

Rosemary Clooney

"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've got a little story you oughta 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 got the routine,
So drop another nickel in the machine,
I'm feelin' so bad,
I wish you'd make the music dreamy and sad,
Could tell you a lot,
But that'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 lotta 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 know you're gettin' anxious to close,
So thanks for the cheer,
I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear,
This torch I've found,
Must be drowned or it soon might explode,
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road.

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