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Frank Foster "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, keeps it way out of sight

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

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

From a tugboat on the river goin' slow A cement bag, it is dropping down Yeah, the cement is just for the weight, dear You can make a large bet Macheath is back in town

My man Louie Miller, he split the scene, babe After drawin' out all the bread from his stash Now Macheath spends just like a pimp, babe Do you suppose that our boy, he did something rash?

Ah, old Satchmo, Louis Armstrong, Bobby Darrin They 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 Quincy's big band, right behind me Swinging hard, Jack, I know I can't lose When I tell you, all about Mack the Knife babe It's an offer, you can never refuse

We got George Benson, we got Newman & Foster We got the Brecker Brothers, and Hampton's bringing up the rear All these bad cats, and more, are in the band now They make the greatest sounds, you ever gonna hear Hey Sookie Taudry, Jenny Diver, Polly Peachum, Old Miss Lulu Brown Oh the line forms, on the right dear Now that Macheath, I mean that man Macheath Yeah he's bad, mercy mercy Yeah he's badder than old Leroy Brown You better lock your door, and call the law Because Macheath's, that bum, He's back in town

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