

4+20

[E]Four and twenty years ago, I come into this life,
The son of a woman and a man who lived in strife.
He was [G]tired [A]of being [E]poor and
he [G]wasn't into [A]selling door to [E]door
and he [G]worked like the [A]devil to be [E]more.

[E]A different kind of poverty now upsets my soul.
Night after sleepless night, I walk the floor and I want to know
[G]Why[A] am I so [E]alone?
[G]Where is my [A]woman? Can I [E]bring her home?
Have I [G]driven her away?[A] Is she [E]gone?

[E]Morning comes the sunrise and I'm driven to my bed.
I see that it is empty and there's devils in my head.
I [G]embrace [A]the many [E]colored beast.
I grow [G]weary of the [A]torment, can there [E]be no peace?
And I [G]find myself just [A]wishing that my [E]life would simply cease.