

One For My Baby (and One More For the Road)

Ella Fitzgerald

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 ought to 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 I could tell you a lot
But you've gotta be true to your 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 to say
And if I'm gloomy
You simply gotta listen to me
Until it's all 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 that I've found
Must be drowned or it soon might explode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road 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 that I've found
Must be drowned or it soon might explode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
The long, long road

Songwriters

Johnny Mercer; Harold Arlen
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