

One For My Baby

Perry Como

It's a quarter t' three,
There's no one in the place except you an' me.
So, set 'em up Joe, I've got a little story that you otta kno.
We're drinkin' my friend, t' the end of a brief episode,
Make it one for ma baby an' one more for the road...

I got the routine, so drop another nickel in the machine,
I'm feelin' so bad, I wish you'd make the music dreamy an' sad,

Could tell you a lot, but you've got to be true to your 'code'
Make it one for ma baby, one more for the road...

You'd never kno' it, but Buddy, I'm kind of a 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...

Well, that's how it goes, and Joe I kno' you're gettin' anxious
t' close,
So thanks for the cheer, I hope you didn't mind my bendin' your
ear...
This torch that I've found, must be drowned or it soon will exp
lude,
Make it one for ma baby, an' one more for the road...

That long, long road!