

Quiet Love

Charles Aznavour

She maybe the face I can't forget
A trace of pleasure or regret
Maybe my treasure or the price
I have to pay
She maybe the song that summer sings
Maybe the chill that autumn brings
Maybe a hundred different things
Within a measure of a day
She maybe the beauty or the beast
Maybe the famine or the feast
May turn each day into a heaven
Or a hell
She maybe the mirror of my dream
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
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 remember till
The day I die
She maybe the reason I survive
The why and wherefore I'm alive
The one I'll care for through the
Rough and rainy 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 mm