

# Bowling Song (almighty malachi, professional bowli

[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 'til 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'm 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 sack.  
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 motherfuckin' 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; 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 hurl?  
How bout' Dickey Webber and his son Pete;  
I'll turn the motherfuckas 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...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>