

Counting Crows, Four 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