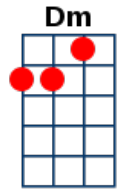


Sultans Of Swing (Dire Straits)

Intro: | Dm | C C | Dm | C C |



1. 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

2. 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

Uh, but the horns they blowin' that sound

way on down south way on down south London Town

3. 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

They say an old guitar is all he can afford

When he gets up under the lights to play his thing

4. And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene

He's got a daytime job, he's doin' alright

He can play the honky tonk like anything

Saving it up for Friday night

with the Sultans with the Sultans of Swing

5. Then a crowd of young boys, they're foolin' around in the corner

Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform soles

They don't give a damn about about any trumpet playin' band

It ain't what they call rock and roll

and the Sultans Yeah, the Sultans, they play Creole

6. And then the man he steps right up to the microphone

And says at last just as the time bell ring

Goodnight, now it's time to go home

Then he makes it fast with one more thing

We are the Sultans We are the Sultans of Swing

Outro: Dm Bb C C repeat and fade

