

# Mack the Knife (A.K.A. Moritat)

## 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

---

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>