

One For My Baby (And One More For The Road)

Johnny Mercer

It's quarter to three,
There's no one in the place except you and me
So set'em up Joe,
I've got a little story you oughta 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
I could tell you a lot,
But it's not in a gentleman's code
Just 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 got to listen to me
Until it's talked away

Well that's how it goes,
And Joe, I know you're gettin' so anxious to close
So thanks for the beer
I hope you didn't mind
My bending your ear
Don't let it be said
That little Freddie can't carry his load
Just make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
That long, long road
That long, long road