

Fill in the gaps

You get a sniver in the dark	Saving it up for Friday night
t's (1) in the park, but meantime	With the Sultans
South of the river you stop and you hold everything	We're the Sultans of Swing
A band is blowing dixie double four time	Then a crowd of young boys, they're fooling around in the
You feel alright when you hear that music ring	corner
Well now you step inside but you don't see too many faces	Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their
Coming in out of the (2) to hear the (3)	platform soles
go down	They don't give a damn about any trumpet
Competition in other places	(9) 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 (4) 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 (5) to make it	And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
cry or sing	And (10) at last just as the time bell rings
Yes and an old (6) is all he can afford	Goodnight, now it's time to go home
When he gets up (7) the lights to play his thing	Then he makes it fast with one more thing
And Harry doesn't (8) 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. rain
- 3. jazz
- 4. down
- 5. want
- 6. guitar
- 7. under
- 8. mind
- 9. playing
- 10. says

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