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. \Box May be the chill that autumn brings. May be a hundred different things Within the measure of a day. She IIIIII 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 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 \Box For where she goes I've got to be The meaning of my life is \square

She, she, she