

From the moment we met, to the tips of my lekku
From the bottom of my bottom and that of my heart
You've always been kindly, and witty and smart
Each day I wake up, longing to see you

Never despair, we'll always pull through
Even though distant, and quadrants apart
A course to your side I will somehow chart
My nearest and dearest, smol and blu

And no matter the labor
With the strength of a Wookiee
I will find you yet

With gleaming Lightsaber
Or the shake of my bootie
So you can caress my lek