She

Charles Aznavour

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 payShe 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 dayShe may be the beauty or the beast
May be the famine or the feast
May turn each day into a heaven
Or a hellShe may be the mirror of my dream
A smile reflected in a stream
She may not be what she may seem
Inside her shellShe 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 maybe the love that cannot hope to last
May come to me from shadows of the past
That I'll remember 'til
The day I dieShe may be the reason I survive
The why and wherefore I'm alive
The one I'll care for through the
Rough and rainy yearsMe 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

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