

# Four White Stallions

## Counting Crows

She had four white stallions coming around the bend  
Four strong angels at her command descend  
Four more seasons for all that's broken to mend  
I got four more reasons  
Why I can't go back there again  
She had skin like a statue milky white and pure  
Carved by an artist who's hand is demure  
Got a mind I like a saber razor sharp and sure  
God how I hate myself  
For still wanting her

Damn these nights are dreaming, visions soft and sure  
'Cause I wake to find there's nothing left of me in her  
Nothing more than a heart still at war  
She had four white stallions coming around the bend  
Four strong angels already sinned  
I got four good reasons for all that's broken to mend  
I got four more seasons for all that's broken to mend  
I got four more reasons why I can't go back there again  
I got four good reasons why I can't go back there again

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