Wreck of the Day

Words and Music by
Anna Nalick

Slowly, in 2

C

G

B+

Em

mp

Driving away, from the wreck of the day, and the light's always red in the rear view.

Driving away, from the wreck of the day, and I'm thinking 'bout calling on Jesus.

Em

C

G

sus.

Des-pair-ly close to a coffin of hope, I'd cheat.

'Cause love doesn't hurt, so I know I'm not falling in...
destiny just to be near you.}
love. I'm just falling to pieces.
And if this

is

is

is

giving up, then I'm giving up.
If this is

giving up, then I'm giving up.

on love.

on love.

on love.
Driving away from the wreck of the day, and it's finally quiet in my...
Em    C    G

— head. Driv-ing a-lone. I’m fi-nal-ly on my way

B+ Em

home to the com-fort of my bed And if

Coda Em G+/

G/D C₇ C

B+

Em G+/D# G/D C₇ C

G