

## Bowls

The 88

Don't believe anybody else  
Fantasy falling for yourself I, I

Don't believe anything you like  
Got to keep pulling at your life I, I

I feel like I'm 18  
With the bowls on the scene  
And the big poster wet dream  
Waiting for my by the way  
Praying for a runaway

I had songs in my throat  
I had the t.v. remote  
And when a box would come  
I could always ask for some  
Lazy eyes would just slip out from their lids

Please don't tear off my head  
The things that I said  
Only make me see god

And if I keep calling from the back  
Turn to see anybody crack I, I

I got my knees stuck up in my head  
Then you know all the things I said I, I