

# 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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