

Mack The Knife

(Lyrics: Bertold Brecht, English Lyrics: Marc Blitzstein)

I.

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

II.

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

III.

On the sidewalk, one Sunday morning
Lies a body, oozin' life
Someone's sneaking 'round the corner
Could that someone be Mack the knife

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

But with this 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

VIII.

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 ever gonna hear

Oh Sookie Taudry, Jenny Diver, Polly Peachum, old miss
Lulu Brown

IX.

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