Unsolved Mysteries

Theme

"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

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