

# Twisted

## Stevie Nicks

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 firing sequences The sun goes down, filling the air with colors  
And winds lift you up to God, 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,  
Oh 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  
And 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 rapped up, in the arms of a storm  
You'd rather be rapped up, in the arms of a storm Crazy men, crazy women  
In the storm  
And the sun goes down  
Chasin' down the demons  
You think you hear demons  
Well I got your demons  
They're cryin' out for love  
Cryin' out for love  
Cryin' out for love  
Cryin' out for love Crazy men, crazy women  
In the storm  
And the sun goes down  
They're still chasin' down the demons  
And you think you hear demons  
Well I got your demons  
And they're cryin' out for love  
And they lift you up to God  
Lift you up to God  
And you don't let go  
'Cause you like to be twisted

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