

# One for My Baby

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 I othou 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 know the routine  
so drop another nickel in the machine  
I'm feeling 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've 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 you're gettin' pretty anxious to close  
So Thanks for the cheer  
I hope you didn't mind  
My bending your ear

this torch that I've found  
must be drowned  
Or it's soon might explode  
So make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road