

Four White Stallions (live)

Counting Crows

She had four white stallions coming up around the bend
Four strong angels at her command to send
Four more seasons, for all that's broken to mend I got four good reasons why I can't go back there again
She had skin like a statue, milky white and pure
Carved by an artist whose hand is demure
Got a mind like a sabre
Razor sharp and sure God how I hate myself for still wanting her
Tell me it's nicer dreaming, visions soft and sure
No way to find there's nothing left to me and her
Nothing more but a heart still at war
She had four white stallions coming up around the bend
Four strong angels already sent
Four more seasons for all that's broken to mend
She had four more seasons wrong, broken to mend
And I got four good reasons why I can't go back there again

Songwriters

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Published by
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