Sultans of Swing

Dire Straits

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 four time
You feel 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 other places
Ah but the horns, they blowing that sound
Way on down south, way on down south, London town
You check out Guitar 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 Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene
He's got a daytime job, he's doing alright
He can play the honky tonk like anything
Saving it up for Friday night
With the Sultans, with the Sultans of Swing
And 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 Sultans they play 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 Swing"

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