

# One For My Baby

Dianne Reeves

It's quarter to three  
There's no one in the place  
Accept you and me

So set 'em up, Joe  
I've got a little story  
You oughtta know

We're drinking, my friend  
To the end of a brief episode  
Make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road

I've got the routine  
So drop another nickel in the machine  
I'm feeling so bad  
I wish you'd make the music dreamy and sad

Could tell you a lot  
But you've gotta to be true to your coat  
Make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road

You'd never know it  
But buddy, I'm a kind of poet  
And I've got a lot of things to say

And when I'm gloomy  
You simply gotta listen to me  
Until it's talked away

Well that's how it goes  
And Joe, I know you're  
Gettin' anxious to close

So thanks for the cheer  
I hope you didn't mind  
My bending your ear

But this torch that I found  
Must be drowned  
Or it soon may explode

Make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road  
That long, long road