

# Macabre, Jack The Ripper

Dear boss, I keep on hearing  
that the police have caught me  
but they won't fix me just yet  
I have laughed  
when they looked so clever  
and talk about being  
on the right track  
That joke about leather apron  
gave me real fits  
I am down on whores  
and I shan't quit ripping them  
till I do get buckled  
grand work the last job was  
I have the lady no time to squeal  
And I want to start again  
you will soon learn of me  
with my funny little games  
I saved some of the proper red stuff  
in a ginger beer bottle over the last job  
To write with but it went thick  
like glue  
and I can't use it  
Red ink is fit enough I hope  
ha ha  
the next job I do  
I shall clip the ladies ears off  
and send them to police officers  
just for jolly  
Wouldn't you?  
Keep this letter back  
till I do a bit more work  
then give it out straight  
my knives so nice and sharp  
I want to get back to work right away  
if I get a chance  
Good luck!  
Yours truly,  
Jack the Ripper  
Don't mind me given the trade name