

One For My Baby (Eng 11 Aout 1947 Los Angeles)

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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