

Perry Blake

"One For My Baby"

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It's a quarter t' three,
There's no one in the place except you an' me.
So, set 'em up Joe, I've got a little story that you otta
kno.
We're drinkin' my friend, t' the end of a brief episode,
Make it one for ma baby an' one more for the road . . .

I got the routine, so drop another nickel in the machine,
I'm feelin' so bad, I wish you'd make the music dreamy
an' sad,
Could tell you a lot, but you've got to be true to your
'code'
Make it one for ma baby, one more for the road . . .

You'd never kno' it, but Buddy, I'm kind of a 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 kno' you're gettin'
anxious t' close,
So thanks for the cheer, I hope you didn't mind my
bendin' your ear . . .
This torch that I've found, must be drowned or it soon
will explode,
Make it one for ma baby, an' one more for the road . . .

That long, long road!

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