

The probability of perfection is an impossible thing,

Done everyday properly or there's a death with a sting;

A nice piece of property would give the proverbs a sing,

Because there's no sin in the possibility of winning with a ring.

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The probability of everything leaves nothing to be left out,

With the probability of nothing, the wrong thing to doubt;

The right thing is writing with the probability of being right,

When you're left to the skirting and the probability desired delight.

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So the probability of it all happening is wrong and it's right,

As I write what is left of the probability into the night;

If the possibility is the probability it all was worth the plight,

As the probability of the line is seen bright in the light.

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Now if there's no probability of it happening it's the end to it all,

And we know there is no probability of nothing on the ball;

For the probability of making one tall makes one feel quiet small,

Is when the probability of the right is at the end of the call.

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Well every probability has a beginning to finish at the end,

When the probability is in the mending for a call to a friend;

For there's no law against probability on account of it all,

As the probability is in waiting to answer their call.

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Now if it's a mathematical equation there's probability sure,

And the questions all get asked but the answers are worth more;

So the probability of time and money balance out it all,

For the world has the probability of the earth turning just to a wall.

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Signed,

My Bookcase.