

# Barbra Streisand, You're the Top (With Ryan O'N

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