Oh, the shark has pretty teeth, dear
And he shows 'em, pearly white
Just a jack knife has Macheath, dear
And he keeps it, out of sight

When that shark bites with his teeth, dear
Scarlet billows, they start to spread
Fancy gloves though has Macheath, dear
So there's never a trace of red

On the sidewalk, one Sunday mornin' 
Lies a body oozin' life
Someone's sneaking 'round the corner
Could that someone, 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

Louie Miller, he split the scene, babe
After drawin' out all the bread from his stash
Now Macheath spends just like a sailor,
Do you suppose that our boy, he did something rash?

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

Ah, old Satchmo, Louis Armstrong, Bobby Darrin
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 this 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

Questions? Worries?
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Mack the Knife
K. Weill - Concert Key "Bb-major"

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