

by Ella Fitzgerald
"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 got a little story I think
you should 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 I know the routine, put another nickel
In the machine I feel kind of bad, can't you make the
music Easy and sad I could tell you a lot, but it's not In
a gentleman's 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 I'd like to say
And if I'm gloomy, please listen to me Till it's talked
away Well that's how it goes, and Joe I know your gettin'
Anxious to close Thanks for the cheer I hope you didn't
mind My bending your ear But this torch that I found,
It's gotta be drowned Or it's gonna explode Make it one
for my baby And one more for the road

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