

SULTANS OF SWING

(Mark Knopfler - © 1981; private edition BLAXmusic)

START &

1. You get a shiver in the dark, there's a killer in the park, it's Peter.
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.
2. Now Uwi steps inside, but he doesn't see too many faces
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down.
Competition in other places,
But the horns be blowing that sound
Way on down south, way on down south London town.
3. You check out Patty's gorge, he he's got sturdy chords;
Mind, he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't want to make it cry or sing.
And then an old guitar is all he can afford
When he gets up under the light to play his thing.
4. And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene,
He's got a teacher's job, he's doin' alright.
He can play the honky tonk like anything,
Saving it up for Friday night
With the Sultans, with the Sultans of Swing.
5. And a crowd of young boys, they're fooling around in the corner,
Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform shoes.
They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band,
It ain't what they call rock and roll;
And the Sultans, yeah the Sultans, they play Creole,....Creole.

& SOLO &

6. And then the man steps right up to the microphone,
And says at last, just as the time bell rings:
"Goodnight, now it's time to go home!"
And he makes it fast with one more thing...
We are the Sultans, we are the Sultans of Swing.

& SOLO

&

F I N