

# One For My Baby (And One More For The Road)

Rosemary Clooney

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 feelin' so bad  
I wish you'd make the music dreamy and sad

Could tell you a lot  
But that's not in a gentleman's 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 poet  
And I've got a lotta things to say  
And when I'm gloomy  
You simply gotta 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 I've found  
Must be drowned or it soon might explode  
Make it one for my baby  
And one more for the road