,
You're Keats,

HER:
You're Shelley.

HIM:
You're Ovaltine.
You're a boon,
You're the dam at Boulder,
You're the moon over Mae West's shoulder.
I'm the nominee of the G.O.P.

HER:
or GOP!

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

HER:
You're the top!
You're a Waldorf salad.
You're the top!
You're a Berlin ballad.
You're the boats that glide on the sleepy Zuider Zee,
You're an old Dutch master,

HIM:
You're Lady Astor!

HER:
You're broccoli.
You're romance.
You're the steppes of Russia,
You're the pants on a Roxy usher,

I'm a broken doll, a fol-de-rol, a blop,

BOTH:

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