

Sultans Of Swing

Words & Music:
Dire Straits

Dm Bb Dm C Bb F C Dm C

Dm C Bb A
You get a shiver in the dark, it's raining in the park, but meantime,
Dm C Bb A
Son of the river, you stop and you hold everything.
F C
A band is blowing Dixie, double-four time,
Bb Dm Bb C
You feel alright when you hear that music ring.

Now, you're stepping 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,
Yeah, but the horns, they blowing that sound.
'Way on down south, 'way on down south London town

Bb Dm C F C Dm C Bb Dm C A

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.
Yes, 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 the honky-tonk like anything, saving it up Friday night.
With the Sultans, with the Sultans of Swing.

Bb Dm C F C Dm C Bb Dm C A

And a crowd of young boys they're fooling around in the corner.
Drunk & dressed in their best brown baggies & 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 are playing Creole. Creole, babe.

INSTRUMENTAL SOLO:

And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
And says at last just as the timebell rings:
"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."

INSTRUMENTAL OUTRO: