

Dianne Reeves

"One For My Baby"

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It's quarter to three
There's no one in the place
Accept you and me

So set 'em up, Joe
I've got a little story
You oughtta 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've 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 you've gotta to be true to your coat
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 talked away

Well that's how it goes
And Joe, I know you're
Gettin' anxious to close

So thanks for the cheer
I hope you didn't mind
My bending your ear

But this torch that I found
Must be drowned
Or it soon may explode

Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
That long, long road

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