

Fill in the gaps

You get a shiver in the dark	Saving it up for (7) night
It's raining in the park, but meantime	With the Sultans
South of the river you (1) and you hold everything	We're the Sultans of Swing
A band is blowing dixie (2) four time	Then a crowd of young boys, they're (8)
You feel alright when you hear (3) music ring	around in the corner
Well now you step inside but you don't see too many faces	Drunk and dressed in (9) best brown baggies
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down	and their platform soles
Competition in other places	They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band
Ah but the horns, they blowin' that sound	It ain't what they call rock and roll
Way on down south	Then the Sultans
Way on down south, London town	Yeah, the Sultans they played creole
Check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords	Creole
Mind he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't (4) to make it	And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
cry or sing	And says at last just as the time bell rings
Yes and an old (5) is all he can afford	Goodnight, now it's (10) to go home
When he gets up under the lights to play his thing	Then he makes it fast with one more thing
And (6) doesn't mind if he doesn't make the	We are the Sultans
scene	We are the Sultans of Swing
He's got a daytime job, he's doing alright	

He can play the honky tonk like anything



- 1. stop
- 2. double
- 3. that
- 4. want
- 5. guitar
- 6. Harry
- 7. Friday
- 8. fooling
- 9. their
- 10. time

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