

John Mellencamp, Without Expression

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 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
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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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