

# **Sultans Of Swing**

**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  
You step inside but you don't see too many faces  
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down  
Too much competition too many other places  
But not too many horns can make that sound  
Way on downsouth way on downsouth London town  
You check out Guitar George he knows all the chords  
Mind he's strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make it cry or sing  
And 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 honky tonk just 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 played Creole  
And 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'  
And he makes it fast with one more thing  
'We are the Sultans of Swing'**