

## Four White Stallions

### Counting Crows

She had four white stallions coming up 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

God how I hate myself for still wanting her

Tell me it's nicer dreaming, visions soft and sure  
No way to find there's nothing left to me and her  
Nothing more but 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...