

Bowling Song (Almighty Malachi, Professional Bowling God)

Stephen Lynch

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
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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 Malakai, the bowling god.
The smell of rosin gets my high.
Kiss those fuckin' pins goodbye!
I'm almighty Malakai, the bowling... the 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 Malakai, the bowling god.
The smell of rosin gets my high.
Kiss those motherfuckin' pins goodbye!
I'm almighty Malakai, the bowling... the bowling...

Not a single men will try, to beat almighty Malakai.
All that 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, you're 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 hu
rl?
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 Malakai, the bowling god.
The smell of rosin gets my high.
Kiss those fuckin' pins goodbye!
I'm almighty Malakai, the bowling... bowlin... ohhhhh!
The bowling god!