

Stephen Lynch "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 walked a mile in my
bowling shoes.

So I don't get all the ladies.
And my clothes are 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 am mighty Malakai, the bowling god.
The smell of rising gets my high.
Kiss those f---in' pins goodbye!
I am mighty Malakai, the bowling... the bowling... god.

Got a ball that's smooth and all black.
I keep it in my lucky 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 am mighty Malakai, the bowling god.
The smell of rising gets my high.
Kiss those f---in' pins goodbye!
I am mighty Malakai, the bowling... the bowling...

Not a single men will try, to beat almighty Malakai.
All that challenge me are slain.
Come on, f---ers 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.
Oh I'm on the pro-bowl sector.
There's 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' Nickey 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 am mighty Malakai, the bowling god.
The smell of rising gets my high.
Kiss those f---in' pins goodbye!
I am mighty Malakai, the bowling... bowlin... ohhhhh!
The bowling god!!

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

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