

Crosby, Stills & Nash

"4 20"

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4+20 years ago
I come into this life
The son of a woman
And a man who lived in strife
He was tired of being poor
And he wasn't into selling door to door
And he worked like the devil to be more

A different kind of poverty now upsets my soul
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 to 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.

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