

The Perfect One

Jethro Tull

He smiles, beguiles, and occupies
A perfect placid sacred space
Enthrals all those who gaze, admire
And, fascinated, beg his grace

Bold but blessed with calm resists
Well armoured, turns aside all harm
Directed at his sweet perfection
Bathed in gentle lights to charm

All but one who, seizing
Opportunity, devises dark
And cunning deed to snuff the candle
Put an end to vital spark

Ken and Joe, Joe and Andy
Frank and George, and Joe and Trav
Fatal friends, fatal attraction
To a rough Adonis, have

A dark, sad commonality
All hero worship, bit of rough
Frail bond to stretch to breaking point
A point distilled from stronger stuff