

## Sunset Rubdown "Winged/wicked Things"

Visit "[Winged/wicked Things](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Well, I say it's just smoke  
So you say it's the hair of ghosts  
So I say it's the white hair of Poseidon  
Ebbing in the tide in some dead sea

So you say it's some Shroud of Turin  
And the sun wore it white and the earth wore it thin  
Or the sun wore it white and his faith wore it thin

Unraveling heavenward  
It's saddled to tiny birds  
Or other such winged things  
Either way they are struggling

Either way they are miniature  
And either way they're invisible  
But either way they're confused  
As hell would have them

And the pattern of flight is chaotic and blind  
But it's right 'cause chaos is yours and it's mine  
And chaos is luck and like love and love blind

The pattern of flight is chaotic and blind  
But it's right 'cause chaos is yours and chaos is mine,  
mine, mine, mine  
And chaos is love and they say love is blind

But they're subject to hating us  
It's just like the rest of us  
Oh, we're just like the rest of us  
They need, they needed the rest of us to stay alive

So that's not where confusion lies  
That's not where illusions to the fact that  
The truth is just smoke in your eyes does lie  
Confusion lies in which other wicked things do lie with

Confusion lies in which other wicked things do lie with  
And chaos is yours and chaos is mine  
And chaos is love and they say love is blind

So I say, oh, I see now it's just smoke  
So I say, oh, I see now it's just smoke  
Oh, I say, oh, I see now it's just smoke  
Oh, I say, oh, I see now it's just smoke

Visit [Sunset Rubdown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.