

# 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 possess firmed up the happiness  
Yes, the grip I did possess 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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