

Harold Arlen, 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