

Nana Mouskouri

"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've got a little story you ought to 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

Well, I know the routine
So put 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 got to be true to your code
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 getting anxious to close
So thanks for the cheer
I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear

This torch that I've found
Gotta be drowned or it's gonna explode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
That long, long road

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