

## The Receiving End

Big Wreck

Wake up, wonder why  
I still feel the need  
When all's well, we're through the hell  
Two floors on Grace Street

Oh, once I was of the mind  
The sun would never shine  
But stories, they write themselves  
When you're with someone else

I held the sword and pen  
The past I can't rewrite  
Now I'm on the receiving end  
Of all these sweet stories

Lost in the afternoon  
Somewhere in those eyes  
Finding myself in you  
Still I wonder why

Oh, once I was of the mind  
Start again somewhere  
A daydream of golden hair  
Most days you'll find me there

I've held the sword and pen  
The past I can't rewrite  
Somehow I'm on the receiving end  
Of all these sweet stories

I've held the sword and pen  
The past I can't rewrite  
But now I'm on the receiving end  
Of all these...

I've held the sword and pen  
The past I can't rewrite  
Somehow I'm on the receiving end  
Of all these sweet stories