

Charles Aznavour, She

She may be the face I can't forget,
A trace of pleasure or regret,
May be my treasure or
The price I have to pay.

She may be the song that summer sings,
May be the chill that autumn brings,
May be a hundred different things
Within the measure of a day.

She may be the beauty or the beast,
May be the famine or the feast,
May turn each day into a
Heaven or a hell.

She may be 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 may be 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 may be 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, she