

# Mack The Knife

Sailor

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 gloves though 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 be Mack the Knife

From a tugboat, on the river going slow  
A cement bag is dropping on down  
You know that cement is for the weight dear  
You can make a large bet Mackie's back 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 our boy, he's done something rash

Old Satchmo, Louis Armstrong, Bobby Darrin  
Did this song nice, Lady Ella too  
They all sang it, with so much feeling  
That Old Blue Eyes, he ain't gonna add nothing new

But with his big band, jumping behind me  
Swinging hard, Jack, I now 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 great big band, bringing up the rear  
All the band cats, in this band now  
They make the greatest sounds, you're never gonna hear

Oh Sookie Taudry, Jenny Diver, Polly Peachum, Old Miss Lulu 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  
Oh, the poor shark,  
Yes, the sweet shark,  
It has big teeth  
Buried deep.

Then there's Macheath  
With his big knife,  
But it's hidden  
In his slip.

And this same shark,

This poor sweet shark,  
It sheds red blood  
When it bleeds.

Mackie Big Knife  
Wears a white glove,  
Pure in word and  
Pure in deed.

Sunday morning  
Lovely blue sky,  
There's a corpse stretched  
On the Strand.

Who's the man cruisin'  
The corner?  
Well, it's Mackie,  
Knife in hand.

Jenny Towler  
Poor wee Jenny,  
There they found her  
Knife in breast.

Mackie's wandering  
On the West Pier  
Hoping only  
For the best.

Mind that fire burnt  
All through Soho.  
Seven kids dead  
One old flower.

Hey there Mackie,  
How is she cuttin'?  
Have another  
Hold your hour.

And those sweet babes  
Under sixteen  
Story goes that  
Black and blue

For the price of  
One good screwing  
Mackie, Mackie  
How could you?

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How could you?