

Four White Stallions

Counting Crows

She had four white stallions coming up around the bend
Four strong angels at her command to send
Four more seasons, for all that's broken to mend

I got four good reasons why I can't go back there again

She had skin like a statue, milky white and pure
Carved by an artist whose hand is demure
Got a mind like a sabre
Razor sharp and sure

God how I hate myself for still wanting her

Tell me it's nicer dreaming, visions soft and sure
No way to find there's nothing left to me and her
Nothing more but a heart still at war

She had four white stallions coming up around the bend
Four strong angels already sent
Four more seasons for all that's broken to mend...