

# Y & T, 4+20

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 Decease