

Owen Pallett

"He Poos Clouds"

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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.

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