

But Not for Me

Sam Cooke

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 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 dismiss the memory of her kiss
I know she's not for me

It all began so well, but what an end
This is the time a feller needs a friend
Although I can't dismiss the memory of her kiss
I'm so well aware she's not for me