

# You're The Top

(from "Anything Goes")

Cole Porter

Freely or Medium

(Verse) (B<sup>b7</sup>) E<sup>b</sup>MA<sup>7</sup> E<sup>o7</sup> FMI<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> GMI<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#o7</sup>

GMI<sup>7</sup> C<sup>7</sup> FMI<sup>7</sup> FMI<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>MA<sup>7</sup>

FMI<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>MA<sup>7</sup> E<sup>o7</sup> FMI<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>

E<sup>b</sup>MA<sup>7</sup> AMI<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> GMI<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7(b9)</sup>

GMI<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7(b9)</sup> (GMI<sup>7</sup> E<sup>o7</sup> FMI<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b9</sup>) B<sup>b7(#5)</sup>

(Medium Bright)

**A** E<sup>b</sup>6 (B<sup>b7(b9)</sup>) E<sup>b</sup>6 E<sup>o7</sup> FMI<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>

(E<sup>b</sup>6 CMI CMI<sup>(MA7)</sup> CMI<sup>7</sup> CMI<sup>6</sup> Ab<sup>7</sup> DMI<sup>7(b5)</sup> G<sup>7(b9)</sup>)

**B** Ab<sup>MA7</sup> GMI<sup>7</sup> FMI<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup> E<sup>b</sup>6 AMI<sup>7(b5)</sup>

**D**<sup>7(#5)</sup> **G**<sup>9</sup> **C**<sup>9(#5)</sup> **F**<sup>13</sup> **Bb**<sup>9</sup><sub>SUS</sub> **FMI**<sup>7</sup> **Bb**<sup>7</sup>  
 Ben - del bon - net, A Shake-speare son - net, You're Mick-y Mouse. \_

**C** **Eb**<sup>6</sup> (**Bb**<sup>7(b9)</sup>) **Eb**<sup>6</sup> **Eo**<sup>7</sup> **FMI**<sup>7</sup> **Bb**<sup>7</sup>  
 You're the Nile, You're the Tow'r of Pi - sa,

**Eb**<sup>6</sup> **CMI**<sup>7</sup> **CMI**<sup>(MA7)</sup> **CMI**<sup>7</sup> **CMI**<sup>6</sup> **BbMI**<sup>7</sup> **Eb**<sup>9</sup>  
 you're the smile on the Mo - na Li - sa;

**D** **AbMA**<sup>7</sup> **GMI**<sup>7</sup> **FMI**<sup>7</sup> **GMI**<sup>7</sup> **AbMA**<sup>7</sup> **C**<sup>7(b9)</sup> **F**<sup>13</sup>  
 I'm a worth - less check, \_ a to - tal wreck, \_ a flop, But if,

**FMI**<sup>7</sup> **Bb**<sup>9</sup><sub>SUS</sub> **Eb**<sup>6</sup> (**FMI**<sup>7</sup> **Bb**<sup>7(b9)</sup>)  
 ba - by, I'm \_ the bot-tom, You're \_ the top! **(fine)** Solo on ABCD  
 After solos, D.S. al fine

#### ADDITIONAL REFRAINS:

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 Gall'ry,  
 You're Garbo's sal'ry, 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's fated soon to pop,  
 But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
 You're the top!

You're the top! You're a Ritz hot toddy.  
 You're the top! You're a Brewster body.  
 You're the boats that glide on a 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.  
 I'm a broken doll, a fol-de-rol, a blop,  
 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 "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 a baby grand of a lady and a gent.  
 You're an old Dutch master,  
 You're Mrs. Astor, 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 that's just about to stop,  
 But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
 You're the top!

You're the top! You're a dance in Bali.  
 You're the top! You're a hot tamale.  
 You're an angel, you, 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.  
 I'm a nominee of the G.O.P. or GOP,  
 But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
 You're the top!

You're the top! You're the Tower of Babel.  
 You're the top! 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 years taxes, You're stratosphere.  
 You're my thoist, You're a Drumstick Lipstick,  
 You're de foist in da Irish Svipstick.  
 I'm a frightened frog that can find no log to hop,  
 But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
 You're the top!