

# She

Charles Aznavour

She maybe the face I can't forget  
A trace of pleasure or regret  
Maybe my treasure or the price  
I have to pay  
She maybe the song that summer sings  
Maybe the chill that autumn brings  
Maybe a hundred different things  
Within a measure of a day  
She maybe the beauty or the beast  
Maybe the famine or the feast  
May turn each day into a heaven  
Or a hell  
She maybe the mirror of my dream  
A smile reflected in a stream  
She may not be what she may seem  
Inside her shell  
She who always seems so happy in a crowd  
Whose eyes can be so private and so proud  
No-one's allowed to see them  
When they cry  
She maybe the love that cannot hope to last  
May come to me from shadows of the past  
That I remember till  
The day I die  
She maybe the reason I survive  
The why and wherefore I'm alive  
The one I'll care for through the  
Rough and rainy years  
Me I'll take her laughter and her tears  
And make them all my souvenirs  
For where she goes I've got to be  
The meaning of my life is she she mm