

# Harry Connick Jr., 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 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 her kiss  
I guess  
She's not for me

It all began so well  
But what an end  
This is the time  
A fellow needs a friend

When every happy plot  
Ends with a the marriage knot  
And there's  
No knot for me