

Woman Without Love

Ray Price

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
Then there in the silence
She lies with a tear on her cheek

A thought comes to mind that I read sometime
Or heard 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 tries so to hide
Is beginning to show in her eyes

A thought comes to mind that I read it sometime
Or heard it, I can't quite recall
That a man without love's only half of a man
But a woman is nothing at all

Oh, a man without love's only half of a man
But a woman is nothing at all