

# She

## Celtic Thunder

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 Psalmist sings  
May be the chilly Autumn breeze  
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  
Who's 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 through shadows of the past  
And I'll remember 'til 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  
Oh, She

Songwriters

GRISHAM, JACK / KING, RONNIE / PERSONS, BILLY / LAGERBORG, CHRIS  
Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, T.R.O. INC. Song Discussions is  
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>