

## But Not for Me

Sam Cooke

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 Russian 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 memory of her kiss  
I know she's not for me

It all began so well, but what an end  
This is the time a feller needs a friend  
Although I can't dismiss the memory of her kiss  
I'm so well aware she's not for me