

## Frank Sinatra

# "One More For My Baby"

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It's quarter to 3, 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,  
So make it one for my baby and one more for the road

I got the routine, so put another nickle in the machine  
Feeling so bad, wont you make the music easy and sad  
I could tell you a lot, but it's not, in a gentleman's code  
Just 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 got a lotta things I like to say  
And when I'm gloomy, won't you listen to me  
'till it's talked away

Well that's how it goes,  
And Joe I know you're getting anxious to close  
Thanks for the cheer,  
I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear  
But this torch that found,  
Has gotta be crowned, or it soon might explode  
Just make it one for my baby, and one more for the  
road.  
The long, so long, the long, winding road.

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