

## Mack the Knife

Peter Andre

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth dear  
And he shows 'em, pearly white  
Just a jack knife has MacHeath dear  
And he keeps it way out of sight

When that shark bites with his teeth, dear  
Scarlet billows begin to spread  
Fancy white gloves has MacHeath dear  
So there's never, never a trace of red

On the sidewalk, one Sunday morning  
Lies a body, oozin' life  
Someone's sneaking 'round the corner  
Could that someone perhaps perchance be Mack The Knife?

From a tugboat, on the river going slow  
A cement bag is dropping down  
You know that cement is for the weight dear  
You can make a large bet That bum's in town

My man Louis Miller, he split the scene babe  
After drawing out all the bread from his stash  
Now MacHeath spends like a sailor  
Do you suppose this guy he did something rash

Old Satchmo, Louis Armstrong, Bobby Darin  
They did this song nice, Lady Ella too  
They all sang it, with so much feeling  
That Old Blue Eyes, he ain't gonna add anything new

But with this big fat band, jumping behind me  
Swinging hard Jack. I know I can't lose  
When I tell you, all about Mack the knife babe  
It's an offer, you can never refuse

We got Patrick Williams, Bill Miller playing that piano  
And this wonderful big big band, bringing up the rear  
All the fat cats, in this band now  
They make the greatest sounds, you're ever gonna hear

Oh Sookie Tawdry, Jenny Diver, Polly Peachum, Miss Lu-lu Brown

Hey the line forms, on the right dear  
Now that MacHeath's back in town  
You'd better lock your doors, and call the law  
Because MacHeath's back in town