

## Nicola Arigliano "One Form My Baby (and One For The Road)"

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(Yeah)

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

Were drinking my friend  
To the end of a brief... episode  
Make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road

I got the routine  
So drop another nickel... in the machine  
I'm feeling so bad  
Wish you'd make the music dreamin' and sad

I could tell you a lot  
But you gotta to be true... to your code  
So make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road (the time)

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 gotta listen to me,  
Until it's talked away (well! )

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

This torch that I've found,  
Must be drowned or it soon... might explode,  
So make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road  
That long... lo-o-ong road!

(So long Joe... yes... "One for my baby"... yeh)

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