

# Mack the Knife (feat. The Paul Smith Quartet)

[Ella Fitzgerald](#)

Oh, the shark, babe, has such teeth, dear  
And it shows them pearly white  
Just a jackknife has old MacHeath, babe  
And he keeps it, ah, out of sight  
Ya know when that shark bites with his teeth, babe  
Scarlet billows start to spread  
Fancy gloves, oh, wears old MacHeath, babe  
So there's never, never a trace of redNow on the sidewalk, huh, huh, whoo sunny morning, un huh  
Lies a body just oozin' life, eek  
And someone's sneakin' 'round the corner  
Could that someone be Mack the KnifeThere's a tugboat, huh, huh, down by the river dontcha know  
Where a cement bag's just a'drooppin' on down  
Oh, that cement is just, 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  
And now MacHeath spends just like a sailor  
Could it be our boy's done somethin' rashNow Jenny Diver, ho, ho, yeah, 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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