The Cup Rub

Let's Go Bowling

While pressing the issue at hand, a touch of steadiness upon demand would be too much a request
A galaxy of fret imposes on me
Yet still there's no one to whom this I've confessed
Now why am I nervous this time? When last night I said that I'd be fine
Thinking it par for the course my friend said, "Listen now I've somewhat figured out that geniuses consider the source."
Hold my brand shaky hand, don't flub
Not so calm for my palm, the cup rub
Library book with a spine
At this point it amounts to more than mine
And the index reveals the next page
But my precious answer does not show itself because another fool's already ripped out the stage
Hold my brand shaky hand, don't flub
Not so calm for my palm, the cup rub
Don't you dare flub
So what's the point of it all?
I thought conflicting things before were small
But back when the merriment was all a mirage
The grip I did posess firmed up the happiness
Yes, the grip I did posess exhibited a mess before this here one I'm in now came along
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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