

Fill in the gaps

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 (1) time
You (2) alright when you hear that music ring
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 (3) places
Ah but the horns, they blowin' that sound
Way on down south
Way on down south, London town
Check out (4) 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 (5) doesn't mind if he doesn't make the
scene
He's got a daytime job, he's (6) alright
He can play the honky tonk like anything

Saving it up for Friday night
With the Sultans
We're the Sultans of Swing
Then 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 any trumpet playing band
It ain't what they call rock and roll
Then the Sultans
Yeah, the (7) (8)
(9) creole
Creole
And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
And says at last just as the time bell 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 (10)



- 1. four
- 2. feel
- 3. other
- 4. Guitar
- 5. Harry
- 6. doing
- 7. Sultans
- 8. they
- 9. played
- 10. Swing

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