

Eugenio Finardi, Four & Twenty

(Stephen Stills)

Four & twenty years ago
I come into this life
the son of a woman
and a man who lived in strife

he was tired o' being poor
and 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 I 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 coloured beast
I grow weary of the torment
can there be no peace
and I find myself just wishin'
that my life would simply cease