Intro:

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.
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 in-side 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.