

Barbra Streisand, You're the Top (With Ryan O'Neal)

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
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
You're the top I am? You're a ward of's cellar
Oh no, no let me say it
You're the top, me too? That's right
You're a Berlin ballad oh, it's nice
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 sorry, you're Camembert
You're a rose, that is sweet
You're inferno's Dante
You're the nose watch it, I mean
What, what, wha, wha 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