

4 + 20 - by Cosby, Stills and Nash

D G D G D D

D6 *

Four and twenty years ago,

D D6

I come into this life

D D6

The son of a woman,

D D6

and a man who lived in strife

F G D D6

He was tired of being poor;

F G D

and he wasn't into selling door to door

F G D

And he worked like the devil to be more

D G D G D

D D6 D D6

A different kind of poverty now upsets me so

D D6

Night after sleepless night,

D D6

I walk the floor and I want to know;

F G D D6

why am I so alone?

F G D

Where is my woman, can I bring her home?

F G

Have I driven her away?

D

Is she gone?

D G D G D D

D6

Morning comes to sunrise,

D D6

and I'm driven to my bed

D D6

I see that it is empty,

D D6

and there's devils in my head

F G D D6

I embrace the many colored beast,

F G

I grow weary of the torment;

D

can there be no peace?

F G D

And I find myself just wishing that my life would simply cease