

Incubus, Trouble In 421

The evening began as a positive swaret
and my abode was 4-2-0 G.
But little did I know that in the very next apartment
there'd be trouble on the brew for me!
Ubiquitous I wish I could be
because the clock cuts short my own day!
One hundred things to do before I rest my sore ass
upon the cushion that supports my array!
Can this be?
Trouble!!!
So if I may, slip you a tip.
You'd best stay away from 4-2-1.
Trouble!!!
So get high the green way.
So get by the green way...yes!
I knocked upon their door
in hopes of bidding them their welcome
and instead I was caught by an eye.
His pupil was wide open
kinda like a liquor barn at 3:00.
It was indoubadoubly dose derived.
It was then that they took me
and shined their light between my eyes.
He said "What do you know?
Why are you here? What's the catch?
Why not explain in clear? Why you're thinking aloud?!"
I wish I could've just kept to my own.
My hospitality has been too well spent and I've paid my rent!
I should've kept my thoughts, on who might've been inside
so that my mind could sit and delude my pride!
I beg my common sense to keep my
neighbor out away from my front door
until i find a way
to hide myself from those in 4-2-1.....4-2-1
...one away from the good one.