I glazed into the starry night

For the stars them self’s reminded me of her eyes

She was dark

She was dreamy

She was a Krath

With a body so fine

Like a bottle of Corellian wine

I would pour a glass

And think what a fine ass

She was a Krath with class

On the battlefield she was the man

It was long and powerful

Dangerous to the touch

But no matter what

I would get a piece of that lightsaber

Her name is Selika Roh

And tonight I am going to get some more.