

## **Marianne Faithfull**

### **"Mack The Knife"**

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Oh, the poor shark  
Yes, the sweet shark  
It has big teeth  
Buried deep

Then there's Macheath  
With his big knife  
But it's hidden  
In his slip

And this same shark  
This poor sweet shark  
It sheds red blood  
When it bleeds

Mackie Big Knife  
Wears a white glove  
Pure in word and  
Pure in deed

Sunday morning  
Lovely blue sky  
There's a corpse stretched  
On the Strand

Who's the man cruisin'  
The corner?  
Well, it's Mackie  
Knife in hand

Jenny Towler  
Poor wee Jenny  
There they found her  
Knife in breast

Mackie's wandering  
On the West Pier  
Hoping only  
For the best

Mind, that fire burnt  
All through Soho

Seven kids dead  
One old flower

Hey there, Mackie  
How is she cuttin'?  
Have another  
Hold your hour

And those sweet babes  
Under sixteen  
Story goes that  
Black and blue

For the price of  
One good screwing  
Mackie, Mackie  
How could you?

For the price of  
One good screwing  
Mackie, Mackie  
How could you?

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