

One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)

Frank Sinatra

It's quarter to three, there's no one in the place except you and me

So, set 'em up, Joe, I got a little story you oughta 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, so drop another nickel in the machine
I'm feelin' so bad, wish you'd make the music pretty and sad
Could tell you a lot, but you've got to be true to your code
So, 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 got a lot of things to say
And when I'm gloomy, you simply gotta listen to me
Till it's all talked away

Well that's how it goes and Joe, I know your gettin' pretty anxious to close
So, thanks for the cheer, I hope you didn't mind my bendin' your ear
This torch that I found must be drowned or it soon might explode
So, make it one for my baby and one more for the road
That long, long road