

# She

Elvis Costello

She  
May be the face I can't forget  
A 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  
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 may be the love that cannot hope to last  
May come to me from shadows of the past  
That 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 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, she, she