

# Perry Como, One For My Baby

It's a quarter t' three,  
There's no one in the place except you an' me.  
So, set 'em up Joe, I've got a little story that you otta kno.  
We're drinkin' my friend, t' the end of a brief episode,  
Make it one for ma baby an' one more for the road . . .

I got the routine, so drop another nickel in the machine,  
I'm feelin' so bad, I wish you'd make the music dreamy an' sad,  
Could tell you a lot, but you've got to be true to your 'code'  
Make it one for ma baby, one more for the road . . .

You'd never kno' it, but Buddy, I'm kind of a 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 talked away . . .

Well, that's how it goes, and Joe I kno' you're gettin' anxious t' close,  
So thanks for the cheer, I hope you didn't mind my bendin' your ear . . .  
This torch that I've found, must be drowned or it soon will explode,  
Make it one for ma baby, an' one more for the road . . .

That long, long road!