

**Nothin Left To Say**

**Richard Marx**

Artist: Richard Marx

Album: My own very best enemy

year:2004

Title: Nothin' left to Say

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Coment: A really cool song, I must say, It's not so accurate I still cant figure out the

last part of the chorus, but perahps someone can take it from here, so I'm free to coments, corrections.

here are just the main chords. I have this new cd and must add, i'm a big R Marx Fan, and

this cd is great it was the kind of cd that I was waiting for and no one released, great

love songs, for easy listening. A great cd, so keep a looking this page for more tabs of

this album by me.

Intro. F (the bass fools around some other chords)

**F**

Locked up tight but holdin the key

Clock keeps tickin like it s laughin at me

**A#**

I wonder

**D**

What spell I m under

**F**

Days go by in a pulseless haze

Who s that person that s wearin my face

**A#**

Denyin

**D**

What he s hidin

Bridge

**G#m**

(**A** lil pause)

I can t go on like this

**A#**

**C**

I won t let myself miss the rest of my life

Chorus:

**F**

**D**

When something s come and gone

**A#**

What good is holdin on?

**C**

Why waste tomorrow chasin yesterday?

**F**

**D**

I part my lips to speak  
(dont know this part yet)  
But the words are out of reach  
I guess that really means  
There s nothin left to say

INTRO **F**

**F**

I guess we could carry on livin asleep

Who is the fool who could choose to just keep pretendin

**A#**

That this ain t endin ?

**D**

I wish you all that I wish for myself

**F**

To have that ache of emptiness behind us

And not still inside us

**A#**

It s time to take that dare

**D**

There s still a world out there waitin for me

Chorus:

When something s come and gone  
What good is holdin on?  
Why waste tomorrow chasin yesterday?  
I part my lips to speak  
But the words are out of reach  
I guess that really means  
There s nothin left to say

**G#m**

We did the best we could

**A#**

Just like we thought we should

**D**

But sometimes you ve got to just let go

Chorus:

When something s come and gone  
What good is holdin on?  
Why waste tomorrow chasin yesterday?  
I part my lips to speak  
But the words are out of reach  
I guess that really means

There s nothin left to say

There s nothin left to say

Nothin left to say