

Frank Sinatra**"All The Way/One For My Baby (And One More For The (duet wi"**

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(Van Heusen-Cahn / Arlen-Mercer)

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
You oughta know
We're drinkin' my friend
To the end of a brief episosde

So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

I know the routine
So put another nickel
In that there machine
I'm feelin' so bad
Will you make the music
Pretty and sad
I could tell you alot
But you've gotta' be true to your code

So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

You would never know it
But buddy I'm a kind of poet
And I've got alot of things I'd like to say
And if I'm gloomy
Please listen to me

Till its all talked away

Well, that's how it goes
And Joe I know
You're gettin' pretty anxious to close
So thanks for the cheer
I hope you didn't mind,
My bend in your ear

This torch that I've found
It's got to be drowned
Or it soon might explode.

So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
That long, man it's long
It's a long long road

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