

# 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