

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