

# Faith Hill, Wicked

(Steve McEwan)

Out of my head  
In my head  
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Lightning flash and the flesh so warm  
In an arc of beauty busy being born  
Skin on skin and my heart is torn  
From the tour of duty

Heaven is here and here's my home  
She is seated on the holy throne  
'Neath the cherub on the tread of dawn  
Unnerving beauty

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You came alive in your pride  
You shiny diamond  
You cry like you lie  
There's no denying  
Yet to see you come in the crash of thunder  
But when I do I'll watch in wonder  
Wicked

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One day comes and a baby born  
Another flies by and a mother mourns  
Soul come go in the dead of morn with the passing season  
Lose myself find me here with you  
Don't know where I've been don't know what to do  
Time stands still and my spirit's through and my soul it's freezing

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Your eyes line with the sun

You hungry demon  
Uproot my belief cut down my reason  
Who or why or what there's no believing  
Everything you touch there's no leaving  
Wicked

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