

# Unsolved Mysteries

## Graham Preskett

"Oh, look at me," that sweet boy's plea  
His mother cried, "My child's tied his laces"  
Why must we move on from such happy lawns  
Into nostalgia's palm and feed on the traces  
Do you hop to the dance or embarrass the parents?  
Who should I please? I'll go to sleep worrying  
That blood in the dark will attract the sharks  
Who are not violent, we've all got hungry bellies  
But where are the still unborns  
Who could look at me with the one eye  
Who could look at me with no eyes?  
So you look at me with me in their eyes  
And oh, what's pain?  
And oh, what's sadness anyway?  
It's not crying like a child  
And oh, what's graying?

And oh, what's ageing anyway?  
It's not growing in the wild  
But I feel like I've just been born  
When you look at me with your green eyes  
When you look at me with your black eyes  
When you look at me with your dead eyes  
And I can't understand when holding her hand  
So womanly, I have to go kiss her  
And what a surprise to look in those eyes  
To find suddenly, he is Jack the Ripper  
Too suddenly, he was Jack the Ripper  
There he goes...  
Stop crying like a child  
She stopped crying like a child  
Jack the Ripper  
Jack the Ripper  
Jack the Ripper

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>