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.