

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 all right 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 to hear the jazz go
down
Competition in other places
But the horns, they blowing that sound
Way on down south
Way on down south in London town

Check out Guitar George, he knows all the
chords
But it's strictly rhythm he doesn't want to
make it cry or sing
Yes then 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
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 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 played Creole, Creole

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"