

# Marianne Faithfull, Mack The Knife

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

Then there's mackeath  
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?