

Natalie Merchant, 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 skies of gray
Than any Russian play
Could guarantee.

I was a fool to fall
And get that way
Heigh ho alas and
Also lackaday.

Although I can't dismiss
The memory of his kiss
I guess he's not for me.

I know that love's a game
I'm puzzled all the same
Was I the moth or flame
I'm all at sea.

It all began so well
But what an end.
This time a gal could sure
Use a friend

When every happy plot
Ends in a marriage knot
And there's no knot for me.