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 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?
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 cease
4 + 20 - Stephen Stills

Intro: | D | Dsus | Dadd9 | D | D | Dsus | D | (X2)

D       Dsus     D
Four and twenty years ago, I come into this life

D       Dsus     D
The son of a woman and a man who lived in strife

F       G       D       F       G       D
He was tired of bein’ poor, and he wasn't into sellin’ door to door

F       G       D       D7    D       D7    D
And he worked like the devil to be more

Interlude: D       Dsus | Dadd9   D   | Dsus | D

D       Dsus     D
A different kind of poverty now upsets me so

D       Dsus     D
Night after sleepless night, I walk the floor and I want to know

F       G       D       F       G       D
Why am I so alone? Where is my woman can I bring her home?

F       G       D       D7    D       D7    D
Have I driven her away? Is she gone?

Interlude: D       Dsus | Dadd9   D   | Dsus | D

D       Dsus     D
Mornin’, comes the sunrise, and I'm driven to my bed

D       Dsus     D
I see that it is empty and there's devils in my head

F       G       D
I em-brace the many colored beast.

F       G       D
I grow weary of the torment, can there be no peace?

F       G       D
And I find myself just wishin’ that my life would simply cease