

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