

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":



"Top" performers Bing and Louis: "Now You Has Jazz"

"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:



Leidenheimer's contribution to New Orleans "Cultcha"

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!



Domilise's and Drew, "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!



Soulful Treats from Leah Chase and The Neville Brothers

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!

P.S. On November 15, 2016, the *Zephyrs* officially unveiled the team's new name as the *New Orleans Baby Cakes* and purple, green and gold as the new team colors. There were mixed reactions to the team's new moniker. Some claimed the *Zephyrs*, who had relocated from Denver to New Orleans, had a name with no local significance. Little did they know that the *Zephyr* roller coaster ride at Pontchartrain Beach and the Denver team obtained their name from the same source. For that story, please read my article entitled "Let The Four Winds Blow".



NEW ORLEANS
BABY CAKES™

NED HÉMARD

New Orleans Nostalgia
"New Orleans, "You're The Top!"
Ned Hémard
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