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Am / G-G / 4x
[Verse]
            Am
 You get a shiver in the dark
                       F
 it's raining in the park but meantime
                          G
 south of the river you stop and you hold everything
 a band is blowing Dixie double four time
                                            Αm
                                                  F-G
 you feel alright when you hear that music ring
                Am
  (Now) you step inside but you don't see too many faces
                                                 F
 coming in out of the rain to (you) hear the jazz go down
 too much competition too many other places
 but not too many horns can make that sound
  (But not too many horns are blowing that sound)
[Chorus]
                   F-G
                                            F-G
    way on downsouth
                                  way on downsouth
                         Am-G-F-G
                                        Am-G-F-G
         Αm
    London town
[Verse]
                            G
               Am
 you check out Guitar George he knows all the chords
 Am
                                                     G
                                                          F
 mind he's (his) strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make it cry or
 sing
 and an old guitar is all he can afford
                                                  Am
                                                       F-G
 when he gets up under the lights to play his thing
    (and) harry doesnb't mind if he doesn't make the scene
                 G
                          F
 Am
   he('s) got a daytime job he's doing al(1) right
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Sultans of swing (single snare beat)

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Sultans of swing (single snare beat)
   he can play honky tone just like anything
 (He can play the honky tonk like anything)
                         Am
   saving it up for friday night
[Chorus]
                    F-G
                                            Am
                                                   Am-G-F-G (2X)
 with the sultans
                     with the sultans of swing
[Verse]
                                     G
         Am
                                                  F
 and a crowd of young boys they're fooling around in the corner
                                       G
                                                                    E
 drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform soles
 they don't give a damn about ('bout) any trumpet playing band
                                         F-G
                                 Am
 it ain't what they call rock and roll
[Chorus]
                F-G
                                                 Αm
                                                        Am-G-F-G
 and the sultans
                       and the sultans played creole
 (Yeah the Sultans they played Creole) Am-G-F-G
[Lead 1] (chords: Follow 1 full verse)
 Αm
                                 F
 and then the man he steps right up to the microphone
 and says at last just as the time bell rings
 thank you goodnight now it's time to go home
                            Am
 and he makes it fast with one more thing
[Chorus]
                    F-G
                                                        Am-G-F-G
                                                 Am
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we are the sultans of swing

we are the sultans