

# Pretty Horses

Kip Moore

I see the color in your eyes  
Gone as black as the night and the ribbon in your hair  
I guess you lost it  
I guess the Jesus on your arm's just another lost charm  
Used to wear it so damn proud  
Why'd you change it?  
Do you blame it?

Was it love you found  
Then lost it?  
Just ran away, away  
Like all the pretty horses

Did you take a gentle heart, turn it bitter  
Leave a mark when you took to open fields  
In greener pastures?  
Did you run after?  
Did he go and give you something you never had?  
Go and make a promise he'd be right back, oh?

Was it love you found  
Then lost it?  
Just ran away  
Like all the pretty horses

All the pretty horses  
Ooh, yeah  
Like all the pretty horses

Was it love you found  
Then lost it?  
Just ran away, away  
Like all the pretty horses

Was it love you found  
Then lost it?  
Just ran away  
Like all the pretty horses

The pretty horses