

# Saga, The Perfectionist

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.