

Sultans of Swing

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You get a shiver in the dark, It's raining in the park but meantime.

South of the river you stop and you hold everything.

A band is blowing Dixie double four time.

You feel alright when you hear that music ring.

Well now you step inside, but you don't see too many faces.

Coming in out of the rain you hear the jazz go down.

Competition with other places,

But the honks, they're blowing that sound.

Way on down south... Way on down south London Town.

Check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords,

But he's strictly rhythm. He doesn't want to make it cry or sing.

They say an old guitar is all he can afford.

When he gets up under the lights to play his thing.

And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene.

He's got a daytime job. He's doin' alright.

He can play the honky tonk like anything.

Saving it up for Friday night, With the Sultans...With the Sultans of Swing.

And a crowd of young boys they're fooling around in the corner.

Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and a glass cage rose.

They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band.

It ain't what they call rock and roll. And the Sultans...The Sultans play creole,

Solo

And then the man steps right up to the microphone.

And says "At last," just as the time bell rings.

"Good night. Now it's time to go home."

Then he makes it fast, "Just one more thing. We are the Sultans... We are the Sultans of Swing."