

# Mack The Knife

## Frank Sinatra

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth, dear  
And he shows 'em, pearly white  
Just a jack knife has Macheath, dear  
And he keeps it, keeps it way out of sight  
When that shark bites with his teeth, dear  
Scarlet billows, they begin to spread  
Fancy white gloves though has Macheath, dear  
So there's rarely, never one trace of red  
On the sidewalk, one Sunday mornin'  
Lies a body oozin' life  
Someone's sneaking 'round the corner  
Could that someone, perhaps, perchance, be Mack The Knife?  
From a tugboat on the river goin' slow  
A cement bag, it is dropping down  
Yeah, the cement is just for the weight, dear  
You can make a large bet Macheath is back in town  
My man Louie Miller, he split the scene, babe  
After drawin' out all the bread from his stash  
Now Macheath spends just like a pimp, babe  
Do you suppose that our boy, he did something rash?  
Ah, old Satchmo, Louis Armstrong, Bobby Darin  
They 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  
But with Quincy's big band right behind me  
Swinging hard, Jack, I know I can't lose  
When I tell you all about Mack The Knife, babe  
It's an offer you can never refuse  
We got George Benson, we got Newman and Foster  
We got the Brecker Brothers and Hampton's bringing up the rear  
All these bad cats and more are in the band now  
They make the greatest sounds you ever gonna hear  
Hey Sookie Taudry, Jenny Diver, Polly Peachum, Old Miss  
Lulu Brown  
Oh, the line forms on the right dear  
Now that Macheath, I mean that man Macheath  
Yeah, he's bad, mercy, mercy  
Yeah, he's badder than old Leroy Brown  
You better lock your door and call the law  
Because Macheath's, that bum  
He's back in town

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