She

1974 Charles Aznavour

Arr: Jytte

NB: I cannot write it the way Aznavour sings it. But you can easily play it that way.
So, listen to his recording of the song first, and then try to play it the way it's sung.

She may be the face I can't forget.
May be the beauty or the beast.

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.

She may be the mirror of my dream.
She may not be what she may dream.

May be a hundred different things, with-in the measure of a day.

So, listen to his recording of the song first, and then try to play it the way it's sung.

Slowly

She may be the beauty or the beast.
May be the famine or the feast.

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

She may be the mirror of my dream.
A smile reflected in a stream.

She may not be what she may dream.

May be a hundred different things, with-in the measure of a day.

So, listen to his recording of the song first, and then try to play it the way it's sung.

Slowly