

Jack the Ripper

Macabre

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