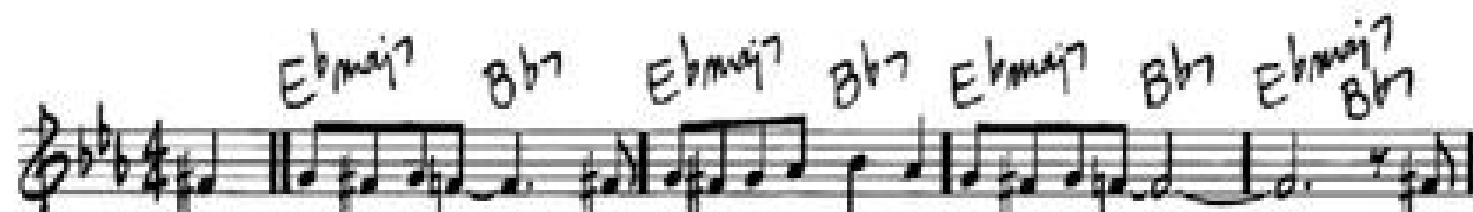


(MED. BALLAD)

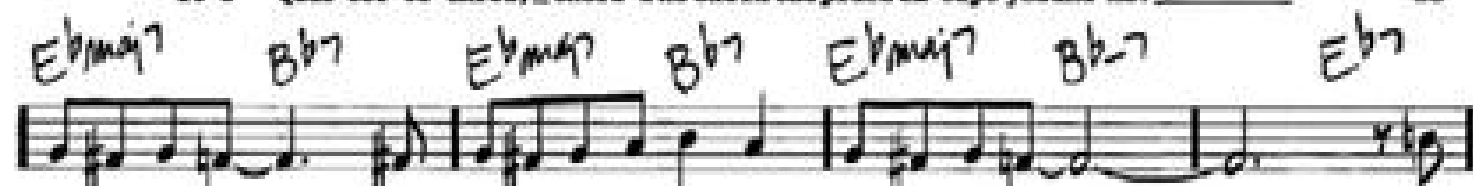
# ONE FOR MY BABY

(AND ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD)

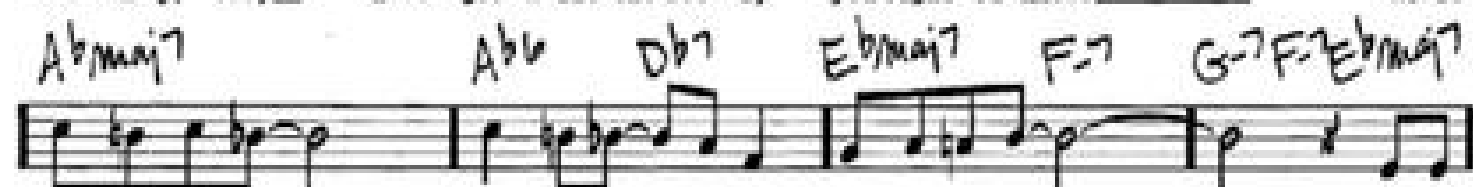
-HAROLD ARLEN/  
JOHNSTON MERCER



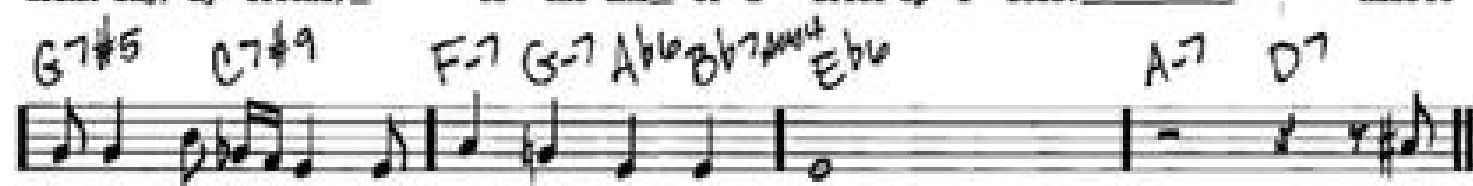
It's quar-ter to three, \_ there's no one in the place ex-cept you and me. \_ so



set 'em up, Joe, \_ I've got a lit-tle sto-ry you ought-ta know. \_ We're



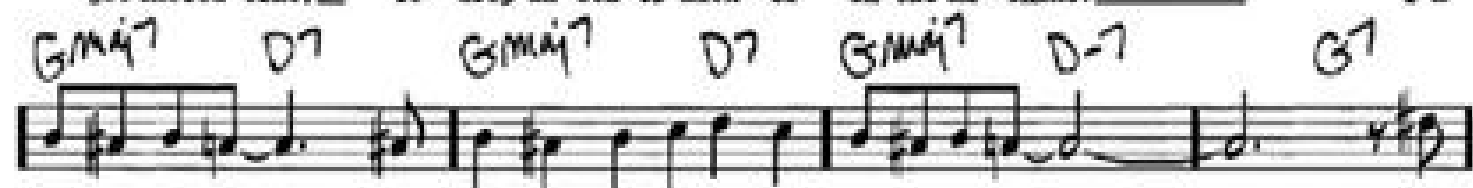
drink-ing, my friend, \_ to the end \_ of a brief ep-i-ode. \_ Make it



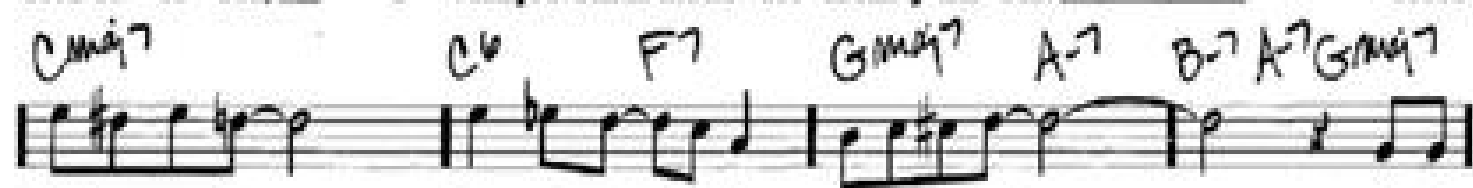
one for my ba-by and one more for the road.



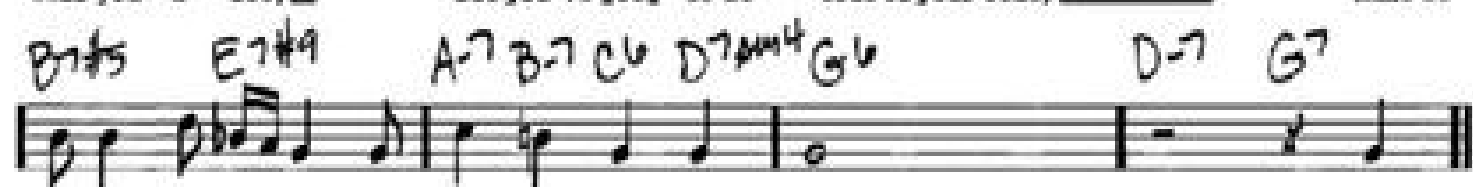
got the ros-tine, \_ so drop an-oth-er nick-el in the ma-chine. \_ I's



feel-in' so bad, \_ I wish you'd make the mu-sic dream-y and sad. \_ Could



tell you a lot, \_ but you've got \_ to be true to your code, \_ make it



one for my ba-by and one more for the road.

You'd