

Woman Without Love

Elvis Presley

Her eyes tell the story so well
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 a tear on her cheek

The thought comes to mind that I've relived somehow
For herein I can't quite recall

That a man without love's only half a man
But a woman is nothing at all

She knows I don't love her
Although heaven knows how I try
Her reason for living is to go right on giving
One thing that she's gon' be mine

Without any warning in the wee hours
Of the morning, she cries
Her deep inside she cries so to hide
Is beginning to show in her eyes

And a thought comes to mind that I've relived sometime
For herein I can't quite recall

That a man without love's only half a man
But a woman is nothing at all
Yeah, a man without love's only half a man
But a woman is nothing at all