

## 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.