

ONE FOR MY BABY

Harold Arlen/J. Mercer 1943

**A**

It's quar - ter to three, — there's no-one in the place ex - cept you and me, — so  
So, set 'em up Joe, — I've got a lit-tle sto - ry you ought-a know. —

We're drink-in' my friend, — to the end of a brief ep - i - sode, —

make it one for my ba - by and one more for the road. I

**B**

got the rou-tine, — so drop an-oth - er nick-el in the ma-chine. — I'm  
that's how it goes, — and Joe, I know you're get-ting anx-ious to close, — so

feel - in' so bad, — I wish you'd make the mus - ic dream - y and sad. — Could  
thanks for the cheer, — I hope you did - n't mind my bend - ing your ear. — This

tell you a lot, — but you've got to be true to your code, — make it  
torch that I've found — must be drowned or it soon might ex-plode, — make it

one for my ba - by and one more for the road. You'd

nev - er know it, but bud - dy I'm a kind of po-et and I've got a lot - ta things to say, and

when I'm gloom - y you sim - ply got - ta lis - ten to me, un - til it's talked a - way. Well,

road, that long, long road.