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 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, 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

That I'll re-member till the day I die

She may be the reason I sur-vive, the why and wherefore I'm a-live

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 souve-nirs

For where she goes I've got to be, the meaning of my life is she.

Me, I'll take her laughter and her tears, and make them all my souve-nirs

For where she goes I've got to be, the meaning of my life is she.
SHE—Charles Aznavour & Herbert Kretzmer
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:  A  Bm7  E7
4  2  2

A                      Cdim                          Bm7
She may be the face I can't for-get, the trace of pleasure or re-gret
A                      F#7

May be my treasure or the price I have to pay
Bm7                          Bm7b5                                 A
She may be the song that summer sings, may be the chill that autumn brings
F#m                          B7                                  E7                  A                  E7sus

May be a hundred different things within the measure of a day
A                      Cdim                          Bm7
She may be the beauty or the beast, may be the famine or the feast
A                      F#7

May turn each day into a heaven or a hell
Bm7                          Bm7b5                                 A
She may be the mirror of my dreams, the smile reflected in a stream
F#m                          B7                                  E7                  A

She may not be what she may seem inside her shell
F                          C                                    Bb
She, who always seems so happy in a crowd, whose eyes can be so private and so proud
A

No one's allowed to see them when they cry
Dm7                          G7                                  C                  A                  B
She may be the love that cannot hope to last, may come to me from shadows of the past
Bm7                          E7

That I'll re-member till the day I die
C                      Ebdim                          Dm7
She may be the reason I sur-vive, the why and wherefore I'm a-live
G7                          C                                  A7

The one I'll care for through the rough and ready years
Dm7                          Dm7b5                                       C
Me, I'll take her laughter and her tears, and make them all my souve-nirs
Am7                          D7                                    Dm7                          G7                          C                          Em7                          A7

For where she goes I've got to be, the meaning of my life is she.
Dm7                          Dm7b5                                       C
Me, I'll take her laughter and her tears, and make them all my souve-nirs
Am7                          D7                                    Dm7                          Dm7b5                          C

For where she goes I've got to be, the meaning of my life is she.