

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