

Mack the Knife

Oscar Peterson

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth, dear
And it shows them pearly white
Just a jackknife has MacHeath, babe
And it keeps it way out of sight
When that shark bites with his teeth, dear
Scarlet billows begin to spread
Fancy gloves, wears old MacHeath, babe
So there's never, never a trace of red
On the sidewalk, one Sunday mornin
Lies a body oozin' life
Someone's sneakin' round that corner
Could that someone be Mack the Knife?
Oh there's a tugboat down, down by the river dontcha know
Where a cement bag's just a'drooppin' on down
That cement's there, it's there for the weight, dear
Five'll get ya ten old Macky's back in town
Now d'ja hear 'bout Louie Miller? He disappeared, babe
After drawin' out all his hard-earned cash
Now MacHeath spends, he spends like a sailor
Could that boy have done somethin' rash?
Ahhhh Jenny Diver, ho, Sukey Tawdry
Ooh, Miss Lotte Lenya and old Lucy Brown
Oh, the line forms on the right, babe
Now that Macky's back in town

Songwriters

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