

White Horses

Hurts

Madeleine had a chauffeur
She took a drive to the coastline
She stood on the sand and watched the sunrise
Hoping one day that her prince will come

Madeleine was a showgirl
She said Paris was not the way it seems
But in Montreux she found a lover
A blue-eyed rich man who clipped her broken wings
But diamonds and pearls are her religion
Her princes they come and then they go

But they ride white horses
Yeah, they ride white horses
And she'll be up on the saddle
And she'll be holding him tight
They'll be galloping thunder
Under the violet sky
As they ride white horses

Out on the plains

White horses

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