Arr: Jytte

She

1974 Charles Aznavour

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.

Slowly

She may be the face I can't forget. A trace of pleasure or regret.
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.
May turn each day into a Heaven or a Hell.

She may be the song that summer sings. May be the chill that autumn brings.
She may be the mirror of my dream. A smile reflected in a stream.

She may not be what she may seem inside her shell

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

1.
2.

I can't forget. A trace of pleasure or regret.
May be the famine or the feast.

May be my treasure or the price I have to pay.
May turn each day into a Heaven or a Hell.

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