

You're the Top

Barbra Streisand

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.
Your 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 Waldorf salad
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
well, Actually I don't dance very well
You're an O'Neill drama,
you're Whistler's Mother -
Mama
oh,
You're Camembert.
Camembert, well, You're a rose,
mmm. that is sweet
You're Inferno's Dante.
That's a very intellectual reference
You're the nose -
watch it!
I mean
Whatwhatwhawha what-
on the great Durante.
Ah, 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
Cuz if baby I'm the bottom,
You're the top.