

# Tony Bennett & Lady Gaga, You're The Top

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 Louver Museum  
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss  
You're a Bendel bonnet  
A Shakespeare's 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 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 a Derby winner  
I'm a toy balloon that's fated soon to pop  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom  
You're the top  
You're the top  
You're an Arrow collar  
You're the top  
You're a Coolidge dollar  
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  
You're a rose  
You're Inferno's Dante  
You're the nose  
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  
You're the top  
You're a Waldorf salad  
You're the top  
You're a Berlin ballad  
You're the 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  
I'm a lazy lout, who's just about to stop  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom  
You're the top