

Lyrics to “You’re the Top!” (1934) by Cole Porter

Intro:

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 Louvre Museum.
You're the 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 Tow'r 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 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!

You're the top! You're a Waldorf salad.
You're the top! You're a Berlin ballad.
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.

Lyrics to "You're the Top!" (1934) by Cole Porter

You're a rose; you're Inferno's Dante.
You're the nose on the great Durante.
I'm a lazy lout, who is just about to stop,
But if baby I'm the bottom, you're the top!
And More!!:

You're a Ritz hot toddy
You're a Brewster body
You're the boats that glide on the sleepy Zuider Zee
You're a Nathan Panning
You're Bishop Manning
You're broccoli
You're a prize
You're a night at Coney
You're the eyes of Irene Bordoni
You're an Arrow collar
You're a Coolidge dollar
You're a 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
You're a dance in Bali
You're a hot tamale
You're an angel, you're simply too, too, too diveen
You're a Botticelli
You're Keats
You're Shelley
You're Ovaltine
You're a boon
You're the dam at Boulder
You're the moon over Mae West's shoulder
You're the Tower of Babel
You're the Whitney Stable
By the River Rhine, You're a sturdy stein of beer
You're a dress from Saks's
You're next year's taxes
You're stratosphere