She may be the face I can't get, A trace of pleasure or re

May be my treasure or the price I have to pay.

She may be 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 a

She may be the mirror my dream, A reflected stream in a

She, not be what she may seem inside her shell.

She, who always seems so happy in a

crowd, Whose eyes can't be so private and so proud,
She allowed to see them when they cry.

She may be the love that can not 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 a live, The 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 may be the face I can't get, 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, Maybe 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 in to a

Heaven or a Hell. May not be what she may seem

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 can not 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 a live, The care for through the rough
and ready years. Me, 3 fill her laughter 7 her tears,

And them all my 3-souvenirs, for those eyes, I've got to

be, The meaning of my life is she. Mmm, she.