

Incubus

"Trouble In 421"

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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 lights 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!

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, go

Oh

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

Jump
Jump
Let's go, come on

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, hey

4 2 1

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