

Mr. Bowling

Ann Beretta

Surrender your feelings for nothing less, Than a pat on the back, Our mixed up plan is to meet you, Smiles like that can attack. This is the only way, The only way for me to stay real, This is the only way, The only way for me to feel. His wife lays screaming, Laying dead on the floor, The romance is never demising, Yet she's screaming for more. This is the only way, The only way for me to stay real, This is the only way, The only way for me to feel. This is the only way, The only way for me to stay real, This is the only way, The only way for me to feel. This is the only way, The only way for me to stay real, This is the only way, The only way for me to feel. This is the only way, The only way for me to stay real, This is the only way, The only way for me to feel.

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