

# Billie Holiday, One For My Baby

It's quarter to three, there's no one in the place  
Except you and me  
So set 'em' up joe, 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 know the routine, put another nickel  
In the machine  
I feel kind of bad, can't you make the music  
Easy and sad  
I could tell you a lot, but it's not  
In a gentleman's 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 I'd like to say  
And if I'm gloomy, please listen to me  
Till it's talked away  
Well that's how it goes, and joe I know your gettin'  
Anxious to close  
Thanks for the cheer  
I hope you didn't mind  
My bending your ear  
But this torch that I found, it's gotta be drowned  
Or it's gonna explode  
Make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road