

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