

One For My Baby



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 all 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.

Well, I know the routine
So put another nickel in the machine
Oh, 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 coat
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

You'd never note
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 and listen to me
Until it's talked away
Well, that's how it goes
And, Joe, I know you're kidding
Anxious to close
So, thanks for the cheer
I hope you didn't mind
My bend in your ear

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

(J. Mercer – H. Arlen)

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