

Mack the Knife

[Ella Fitzgerald](#)

Oh the shark has pearly teeth, dear
And he shows them, pearly white
Just a jack knife has Macheath, dear
And he keeps it out of sight
Oh the shark bites with his teeth, dear
Scarlet billows start to spread
Fancy gloves though, wears Macheath dear
So there's not, not a trace of red
On a Sunday, Sunday morning lies a body, oozin' life
Someone's sneaking 'round the corner
Tell me could it be, could it be, could it be
Mack the Knife?
Oh what's the next chorus, to this song, now
This is the one, now I don't know
But it was a swinging tune and it's a hit tune
So we tried to do Mack the Knife
Ah, Louis Miller, oh, something about cash
Yeah, Miller, he was spending that trash
And Macheath dear, he spends like a sailor
Tell me, tell me, tell me could that boy do, something rash?
Oh Bobby Darin and Louis Armstrong
They made a record, oh but they did
And now Ella, Ella, and her fellas
We're making a wreck, what a wreck of Mack the Knife
Oh Snookie Taudry, bah bah bah nop do bo de do
Bah bah bah nop do bo de do
Just a jack knife has Macheath, dear
And do bo bo bah bah bah nop do bo de do
So, you've heard it, yes, we've swung it
And we tried to, yes, we sung it
You won't recognize it, it's a surprise hit
This tune, called Mack the Knife
And so we leave you, in Berlin town
Yes, we've swung old Mack, we've swung old Mack in town
For the Darin fans and for the Louis Armstrong fans, too
We told you look out, look out, look out old Macheath's back in town

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