

Nicola Arigliano

"One Form My Baby"

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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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