

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

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