

# 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