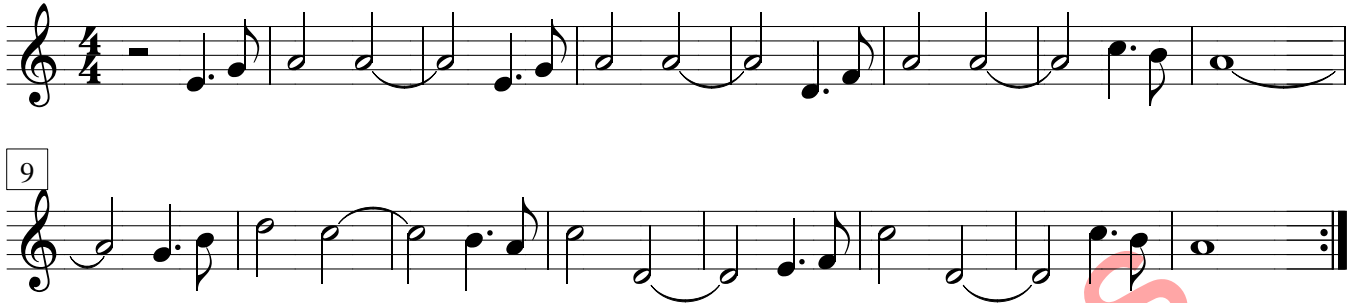


Mack el navaja

(Mack the knife)
Ópera de los tres peniques

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)



Oh, the shark has pretty teeth dear
and he shows 'em, pearly white
Just a jack knife has Macheath dear
And he keeps it way out of sight

When that shark bites with his teeth, dear
Scarlet billiws begin to spread
Faney gloves though has Macheath dear
So there`s never, never a trace of red

On the sidewalk, one Sunday morning
Lies a body, oozin` life
Someone`s sneaking `round the corner
Could that someone be Mack the Knife