

One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)

Trisha Yearwood

It's a 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 put another
Nickel in the machine
I feel kinda bad, can't you
Make the music
Easy and sad
I could tell you a lot, but that's not
In a gentleman's code
So 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 lot of things
I'd like to say
And when I'm gloomy
Won't you listen to me
Til it's talked away
Well, that's how it goes
And Joe I know you're getting
Anxious to close
And thanks for the cheer
I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear
But this torch that I found
It's gotta be drowned
Or it's gonna explode
Make it one for my baby
And one more for the road
The long, it's long
Mighty long