

Stephen Jerzak

"Bowling Song"

Visit "[Bowling Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You watch me on your TV.
Say that my job is easy.
Say I am not athletic.
You think my sport's pathetic.

But you can't judge me 'till you've
Walked a mile in my bowling shoes.

So I don't get all the ladies.
Got a mullet from the 80's
I am known throughout the valleys
As the prophet of alleys.

And as I roll the ball I cry, "Let me bowl or let me die!"
I'm almighty Malachi, the bowling god.
The smell of rosin gets my high.
Kiss those fuckin' pins goodbye!
I'm almighty Malachi, the bowling... bowling... god.

Got a ball that's smooth and all black.
I keep it in my favorite ball-sac.
I get a feeling in my soul.
As I finger every hole.

And as I roll the ball I cry, "Let me bowl or let me die!"
I'm almighty Malachi, the bowling god.
The smell of rosin gets my high.
Kiss those mother fuckin' pins goodbye!
I'm almighty Malachi, the bowling... bowling...

Not a single man will try, to beat almighty Malachi.
All who challenge me are slain.
Come on, fuckers pick a lane.
Marshall Home and Gary Dickens, get in line for your
ass kickins'.
John Patracky and Norton Duke, your so lame it makes
me puke.
Who amongst the pro-bowl sector.
Dares to don his wrist protector.
Not that pussy Nelson Burton, tells me that his wrist is
hurtin'.

Hey Mark Walfey, Earl the Pearl, are ya' scared to give
the ball a hurl?
How bout' Dickey Webber and his son Pete? I'll turn the
motha fuckas to cream of wheat!

And as I roll the ball I cry, "Let me bowl or let me die!"
I'm almighty Malachi, the bowling god.
The smell of rosin gets my high.
Kiss those fuckin' pins goodbye!
I'm almighty Malachi, the bowling... bowling god
Yeah, the bowling god

Visit [Stephen Jerzak](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.