

A Man Without Love

Brook Benton

Her eyes tell the story so well
That she tries hard to hide
So little expected, so 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 tears on her cheek

The 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, is to go right on giving me
The things that she's been denied

Without any kind of warning
In the wee hours of the morning she cries
The hurt deep inside that she tries so to hide
God knows I see it in her eyes

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