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

Macabre