Six White Horses

Greencards, The

Come here and look through the window over
He open up the shatters tell me, watch you see
Was that his knock that I heard at the door
Or is it six white horses coming down the road?
Come here and touch me and say that it's all right
You know that to my eyes the days are as the the nights
Read again the letter that tells me that he's gone
To hell with the fighting, I want my son home
I taught him to fish and I taught him to be strong
Taught him that killing any man is wrong
But tomorrow in battle I'd run to where he stood
If the help of a blind man do any good
Last night, I went to this room for a while
I touched all the things that he used as a child
I rock the cradle where he used to lay
I'd found these tin soldiers and threw them away
Come here and look through the window over
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Was that his knock that I heard at the door
Or is it six white horses coming down the road?

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