

## NEW ORLEANS NOSTALGIA

*Remembering New Orleans History, Culture and Traditions*

*By Ned Hémond*

### **New Orleans, "You're The Top!"**

In the movie "High Society", Louis Armstrong and Bing Crosby perform a great duet entitled "Now You Has Jazz". Written by Cole Porter, the words explain "precisely how jazz music is made":

"Take a blue horn New Orleans-born.  
Take a stick  
With a lick,  
Take a bone,  
Dixie-grown,  
Take a spot,  
Cool and hot,  
Now you has jazz, jazz, jazz, jazz, jazz."

Had Cole Porter been thinking of New Orleans when he penned the lyrics to "You're The Top", the "True Love" Crescent City folks feel for their city (at any sea level) would have flowed forth something like this:

### **New Orleans, "You're The Top!"**

With words poetic, I'm sympathetic  
And I always have found that I'm  
Always trying to make a rhyme  
Sound so sublime all the time.  
Like Leidenheimer, I'm no great rhymer  
And should probably stick to bread.  
But here's my ditty about this city,  
So listen closely  
To what is said:

You're the top!  
Like the Saints' Drew Brees is,  
You're a stop  
Off at Domilise's.  
You're the long lost glee  
Of a shopping spree at Krauss.  
You're the Saenger organ,  
You're "La La" Morgan,  
You're Deutsches Haus!  
After lunch,  
You're some Roman candy.  
You're milk punch  
Made with fine French brandy.  
I'm a levee breach when the waters reach the top.  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!

You're a treat!  
You're a sweet gelato.  
You complete

Angelo Brocato.  
You're café cuisine served on Magazine and Race.  
You're the Neville Brothers,  
A trip to Mother's,  
You're Dooky Chase!  
You're the Dome,  
You're a Ron Swoboda,  
You're the foam on a nectar soda.  
I'm a homeless hound on the neutral ground, a flop.  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!

Your words poetic are so aesthetic  
That I have to take off my hat  
And say you've surely stepped up to bat.  
When most fall flat,  
You're where it's at.  
Now great blues mamas like Irma Thomas  
Might think that your song is bad,  
But it's real jumpin',  
The bass keeps thumpin',  
And these are the only words I can add:

You're the top!  
You're the Deacon playing  
At a hop  
With the dancers swaying.  
You're the urban beat  
From a Bourbon Street parade.  
You're that funky thrill  
Up on Monkey Hill,  
You're Esplanade!  
You're divine,  
You're a Tujague's dinner.  
You're the line on a Fair Grounds winner.  
Go tell Angus Lind I'm a man who's sinned non-stop.  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!

You're Fertel  
(Rodney sure did thrill us),  
Cast his spell,  
Got us two gorillas.  
You're the crescent moon  
On a night in June down south.  
You're cornbread muffins,  
You're Kermit Ruffins,  
You're Cowboy Mouth.  
You're a ride  
On the Algiers Ferry  
To the side  
Where a town's named Terry.  
I'm a clumsy oaf with an oyster loaf I'll drop.  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!

You're the top!  
You're a Morgus theory.  
Buddy, stop!  
Here's some squirrel's new query.  
You're the Zephyrs' pride when the other side struck out.  
You're the "La Fondue"

Served at Crêpe Nanou,  
You're speckled trout!  
You're *histoire*  
Like a George Schmidt painting.  
You're Degas,  
You're a couch for fainting.  
I'm in St. Bernard with no credit card to shop.  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!

**NED HÉMARD**

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