

Sting "Mack The Knife"

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

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

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

From a tugboat, on the river going slow
A cement bag is dropping on down
You know that cement is for the weight dear
You can make a large bet Mackie's back in town

My man Louis Miller, he split the scene babe
After drawing out all the bread from his stash
Now Macheath spends like a sailor
Do you suppose our boy, he's done something rash

Old Satchmo, Louis Armstrong, Bobby Darrin
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 his big band, jumping behind me
Swinging hard, Jack, I now I can't lose
When I tell you, all about Mack the Knife babe
It's an offer, you can never refuse

We got Patrick Williams, Bill Miller playing that piano
And this great big band, bringing up the rear
All the band cats, in this band now
They make the greatest sounds, you're never gonna hear

Oh Sookie Taudry, Jenny Diver, Polly Peachum, Old Miss

Lulu Brown

Hey the line forms, on the right dear
Now that Macheath's back in town
You'd better lock your doors, and call the law
Because Macheath's back in town
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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