

Unsolved Mysteries

DJ Mystik

"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