

But Not For Me

Ira Gershwin

George Gershwin

They're writ - ing songs of love, — but not for me. A luck - y

star's a - bove, — but not for me. With love to

lead the way I've found more clouds of gray than an - y

Rus - sian play could guar - an - tee. I was a

fool to fall — and get that way. Heigh - ho, a -

- las, and al - so lack - a - day! Al - though I

can't dis - miss the mem - 'ry of his kiss, I guess he's

not for me.