

## **Charles Aznavour - She**

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Inside her shell
Intro: C Ebdim F G
                          Fbdim
                                                                She who always seems so happy in a crowd
She May be the face I can't forget
                                                                Whose eyes can be so private and so proud
A trace of pleasure or regret
                                                                No one's allowed to see them when they cry
May be my treasure or the price I have to pay
                                                                                Bb
                                                                She may be the love that cannot hope to last
She may be the song that summer sings
                                                                           \mathsf{Cm}
                                                                May come to me from shadows of the past
May be the chill that autumn brings
                                                                That I'll remember till the day I die
May be a hundred different things
            G7
                      C
Within the measure of a day.
                                                                She May be the reason I survive
                                                                The why and wherefore I'm alive
                         Ebdim
She May be the beauty or the beast
                                                                The one I'll care for through the rough and ready years
May be the famine or the feast
                                                                Me I'll take her laughter and her tears
May turn each day into a heaven or a hell
                                                                And make them all my souvenirs
She may be the mirror of \ensuremath{\mathsf{my}} dreams
                                                                For where she goes I've got to be
A smile reflected in a stream
                                                                            G7
                                                                The meaning of my life is
She may not be what she may seem
                                                                     C Dm7 G
         C G7 C Ebdim F C A7 Dm Fm C Dm G7 C
                                                                                   (ohhhhh) she
                                                                She, she,
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## **Acordes**

