

Sultans of Swing

Dire Straits

Dmi

You get a shiver in the dark

C

B

A

It's raining in the park but meantime

Dmi

C

B

A

South of the river you stop and you hold everything

F

C

F

C

F

C

A band is blowing Dixie double four time,

B

Dmi

B

C

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

The 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 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'

and he makes it fast with one more thing

'We are the Sultans of Swing'