

# One for My Baby

Frank Sinatra

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 oughta know  
We're drinkin', 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, wish you'd make the music pretty and sad  
I could tell you a lot, but you've got to be true to your code  
Just 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 got a lot of things I'd like to say  
And when I'm gloomy, you simply gotta listen to me  
Till it's talked away Well that's how it goes and Joe, I know your gettin' pretty anxious to close  
And thanks for the cheer, I hope you didn't mind my bendin' your ear  
But this torch that I found must be drowned or it soon might explode  
So, make it one for my baby and one more for the road  
The long, it's so long, the long, very long

Songwriters

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