But Not for Me

Julie London

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 seen more clouds of gray
Than any Russian play could guarantee.
I was a fool to fall and get that way.
Heigh ho, alas, and also lackaday.
Although I can't dismiss, the memory of her kiss.
I guess she's not for me.She's knocking on the door, but not for me.
She'll plan a two by four, but not for me.
I know that love's a game, I'm puzzled just the same.
Was I the moth or flame, I'm all at sea.
It all began so well, but what an end.
This is the time a feller needs a friend.
When every happy plot ends with the marriage knot
And there's no knot for me.

Songwriters
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