

# Goes Without Saying

## Anchor & Braille

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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