Verse 1:

shark has—pretty teeth, dear, and he

F.S.: Hey— that

Bert Brecht

Duet with Jimmy Buffet
Moderate swing \( \frac{3}{4} \)
Am7       D9               G6               B7 (§9)
show's 'em,  pearly white.  Just a

Em7       Bm    Bb7         Am7
jack-knife has Mac - heath, dear,  and he

D11       D7               G6               E7sus           Aml1       D11
keeps it way-outta sight.  J.B.: When that

Verse 2:
G6       Cmaj7        Bml1        E7         Am7       D11
shark bites... with his teeth, dear... scarlet
Verse 3:

Am7 Bm7

white gloves... has Mac heath, dear...

Bbm7 Em7 Bbm7 Gm7 A7 Bbm7

walk one Sunday morning.

J. B.: lies a

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Am7 D11 G6

billows, they begin to spread.

Fan czy
Verse 4:

J. B.: From a tugboat on the river, goin' slow,

bod- y oozing life.

F.S.: Someone's sneakin' 'round that corner;

Both: could that some-
Verse 5:
B♭6

My man, Louie Miller,
J. B.: he split the scene.

cresc.
mf

Mack the Knife - 11 - 5
PP9005

E11
A6
F7

F.S.: you can make a large bet that bum’s in town.
J. B.: (spoken): Yeah, he’s in town!

C7♭9
Fm7
Adim7
Bm7

J. B.: You know—that cement—is for the weight, dear.
babe.
F.S.: after draw-in' out all the bread— from his stash.
J.B.: Now Mac heath spends— like a rash?
F.S.: Ol' Satch mo, Louie Arm-
sail or: do you suppose, this guy, he did some thing
with so much feeling, F.S.: that Ol' Blue Eyes, he ain't gonna add-

Verse 7:

_ an-thing new._
J.R.: Oh yes you do. But when this big fat

Mack the Knife - 11 - 7
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strong, Bob by Dar-in, they did this song nice:

F#11 (+J.B.) C#m7

Lady Ella too. They all sang it
band jump in behind me, swing-in' hard, Jack,
J. B. (spoken): That's Jimmy, Frank!

I know I can't lose. When I tell you

Both: all about Mack the Knife, babe,
F.S.: it's an offer

Both: you can never refuse.
J. B.: We've got Patrick
greatest sound you're ever gonna hear.

great big band bringin' up the rear. Both: All these

bad cats in this band, now. F.S.: they make the

Verse 8: Bill Miller playin' that piano, and this wonderful
Verse 9:

Oh, Su-key
Taw-dry.
J. B.: Oh, Su-key Taw-dry Jenny Div-er Jenny Div-

F.S.: now that Mack-ie,
J. B.: oh, Mack-ie yeah that bum is back, oh that

J. B.: Yeah the line forms on the right, dear-

Poli-ly Peach-um, Miss Lu-lu Brown...
I know her well, Miss Lu-lu Brown...