

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 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 to 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.