

Platters

"Mack the Knife"

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

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

On the sidewalk, Sunday morning
Lies a body oozin' life
Someones sneakin' 'round the corner
Is that someone, Mack the Knife?

From a tugboat, by the river
A cement bags drooppin' down
The cement's just, for the weight, dear
Bet you Mackys back in town

The cement's just, for the weight, dear
Bet you Mackys back in tow-ow-own

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