

Marianne Faithfull, Mack The Knife

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

Then there's mackheath
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?