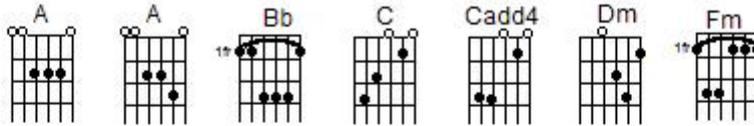


SULTANS OF SWING

Dire Straits



Intro : Dm

Dm

you get a shiver in the dark

C Bb A

it's raining in the park but meantime

Dm C Bb A

south of the river you stop and you hold everything

F C Cadd4 C

a band is blowing Dixie double four time

Bb Dm Bb C

you feel alright when you hear that music ring

Dm C Bb A

Now you step inside but you don't see too many faces

Dm C Bb A Asus4 A

coming in out of the rain to you hear the jazz go down

F C Cadd4 C

too much competition too many other places

Bb Dm

but not too many horns can make that sound

Bb C

way on down south

Bb C

way on down south

Dm - C - Bb - Dm - C - Dm - C - Dm - C - Bb - Dm - C

London town

You check out Guitar George he knows all the chords

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

When he gets up under the lights to play his thing

Wand Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene

He's got a daytime job he's doing al(l)right

He can play honky tone just like anything

He can play the honky tonk 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 ('bout) any trumpet playing band

It ain't what they call rock and roll

And the sultans

And the sultans played Creole

Yeah the Sultans they 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

We are the sultans of swing