

Sultans Of Swing

(Dire Straits)

You get a shiver in the dark
It's a rainin' 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
Comin' in out of rain to hear the jazz go down
Competition in other places
Uh, but the horns, they're blowin' that sound
Way on down south, way on down south London town

You check out Guitar George he knows all the chords
But it's strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make it cry or sing
Just 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 doing alright
He can play the honky tonk like anything
Savin' it up for Friday night
With the Sultans, with the Sultans of Swing

Then a crowd of young boys, they're foolin' 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 playin' band
It ain't what they call rock and roll
And the Sultans, yeah, the Sultans, play Creole, Creole

Solo

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

Verse:

: Dm	C	Bb	A	A	:
F	F		C	C	
Bb	Bb		Dm	Bb	
C	C	(2.x Bb)	: C	C	

Chorus:

: Dm	C	Bb	C	C	:
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