

NiRo UW-So,-What-Else

My mind plays no part in the show, until I thought I'm sorting in. Got all the way, heading the state, all the way relaxed and signing in. Rolling out of bed, I crank up the machine, brewing the unimportant wake-up medicine.

With a soothing hum, nose and body blown, filling a cup that makes you taste what's won a gold. Now reaching out, as I'm about, to sip this fluid dream. I clearly wake up, must have been stuck, in a dreamy kind of scene.

Grab myself from bed, and crank up the machine, try to brew the all-important wake-up medicine. Then a clunking noise, in the air like a pluck, pulsing no more than just a drop. So what if, tell me what if, so what if, tell me what if.

Tea, one little tea. Tea, one little tea. What if to brew, as freshers do, and once it's ninety-five degrees.

Pour in a cup, that's been warmed up, over my favorite blend of teas. To nearly ten and a half, but no more than three. That's what it takes, for the perfect cup of tea.

Sparkle-colored body, in that special scene. Mix the portion up, and make my heart just wanna sing. So that's what else.