

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, 4 And 20

Four and Twenty years ago
I come into this life,
Son of a woman
And a man who lived in strife.
He was tired of being poor
But he wasn't into selling door to door
And he worked like a 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?

Morning 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 wishing that my life would simply cease.