

## 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