

One For My Baby

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It's quarter to three
There's no one in the place except you and me
So set them up, Joe
I've got a little story you ough to 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 put another nickel in the machine
I'm feeling so bad
I wish you make the music dreamy and sad
Could tell you a lot
But you've got to be true to your code
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

That's how it goes
And, Joe, I know you're getting anxious to close
So, thanks for the cheer
I hope you didn't mind
My bending your ear

This torch that I found
Got be drowned
Or it's soon will explode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road.
That long, long road.