

One For My Baby

It's quarter to 3
There's no one in the place except you and me
So set 'em up Joe
I've got a little story I think you should know
We're drinkin' my friend
To the end of a brief episode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

I got the routine
Put another nickel in the machine
Feelin' so bad
Can't you make the music easy and sad
I could tell you a lot
But you've gotta be true to your code
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

You may not know it
But buddy I'm a kind of poet
And I've got a lot of things I'd like to say
And when I'm gloomy
Won't you listen to me
Until it's talked away

Well, that's how it goes
And joe I know you're getting' anxious to close
Thanks got the cheer
I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear
But this torch that I've found
Has gotta be drowned or it soon might explode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
The long, very long
So long

*Written by Harold Arlen / John H Mercer
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