

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.