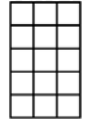


SING A



SHE - Charles Aznavour & Herbert Kretzmer

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:

4 2 2

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

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

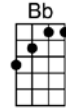
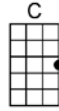
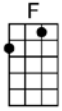
She may be the beauty or the beast, may be the famine or the feast

May turn each day into a heaven or a hell

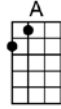
She may be the mirror of my dreams, the smile reflected in a stream

She may not be what she may seem in-side her shell

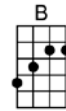
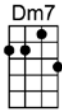
p. 2 She



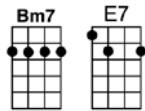
She, who always seems so happy in a crowd, whose eyes can be so private and so proud



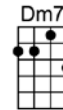
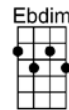
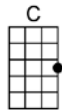
No one's allowed to see them when they cry



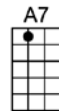
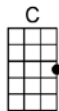
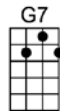
She may be the love that cannot hope to last, may come to me from shadows of the past



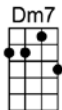
That I'll re-member till the day I die



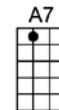
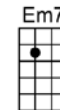
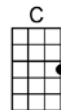
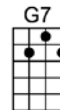
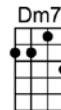
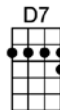
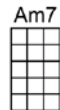
She may be the reason I sur-vive, the why and wherefore I'm a-live



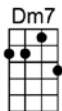
The one I'll care for through the rough and ready years



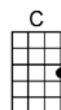
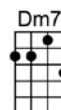
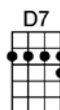
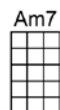
Me, I'll take her laughter and her tears, and make them all my souve-nirs



For where she goes I've got to be, the meaning of my life is she.



Me, I'll take her laughter and her tears, and make them all my souve-nirs



For where she goes I've got to be, the meaning of my life is she.

SHE- Charles Aznavour & Herbert Kretzmer
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: A Bm7 E7
4 2 2

A Cdim Bm7
She may be the face I can't for-get, the trace of pleasure or re-gret
A F#7
May be my treasure or the price I have to pay
Bm7 Bm7b5 A
She may be the song that summer sings, may be the chill that autumn brings
F#m B7 E7 A E7sus
May be a hundred different things within the measure of a day
A Cdim Bm7
She may be the beauty or the beast, may be the famine or the feast
A F#7
May turn each day into a heaven or a hell
Bm7 Bm7b5 A
She may be the mirror of my dreams, the smile reflected in a stream
F#m B7 E7 A
She may not be what she may seem in-side her shell
F C Bb
She, who always seems so happy in a crowd, whose eyes can be so private and so proud
A
No one's allowed to see them when they cry
Dm7 G7 C A B
She may be the love that cannot hope to last, may come to me from shadows of the past
Bm7 E7
That I'll re-member till the day I die
C Ebdim Dm7
She may be the reason I sur-vive, the why and wherefore I'm a-live
G7 C A7
The one I'll care for through the rough and ready years
Dm7 Dm7b5 C
Me, I'll take her laughter and her tears, and make them all my souve-nirs
Am7 D7 Dm7 G7 C Em7 A7
For where she goes I've got to be, the meaning of my life is she.
Dm7 Dm7b5 C
Me, I'll take her laughter and her tears, and make them all my souve-nirs
Am7 D7 Dm7 Dm7b5 C
For where she goes I've got to be, the meaning of my life is she.