

## Stephen Stills

### "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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