

## **The Shanklin Freak Show "The Curse Of Albert Cragg"**

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In the winter of 1869,  
There was a freak stalking the streets, he was a friend  
of mine,  
In a long trench coat and a black top hat,  
He'd creep in the fog and then he'd attack,  
With a slice, chop, stab, stab skewer,  
They never saw his face, it was always obscured,

He lurked in the shadows in the dead of night,  
His knife danced in the eyes of pure fright,  
They caught him in the end and hanged him by the  
throat,  
Left him swinging and then they cut the rope,

His name was Albert Cragg.

Swinging from the gallows, they watched him die,  
Then they cut him down and spat on his grave.  
Swinging, swinging,  
Swinging from the gallows,  
He cursed the world,  
He cursed us all...

And thus was born the curse of Albert Cragg,  
Never mention his name or you'll get stabbed,  
You can still hear his footsteps in the dead of night,  
He'll cut you up and laugh with delight,

Swinging from the gallows, they watched him die,  
Then they cut him down and spat on his grave.  
Swinging, swinging,  
Swinging from the gallows,  
He cursed the world,  
He cursed us all...

I'm Albert Cragg and I'm back from the dead,  
You better watch out bitch, I'll cut off your head!  
I'm Albert Cragg, I'm gonna make this world pay,  
I'm coming for you, there's no running away...

With his final dying breath, he put a curse upon the  
world,

Before he was dead, this is what he said;  
"My name is Albert Cragg, you can't kill me, I'll fucking  
kill you!  
Anyone who forgets my name will get their neck slit, I  
can guarantee pain!"

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