

SHE, WHO ALWAYS SEEMS SO HAPPY  
IN A CROWD

WHOSE EYES CAN BE SO PRIVATE AND  
SO PROUD



NO ONE'S ALLOWED TO SEE THEM WHEN  
THEY CRY

SHE MAY BE THE LOVE THAT CANNOT  
HOPE TO LAST  
MAY COME TO ME FROM SHADOWS  
OF THE PAST

THAT I REMEMBER 'TIL THE DAY I DIE

SHE MAY BE THE REASON I SURVIVE  
THE WHY AND WHEREFORE I'M ALIVE

THE ONE I'LL CARE FOR THROUGH THE  
ROUGH AND RAINY YEARS

ME, I'LL TAKE HER LAUGHTER AND HER TEARS  
AND MAKE THEM ALL MY SOUVENIRS

FOR WHERE SHE GOES I'VE GOT TO BE  
THE MEANING OF MY LIFE IS  
SHE



SHE

OH, SHE