

# Unsolved Mysteries

## Crime Boss

"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