

shell

She who al - ways seems so hap - py in a crowd whose eyes can be so priv - ate and so

C Ab Eb

proud no - one's a - llowed to see them when they cry She may be the love that can - not hope to

D_b C Fm B_b

D.S. al Coda

last may come to me from sha - dows of the past that I re-member till the day I die.

E_b C D D7 G G7

COLDA

be the mean-ing of my life is she she mm she.

D G F C Dm G C

X

things—within the mea - sure of a day
She — may be the beau - ty or the
She — may be the reas - on I sur -

F G C F Gsus4 G C

beast — may be the fam - ine or the
- vive — the why and where - fore I'm a -
feast — may turn each day in - to a
live — The one I'll care for through the

b Eb F

heav - en or a hell
rough and read - y years
she — may be the mir - ror of my
me — I'll take her laugh - ter and her

C A7 Dm

To Coda ♫

dream — a smile re - flec - ted in a stream — she may not be what she may seem
tears — and make them all my souven - irs — for where she goes I've got to

A♭ sim. C Cmaj7 D G

She

Words: Herbert Kretzmer. Music: Charles Aznavour

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
sings may be the chill that aut - umn brings may be a hun - dred diffe - rent

F Gsus4 G C

E^b F

C A^b Dm

A^b C