

# Final Fantasy, He Poos Clouds

Lazy, you lazy poet, your words are reckless, and I can't feel it  
But hey, hey, all the boys I have ever loved have been digital  
I've been a guest, on a screen, or in a book!  
I move 'em with my thumbs, I move them with my thumbs  
I write his name in nothing, he whispers to the author  
That I will be the only one

Escape! Escape! This time, for real!  
We fool around in the service lane  
He's the only friend I have who doesn't do cocaine  
And all the boys I have ever loved have been confidential  
Had a broken home, or a seedy past  
So I know it's gonna last  
And move him with your thumbs, I move him with my thumbs  
He needs, he needs my guidance, he needs, he needs my time  
Though I am not the only one

He swam! To the edge of the wall of the world!  
Followed my voice, and he cried  
Master! The answer is maybe... Maybe not... Maybe not...  
Maybe not! I have goals!  
Gotta fulfill the seven prophecies!  
Gotta be a friend to grandmother!  
Gotta rescue Michael from the White Witch!  
Gotta find and kill my shadow self  
Gotta dig up every secret seashell  
You may have been made for love...  
But I'm just made.