

Stevie Nicks

"Twisted"

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You think you hear demons
I think we are the demons
In this place where the images are born
You remember your childhood
Oh, in fiery sequences
The sun goes down

Filling the air with colors
And winds lift you up to God
It'll lift you up to God

You fall to your knees
You embrace the storm
You no longer care
If it's cold or if it's warm
You live for the danger
Like your passion and your anger
You don't let go

You like to be twisted by the force
You like to be shaken by the wind
In this game that you play with God
You've been warned to retreat

You take it to the limit
When the winds come up
Crazy men, crazy women
Cryin' out for love
You'd like to save her
But you just can't give it up

You'd rather be wrapped up
In the arms of the storm
You'd rather be wrapped up
In the arms of the storm

Crazy men, crazy women
In the storm
And the sun goes down
Chasin' down the demons

You think you hear demons

Chasin' down the demons
Cryin' out for love
You'd rather be wrapped up

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