

# One For My Baby

Harry Belafonte

It's quarter to three  
There's no one in the place  
Except you and me  
So set them up, Joe  
I've got a little story  
You all know  
We're drinking, my friend  
To the end of a brief episode  
Make it one for my baby  
And one for the road.

Well, I got the routine  
So put another nickel in the machine  
I'm feeling so bad  
I wish you make the music easy and sad  
Could tell you a lot but you've got  
To be true to your code  
Make it one for my baby  
And one for the road

You'd never note  
But, buddy I'm a kind of poet  
And I've got a lot of things to say  
And when I'm gloomy  
So please, listen to me  
Until it's talked away  
Well, that's how it goes  
And, Joe, I know you're kidding  
Anxious to close  
So, thanks for the cheer  
I hope you didn't mind  
My bending your ear

This touch that I found  
Joe, it;s got to be drowned  
Or it's gonna explode  
So make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road  
That long, long road.