

by Stacey Kent
"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

