

Trickster (And the Mistletoe)

Jethro Tull

What is this spear of mistletoe
That flies like dart from brother's hand?
Seemed innocent, a prank misfired
The great shapeshifter, fire-brand

Two-faced fool, the jester bold
Grasps at opportunities
To turn his coat, self-satisfy
And go wherever he might please

Little giant, skin so thick
Can hold the fate of all his kin
With treachery, duplicity
Behind the wide, engaging grin

The class clown sits in back of class
Throws paper darts, blot paper balls
To bounce off heads of swots like me
Provoke a fight when lunch break calls

His tiresome japes, the prods and pokes
The never-lasting friendships made
Bring only our feigned approval
Soon resigned to trusts betrayed