

Ray Price, Woman Without Love

Her eyes tell the story so well that she tries hard to hide
So little expected too often neglected a woman stripped of her pride
Always so careful not to cry until I fall asleep
And there in the silence she lies with the tear on her cheek
A thought comes to mind Did I read it sometime or I hear it I can't quite recall
That a man without love is only half of a man but a woman is nothing at all
She knows I don't love her although heaven knows that I've tried
Her reason for living's to go right on giving the one thing that she's been denied
Without any warning in the wee hours of the morning she cries
And the hurt deep inside that she's tried so to hide is beginning to show in her eyes
A thought comes to mind...
A man without love is only half of a man but a woman is nothing at all