

SULTANS OF SWING DM

Dm C Bb A A7 -- Dm C Bb A A -- F C Bb Dm - Dm Bb - C - C

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 blowin' Dixie double four time

You feel alright when you hear that music ring

And now you step inside but you don't see too many faces

Comin' in out of the rain you hear the jazz go down

Competition in other places

Oh but the horns they blowin' that sound

Way on down south, way on down south London town

You check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords

Mind he's strictly rhythm he doesn't wanna make it cry or sing

Yes 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

Savin' 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 their

platform soles

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

It ain't what they call rock and roll

And the Sultans... yeah the Sultans play Creole

And then the man he steps right up to the microphone

And says at last just as the time bell rings

'Goodnight, now it's time to go home'

And he makes it fast with one more thing

'We are the Sultans... We are the Sultans of Swing'