Perfectionist

Saga

Ellery Sneed had one great need
To do everything just right,
If things were not planned and all done by hand
He would ready himself for a fight
One afternoon while sitting alone
He came to a great realization
When it's his turn to die
Will there be enough time for plenty of planned preparation
With a few minutes thought his decision was clear
A fate most perfectly neat
Not a friend could remain to witness his death
So a terminal wine he would treat.
The plan was to hold a very large feast
Serving the wine at the end
Joining the fun would be everyone
He'd been calling his friend
Invitations went out, all guests did arrive,
The meal looked a great success,
Deciding the time he brought out the wine,
Up stood a familiar guest.
Here's a toast to our gracious host
Said Ell's friend Billingford Bluffer
Never in my life will I taste but a bite
Of a more perfectly planned out supper.

Songwriters
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