

## Sorry, Let's Bowl! "Phobia"

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She sold her soul today, for money and good luck  
I never thought he would get stuck  
She showed up at his door with nothing clean to wear  
This is what we call a backlash mid-air

Sir, we just collided  
Our pilots were misguided  
She was great but turned up late  
Then she was left in hiding

There's nothing left to do and there's no one left to  
blame  
She gave in for five minutes of fame  
So let me push the door, let's run away and care  
If you're too ragged I'll pay your cab fare

Sir, we just collided  
Our pilots were misguided  
She was great but turned up late  
Then she was left in hiding

As long as I can see the light there's something left,  
there's something left  
As long as I can see the light there's something left,  
there's something left

Sir, we just collided  
Our pilots were misguided  
She was great but turned up late  
Then she was left in hiding

It was enough to bind him  
A vengeance with god's guiding  
For our kin with perfect skin  
With all their chances sliding

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