

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]