

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 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 wishing that my life would simply cease.