

Barbra Streisand, You're The Top

At words poetic I'm so pathetic
That I always have found it best
Instead of getting it 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 -
mmm 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 Ghandi.
You're the top - you are 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 are sublime, you're a turkey dinner.
You're the time - 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, top.

Steve, there is something I got to tell ya..
What is it Judy?
Well, umm

You're the top (I am?) - mmm You're a Wardof's cellar
Oh No, no let me say it
You're the top (me too?) - You're a Berlin ballad You're the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire
(Actually I don't dance very well)
You're an O'Neill drama, you're Whistler's Mother -
Mama (oh), You're Camembert.
You're a rose, (mmm. sweet)
You're Inferno's Dante.
You're the nose - watch it!! I mean
Whatwhatwhawha what- on the great Durante. That's better
I'm the lazy lout who is just about to storm Let's not storm
But if baby I'm the bottom,
She's the one for me
And I've got 'im
Coz if baby I'm the bottom,
You're the top.