

One for My Baby

Billie Holiday

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 feeling 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 a poet
And I've got a lot of things to say
And when I'm gloomy, you simply gotta listen to mean
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 that I found must be drowned or it soon might explode Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road You'd never know it, but buddy I'm a kind of a poet
And I've got a lot of things to say
And when I'm gloomy, you simply got to 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 that I found must be drowned or it soon might explode Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
That long, long road

Songwriters

Johnny Mercer; Harold Arlen Published by

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