

4+20 - Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young

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

F G D

He was tired of bein' poor,

F G D

and he wasn't into sellin' door to door,

F G D

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 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 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.