

# Eurythmics, She

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  
Maybe the 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  
Who's eyes can be so private and so proud  
No one's allowed to see them when they cry  
She maybe the love that cannot last  
May come from shadows of the past  
That I remember until the day I die

She maybe the reason I survive  
The why and wherefore I'm alive  
The one I care for through the rough  
Me, I 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