

# John Mellencamp "Without Expression"

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Written by: Terry Reid 1968

Have you ever ridden horses through a rainstorm?  
Or a lion through a busy street bazarre?  
There are many things I'd love to turn you on to  
But somehow I feel they're safer where they are

Yes, there's a man I know  
With no expression  
He's got none at all  
Yes, there's a man that I know  
With no expression, darling  
He's got none at all

Well, some people are inbound with infatuation  
And some others spill depression as the law  
From one's mother getting at no imagination  
So beware then, maybe sin is at your door

Yes, there's a man that I know  
With no expression  
He's got none at all  
Yes, there's a man I know  
With no expression  
He's got none at all

But you may never, never  
See this man laughing  
Come to think of it,  
I've never seen him cry  
But he might be sitting  
And you hear him singing  
And by and by he'll stop and sigh  
Before his voice would even begin to speak  
And he'd just cry

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With no expression, darling  
He's got none at all  
Yes, There's a man that I know  
With no expression  
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