

Elvis Costello - She

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Tom: E
                                                               Ab7 Db )
Intro: Db Edim Gb Ab
                                                               Inside her shell
Dh
She
                                                               She who always seems so happy in a crowd
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
                                            Bh7
                                                                                В
                                                               She may be the love that cannot hope to last
May be my treasure or the price I have to pay
                                                                           Db
She may be the song that summer sings
                                                               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
                                                               Db
                                      Ebm7
                                                               She
            Ab7
                        Db
Within the measure of a day.
                                                                                     F
                                                               May be the reason I survive
She
                                                               The why and wherefore I'm alive
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
                                                                                       Dh
                         Dh
May turn each day into a heaven or a hell
                                                               And make them all my souvenirs
She may be the mirror of my dreams
                                                               For where she goes I've got to be
                       Db
                                                                           Ab7
                                                               The meaning of my life is
A smile reflected in a stream
                                                               Gb Db Ebm7 Ab
She may not be what she may seem
                                                               She, she,
                                                                                  [ohhhhh] she
            Db
                 Ab7 ( Db Edim Gb Db Bb7 Ebm Gbm6 Db Ebm
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Acordes

