

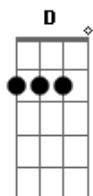
# Frank Sinatra - One More For My Baby

Tom: C

It's quar - ter to three,  
 There's no one in the place ex - cept you and me,  
 So, set 'em up, Joe, I wish you'd make the mu - sic  
 You oughta know.  
 We're drinkin', my friend, to the end of a brief ep - i - sode  
 --  
 Make it one for my baby and one more for the road.  
 I got the routine,  
 So drop an - oth - er nick - el in the mach - ine;  
 I feel kind - a bad, wish you'd make the mu - sic  
 Pret - ty and sad.  
 Could tell you a lot, but it's not in the gen - tle - man's  
 code,

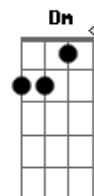
So, make it one for my baby and one more for the road.  
 You'd never know it but buddy, I'm a kind of poet,  
 And I got a lot of things to say;  
 And when I'm gloomy, you gotta listen to me  
 Till it's all talked away.  
 Well that's how it goes,  
 And Joe, I know you're gettin' pretty anx - ious to close;  
 So, thanks for the cheer,  
 I hope you did - n't mind my bendin' your ear.  
 This torch that I found must be drowned or it soon might ex -  
 plode,  
 So, make it one for my baby and one more for the road,  
 That long, long road.

## Acordes



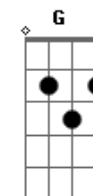
D

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Dm

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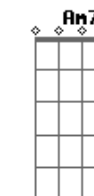
G

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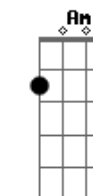
C

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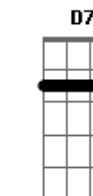
Am7

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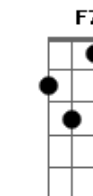
Am

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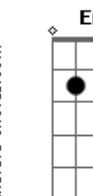
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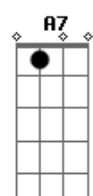
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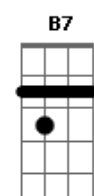
Em7

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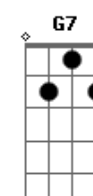
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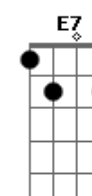
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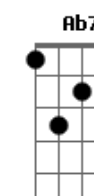
G7

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E7

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Ab7

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