

Fred Astaire, One For My Baby

It's a quarter to three, there's no one in the place
Except you and me
So set 'em up Joe, I got a little story
You oughta 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, so drop another nickel
In the machine
I'm feeling so bad, I wish you'd make the music
Dreamy and sad
Could tell you a lot, but that'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 to say
And when I'm gloomy, you simply gotta listen to me
Until it's all talked away
Well that's how it goes, and Joe I know you're gettin'
Ready to close
Thanks for the beer
I hope you didn't mind
My bending your ear
Don't let it be said
Little Freddie couldn't carry his load
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
That long long road