

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 found more clouds of grey  
Than any Russian plane  
Could guarantee  
I was a fool to fall, and get that way  
My whole life's been oh so lack-a-day  
Although I can't dismiss  
The memory of his kiss  
I guess he's not for me