

Elvis Costello, 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 dreams.

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'll 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 ready 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