

Fill in the gaps

they're

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



1. raining

- 2. four
- 3. Sultans
- 4. crowd
- 5. young
- 6. dressed
- 7. brown
- 8. they
- 9. just

Fill in the gaps