

Anchor & Braille "Goes Without Saying"

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So much left to say
But I've got nothing
Here you lie and wait
As if it were Sunday

Taking up your time
There'll be surrender
If by chance you'll let me in
Then I've got something

And it goes
And it goes
And it goes
And it goes without saying

And it goes
And it goes
And it goes
And it goes without saying

If flesh on my flesh, makes us a union
If bone on my bone, then call me, broken

Marvel at the words
Softly spoken
I rest there on your lips
Now I'm forgiven

And it goes
And it goes
And it goes without saying

And it goes
And it goes
And it goes
And it goes without saying

And it goes without saying
And it feels
And it feels
And it feels
Feels like we're one and the same

One and the same
Feels like we're one and the same

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