

Counting Crows, 4 White Stallions

She had four white stallions coming
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

And God how I hate myself for
Still wanting her

Damn these nights of dreaming
Visions soft and sure
Now I wake to find
There's nothing left but me and her
Nothing more,
Than 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

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

Yeah, I go four good reasons why I
Can't go back there again

And I go four more seasons for all
That's broken to mend