

# Celtic Thunder, She

She may be the face I can't forget  
A trace of pleasure or regret  
Maybe my treasure or the price I have to pay  
She may be the song the summer sings  
May be the chill the 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 dreams  
A smile reflected in the 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  
That comes to me from shadows in the past  
And I'll remember 'till 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 and ready years  
Me, I'll take the 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  
Oh, she....