

Wim Soutaer "Mack The Knife"

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Oh the shark, babe, has such teeth, dear,
And he shows them, pearly white,
Just a jackknife has old MacHeath, babe,
And he keeps it, out of sight,

Ya know when that shark bites with his teeth, dear,
Scarlet billows start to spread,
Fancy gloves, oh, its old MacHeath, babe,
So there's never, never a trace of red

On the sidewalk, oh, Sunday morning, dontcha know,
Lies a body just oozin' life,
And someone's sneakin' 'round the corner,
Could that be our boy, Mack the knife?

From a tug boat, down by the river, dontcha know,
There's a cement bag just dropping on down,
That cement's there, it's there for the weight, dear,
Five'll get ya ten old Mack, he's back in town

D'ja hear 'bout Louie Miller, he disappeared, baby,
After drawing out all, his hard-earned cash,
And now MacHeath spends, he spends just like a, like a
sailor,
Could it be, could it be, could it be, our boy's done
something rash?

Now Jenny Diver, oh Sukey Tawdry,
Look out Miss Lotte Lenya, and ole Lucy Brown,
Yeah, the line forms on the right, babe,
Now that Macky's back in town

I said Jenny Diver, woah, oh Sukey Tawdry,
Look out Miss Lotte Lenya, and ole Lucy Brown,
Yeah the line forms on the right, babe,
Now that Macky's, back in town...

Look out, old Macky is back, wow!

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