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.