

Fill in the gaps

You get a shiver in the dark	Saving it up for Friday night
It's raining 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 (1) when you (2) that	corner
music ring	Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their
Well now you step inside but you don't see too many faces	platform soles
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down	They don't (5) a (6) about any trumpet
Competition in other places	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 (7) they played creole
Check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords	Creole
Mind he's (3) rhythm, he doesn't want to	And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
make it cry or sing	And says at last just 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 (4) the scene	We are the Sultans
He's got a daytime job, he's doing alright	We are the (8) of (9)
He can play the honky tonk like anything	



- 1. alright
- 2. hear
- 3. strictly
- 4. make
- 5. give
- 6. damn
- 7. Sultans
- 8. Sultans
- 9. Swing

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