

Frank Sinatra & The Red Norvo Quintet

"One For My Baby"

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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, brief episode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

I know the routine
Put another nickel in the machine
Feel kinda bad
Can't you make the music easy and sad

I could tell you a lot
But you gotta be true to your 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 lot of things I'd like to say
And if I'm gloomy, please listen to me
'Til it's talked away

Well that's how it goes
And Joe, I know you're gettin' anxious to close
And thanks for the beer
I hope you didn't mind my bendin' your ear

But this torch that I found it's gotta be drowned
Or it soon might explode
Just make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
The long, the long, it's very long

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