

## **Crosby Stills Nash**

### **"4+20"**

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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  
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

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