White Horse

Tom Cochrane

I really didn't get to know you all that well You always let us know in your words that music Was like a well To drink from when we felt like we were there Dying of thirst To save us from the pain that we felt Like we were riding some big white horse

White horse, white horse

Now I've always heard that you gave much more than you took Like Basquiat saying that art and music forced us to take anoth er look Pull us from despair, give us joy and hope and help set a cours e Like we were running from those hounds of hell On some big white horse

White horse, white horse

Speaking out against injustice and pain and intolerance of cour se Like we were running from those hounds of hell On some big white horse

White horse, white horse White horse, white horse