

Carrie Newcomer "Bowling Baby"

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Workin' Friday night down at the Alley
We're open late twelve lanes, no wait, you tally
She walked right in, said with a grin
"I'll take lane 11, and shoe size 10," "let's set
um' up and we'll roll 'em
again,
uh huh."

She's a fine fine fine bowling baby
She's my my my bowling alley queen
She don't seem to see or even notice me
But she's all the woman a boy like me could need

She's got a pink bowling ball and oh man can she
throw it
It makes my knees get weak just see the way that she
hold it
When she follows through with that killer hook
She strides on back and don't even look
That's bowling cool and she wrote the book
Uh huh

She drinks diet Coke and she don't ever tease her
hair
I like those black stretch pants and v-neck sweaters she
always wears
And she never jumps or shouts or screams
She has an almost perfect swing
Her roll is hard and usually mean
Uh huh

Last night I wore my new blue jeans combed back my
hair with water
Trying hard to look cool and cas' just leanin' on the
counter

Both hands in my pockets I watched her take off her
bowling gloves
I don't know what this is, but I think it must be love
Maybe some day she'll turn around, smile and put her
ball bag down
And say "Hey, buddy let's bowl a round. . .uh huh"

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