

# 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