Lou Reed, One For My Baby (And One More For

(Harold Arlen/Johnny Mercer)

It's quarter to three, no one in the place except you and me So set 'em up Bro. I got a little story I think you should 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 got the routine, put another quarter in the machine I'm feeling so bad, can't you make the music dreamin' and sad

I tell you a lot, but you've got to be true do your code Make it one for my baby one more for the road

I know you'd never know it, but men I'm a kind of poet and I've got a lot of things to you say But when I'm gloomy, please listen to me till it's talked away

That's how it goes, and Joe I know your gettin' anxious to close Hey, baby, thanks for the cheer I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear

This torch that I found, must be drowned or it's gonna explode Make it one for my baby and one more for the road One more for my baby one more for the road

For the long, (long-long, lonesome road) long, long road For the long, (long-long, lonesome road) long, lonesome road, road

(Long-long, lonesome road) [x4]