

## Four & Twenty

Eugenio Finardi

Four & twenty years ago  
I come into this life  
the son of a woman  
and a man who lived in strife

he was tired o' being poor  
and he wasn't into selling door to door  
and he worked like a 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

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 coloured beast  
I grow weary of the torment  
can there be no peace  
and I find myself just wishin'  
that my life would simply cease