

# Twisted

## Stevie Nicks & Lindsey Buckingham

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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