

## Lagwagon "Stokin' The Neighbors"

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Friday night's the perfect night to mow some  
neighbor's lawn,  
And Dave is drunk and at the helm before too long.  
And Chris will gladly ride shotgun, 'cause navigating  
seems like fun,  
Drunk and out of gas, they drive around and crash.  
They're driving through your yard, there's nothing you  
can do,  
Dave's behind the wheel, and he's had more than just a  
few.  
Suburban families slumber in civility,  
Awakened to the sights and sounds of the yard they're  
blowing down in  
their  
death machine.  
Drive, drive, drive, drive, drive, drive...  
Dave's a midnight landscaper, and he's working  
overtime,  
And he is full throttle--full throttle tonight. (Alright!)  
He was almost home, just one more block, he had to hit  
that last  
mailbox,  
Dumped it in a ditch, ain't that a bitch? (Stoking the  
neighbors!)

Came time to run, came time to bail,  
He was having too much fun to spend the night in jail.  
He had no "Triple A" for a tow truck,  
Called them anyway: Goleta, hear them say, "Hey pal,  
you're fucked!"  
Dave's a decent guy, like most of us, until he drinks,  
And then his liquid mind takes over how he thinks.  
And then all that matters is having fun, pulling off the  
next beer run,  
On one too many nights, the party's over.  
He's driving through your yard, there's nothing you can  
do,  
Dave's behind the wheel, and he's had more than one  
or two.  
Suburban families slumber in civility,  
Awakened to the aftermath: the neighbors have been  
stoked...

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