

Stephen Speaks

"4 + 20"

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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 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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