

## But Not for Me

Billie Holiday

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 grey  
than any Russain play could guarantee.  
I was a fool to fall and get that way;  
Heigh-ho! Alas! And also, lack-a-day!  
Although I can't dismiss the mem'ry of his kiss, I guess he's not for me.

He's knocking on a door, but not for me.  
He'll plan a two by four, but not for me.  
I know that love's a game;  
I'm puzzled, just the same,  
was I the moth or flame?  
I'm all at sea.  
It all began so well, but what an end!  
This is the time a feller needs a friend,  
when ev'ry happy plot ends with the marriage knot,  
and there's no knot for me.