

But Not For Me



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 are grey
Than any Russian play
Could guarantee

I was a fool to fall and get that way
Heigh ho, alas, and also lack-a-day
Although I can't dis miss
The memory of his kiss
I guess he's not for me

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(G. Gershwin / I. Gershwin)

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