

Six White Horses

[Henson Cargill](#)

Come here and look through the window Marie
Open the shutters tell me what you see
Was that his knock that I heard on the door
Or is it six white horses coming up the road
Come here and touch me and say that it's alright
You know that to my eyes the days are as the nights
And read again the letter that tells me where he's gone
To hell with the fightin' I want my son home
I taught him to fish and I taught him to be strong
And I taught him that killing any man was wrong
But tommorrow in battle I'd run to where he stood
If the help of a blind man would do any good
Last night I went to his room for a while
And touched all the things that he used as a child
And I rocked the cradle where he used to lay
And found his tin soldiers and threw them away
Come here and look through...

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