

# She

## Elvis Costello

She may be the face I can't forget  
The trace of pleasure or regret  
May be 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  
The 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  
But 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 in many 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

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