

She

WORDS BY HERBERT KRETZMER
MUSIC BY CHARLES AZNAVOUR

♩ = 66





1. She — may be the face I can't for -




- get, — a trace of plea - sure or re - gret, — may be my trea - sure or the










price — I have to pay, she — may be the song that sum - mer


A dim  D^b 

sings, — may be the chill that au - tumn brings, — may be a hun - dred diff - 'rent






G^b  A^bsus⁴  A^b7  D^b  G^b  G^b/A^b  A^b 




things — with - in the mea - sure of a day.




2. She — may be the beau - ty or the beast, — may be the fa - mine or the
(Verse 3 instr. Verse 4 see block lyric)

D^b  E dim 



G^b  D^b  B^b7 

feast, — may turn each day in - to a hea - ven or — hell.



E^bm A dim D^b

She— may be the mir - ror of my dreams— a smile re-lect-ed in a stream, she may not be what she may

3° To Coda ⊕ **1.** **2.**

E^b7/G A^b7sus4 A^b7 D^b G^b G^b/A^b A^b D^b

seem, in - side her shell.

A E

She— who al-ways seems so hap-py in a crowd,— whose eyes can be so pri-vate and so

D C#

proud,— no-one's al-lowed to see them when they cry.

She — may be the love that can-not hope to last, — may come to me from sha-dows of the

past — that I'll re-mem-ber till the day I die.

D.%. al Coda

⊕ *Coda*

She, she, she.

Verse 4:

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.