

But Not For Me

Ella Fitzgerald

They're writing songs of love, but not for me
A lucky star's above, but not for me
With love to lead the way I've found more clouds of gray
Than any Russian play could guarantee

I was a fool to fall and get that way
Hi ho, alas, and also lackaday
Although I can't dismiss
The memory of his kiss
I guess he's not for me

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