

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 another look
Pull us from despair, give us joy and hope and help set a course
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 course
Like we were running from those hounds of hell
On some big white horse

White horse, white horse
White horse, white horse