

Lou Gramm**"One For My Baby One More For The Road"**

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Well it's a quarter to three
There's no one in the place
Except you and me

So set 'em up, Joe
I've got a little story
I think you ought to know, Joe

We are drinking my friend
To the end of a brief episode

Will you make it
One for my baby and
One more for the road?

I've got the routine
So drop another quarter
In the record machine

I'm feeling so bad
I wish you'd make that music
Make it dreamy and sad, Joe

Well, I could tell you a lot
But you got to be true to your code

Will you make it
One for my baby and
One more for the road?

Well now, you'd never know it
Buddy, I'm a kind of poet
And I got a lot of things I'd like to say, yeah
So when I'm gloomy
You simply got to listen to me
Until it is all talked away

Well that's how it goes
And Joe I know you're getting
I know you're ready to close
So I want to thank you for the cheer

I hope you didn't mind
My bending your ear

Well now this torch that I found
Must be drowned
Or it soon might explode
Will you make it
One for my baby and
One more for the road?

One more for the road, Joe?
One for my baby
One more for the road
That long, long road

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