

## Trouble in 421

Incubus

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!  
Ubiquitious I wish I could be  
because the clock cuts short me 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 stay away from 4-2-1.  
Trouble!!!  
So get high the green way.  
So get high the green way...yes!  
I knocked upon their door  
in hopes of bidding them their welcome  
when 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 a light between my eyes.  
He said, "WHAT ARE YA NEW?  
WHY ARE YOU HERE? WHAT'S THE CATCH?  
WHY NOT EXPLAIN IN CLEAR? WHY YOU'RE PEAKIN' AROUND?!"  
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.....one...  
one away from the good one.