

## 26 – She *(Elvis Costello)*

She may be the face I can't forget, The trace of pleasure or regret  
Maybe 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 maybe the love that cannot hope to last  
May come to me from shadows in 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 care for through the rough and ready years

Me, I'll take the 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  
Oh, she....