

Mack the Knife

Bing Crosby

Uh-huh, Uh-huh
Lay way back you cats, Dig in
Live a while, yes, Mr Mack is movin' in

Though the shark has, pretty teeth, dear
And he shows 'em pearly whites
Just a jackknife has MacHeath, dear
And he keeps it, well out of sight

When the shark bites, with his teeth, dear
Scarlet billows start to spread
Fancy gloves, though, wears MacHeath, dear
So there's not a trace of red

On the sidewalk, Sunday mornin'
Lies a body oo-oozin' life
Someones sneakin' 'round the cor-or-orner
Is that someone Mack the Knife?

From a tugboat, by the river
A cement bags drooppin' down
The cement, that's just for the weight, dear
I'll bet you Mackys back in tow-own

Mr Miller, disappeared, dear
After drawin' out all of his cash
Went tap city, and MacHeath spends like a sailor
Did our boy do, somethin' rash?

Sukey Tawdry, Jenny Diver
Polly Peacham, Miss Lucy Brown
Oh, the line forms on the right, dear
Now that Mackys back in town