

4 + 20

Stephen Stills

Four and twenty years ago I come into this life
The son of a woman and a man who lived in strife
He was tired of bein' poor and he wasn't into sellin' door to door
And he worked like the devil to be more A different kind of poverty now upsets me so
Night after sleepless night I walk the floor and want to know
Why am I so alone? Where is my woman? Can I bring her home?
Have I driven her away? Is she gone? Mornin' comes the sunrise and I'm driven to my bed
I see that it is empty and there's devils in my head
I embrace the many colored beast
I grow weary of the torment, can there be no peace?
And I find myself just wishin' that my life would simply cease

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