

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
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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

