

One for My Baby (And One More for the Road)

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
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