

Mack the Knife

Mark Lanegan

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

When that shark bites with his teeth, dear
Scarlet billows start to spread
Fancy gloves though wears MacHeath, dear
So there's not a trace of red

On the sidewalk, Sunday morning
Lies a body once alive
Someone's sneaking around the corner
Is that someone Mack the knife?

Some are children of the darkness
Some are children of the sun
You can see the sons of daylight
Sons of dark are seen by none

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