

# White Horse

[Kevin Coyne](#)

White horse, riding across my mind  
Wearing a band of gold around your hooves  
Collecting the stars, the glint of the stars  
In your great and empty eye The drink I drink is a drink as strong as  
The strongest poison in the land  
Riding on the back of my horse with his golden band  
Who catches the stars in his eye His great and empty eye  
That had never smiled, never noticed me  
I would like to think of that he dreamt of me  
When he went to sleep at night That he thought I was the special thing in his life  
But to those great eyes, they see nothing  
They don't profess poetry  
Don't profess insight into me Now I stand on empty man  
Beside the stable door on the stud farm  
And the green and gray attendant  
Hands me straw, says, "Go feed the horses" You know, of course he's a dreaming talking horse  
Who wears gold bands around his feet  
And dreams of stars, and dreams of stars  
In his empty eye, in his empty eye

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