

## Terry MacAlmon

### "Without Expression"

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Have you ever ridden horses  
Through a rainstorm  
Or a lion through a busy street bazaar  
There are many things  
I'd love to turn you on to  
But I somehow feel  
They're safer where they are  
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 everyone's door  
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  
He's got none at all  
But you never, no  
You would 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  
But by and by he'll stop and sigh before  
His voice would even begin to speak  
And he'd just cry  
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  
He's got none at all  
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