## Crows Counting "Four White Stallions"

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She had four white stallions coming around the bend

Four strong angels at her command descend

four more seasons for all that's broken to mend

I got four more reasons why I

can't go back there again

She had skin like a statue

milky white and pure

carved by an artist

who's hand is demure

Got a mind I like a saber

razor sharp and sure

God how I hate myself

for still wanting her...

Damn these nights are dreaming..

Visions soft and sure

Cause I wake to find there's

nothing left of me in her...

Nothing more than a heart still at war..

She had four white stallions coming around the bend..

Four strong angels already sinned

I got four good reasons for all that's broken to mend..

I got four more seasons for all that's broken to mend..

I got four more reasons why I cant go back there again..

I got four good reasons why I cant go back there again

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