

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.