



## SULTANS OF SWING



### Dire Straits



You get\_a shiver\_in the dark.  
It's been raining in the park, but meantime,  
South\_of the river you stop and you hold everything.  
A band\_is blowing Dixie double four time<sup>26</sup>.  
You feel\_all right when\_you hear that music ring.

But 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<sup>27</sup>,  
How about the horns, they're blowin' that sound<sup>28</sup>,  
Way\_on downsouth, way\_on downsouth London town.

You check\_out Guitar George; he knows all the chords<sup>29</sup>.  
Mind he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't wanna 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<sup>30</sup>.  
He can play the 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, yeah, the Sultans played Creole.

And then, the man, he steps right\_up to the microphone,  
And says\_at last just\_as the time bell rings,  
'Good night.' 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.

<sup>26</sup> playing double the normal time of the music

<sup>27</sup> There's too much competition in too many other places (another version)

<sup>28</sup> But not too many horns can make that sound (another version)

<sup>29</sup> chords= *acordes*

<sup>30</sup> alright (esp British English)= all-right, all right