

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

Taj Mahal

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
Yeah we're drinkin', my friend
To the end of a brief episode
Just make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

I got a little routine
So drop another nickel in this here machine
I'm feelin' so bad
Wish you'd make that music pretty and sad
Could tell you a lot but you've got
To be true to your code
So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road

You'd never know it but buddy, I'm kind of a poet
And I've got a lot of things I'd like to say, yeah
And when I'm gloomy, you've simply got to listen to me
Till it's all talked away, yeah

Well, that's how it goes and Joe, I know
You're gettin' pretty anxious, anxious to close
So, thanks for the cheer
I hope I did bend your ear
This torch that I found must be drowned
Or it soon might explode, uh uh
So make it one for my baby
And one more for the road, mmm, for the road

You'd really never know it but buddy, I'm kind of a poet
(Got a lot of things) and I've got a lot of things (to say) to say
And when I'm gloomy, you've simply got to listen to me
Till it's all talked away, yeah

Well, that's how it goes and Joe, I know
You're gettin' anxious, really anxious to close
So, thanks for this cheer
I hope you didn't mind my bendin' your ear
This torch I found, it must be drowned
Or it soon might explode
Oh, make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
One more for the road
Road, road, road

Mmmm (oooooh)