

Fair Warning

"Part V"

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John Lee, your headache's growing, the cold wind's
blowing
But the sea's without a ripple
John Lee, your forehead's damp, your muscles cramp
And the sea can't use a cripple
(Chorus)
John Lee, you're turning around your plate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee, you're turning around your plate again
Oh, John Lee
John Lee's been made a freeman, his heart's a seaman
But his flesh won't make a sailor
Working in a big hotel, waiting for the bell
That's ringing for his labour
(Chorus)
John Lee, your chances are good, you better touch
wood
We think things must get better
John Lee, you've a friend so true, she wants to help you
Miss Keyes has sent a letter
(Chorus)
"Dear John, come and work the Glen, just write me
when
And I'll send someone to meet you"
John's gone to where he started from, he's not worked
long, just beginning to belong
"It hasn't been a very good day, the missus wants to
halve my pay
Close the door and douse the light, it's quiet at night
when she's tucked in tight
Sometimes I feel, when they're all in bed, it's almost
like the whole world's dead
So I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee Lord my soul to
keep"
(Chorus)
(Chorus)
"The customary quiet of Babbacombe, a residential
suburb of
Torquay, was greatly disturbed early on Saturday
morning
an

D the peaceful inhabitants roused to a state of intense alarm and terror by one of the most frightful tragedies that human devilment could plan or human fiend could perpe-
trate. The name of the victim was Miss Emma Anne Whitehead
Keyes, an elderly lady of some sixty-eight years. The name of her home, the scene of her tragedy, was 'The Glen'. She was found early in the morning, lying on her dining room floor. Her throat had been horribly cut and there were three wounds on her head. It was evident that her murderer had also attempted to burn the corpse."

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