

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