

# Final Fantasy, The Miner Becomes Forgetful

What of a war? There was a war?  
Didn't it threaten to bewetten us in our beds?  
Brother, if it did--and it did--we should pat our backs for selling all our papers

And paperless, we killed the storm by standing underneath an eavestrough  
My heart is full, my heart is still  
And it would take more than a foggy mind to drown it.

Ummmm, errrr....

Oh memory, all ears and eyes  
Preserving, pruning, preening every leaf of every lie  
It's not your fault, it's not my fault, if every fault should find its way into our suppers

Ummmmm, errrr.... luminum, aluminum, aluminimum, luminumaluminimum!

Then there's your face! It's brown and bold!  
See? How a miner can forget about his veins of gold?  
And how the ground smiles so hungrily at our bones?