

MACK THE KNIFE

Berthold Brecht/Kurt Weill

Oh, the shark has pretty teeth, dear
And he shows them, pearly white.
Just a jack-knife has MacHeath, dear
And he keeps it 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 morning,
Lies a body, oozing life;
Someone's sneaking around the corner
Is the someone, Mack the Knife?

From a tugboat, by the river
A cement bag's dropping down;
The cement's just for the weight, dear
Bet you Mackie's back in town

Louie Miller, disappeared, dear
After drawing out his cash;
And MacHeath spends like a sailor
Did our boy do somethin' rash?

Sukey Tawdry, Jenny Diver
Polly Peachum, Sweet Lucy Brown
Oh, the line forms on the right, dears
Now that Mackie's back in town