

Straits Dire

"Sultans Of Swing"

Visit "[Sultans Of Swing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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
You step inside but you don't see too many faces
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down
Too much competition too many other places
But not too many horns can make that sound
Way on downsouth way on downsouth 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
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 honky tonk just 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

The don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band

It ain't what they call rock and roll

And the Sultans played Creole

And then the man he steps right up to the microphone

And says at last just as the time bell rings

'Thank you goodnight now it's time to go home'

and he makes it fast whith one more thing

'We are the Sultans of Swing

Visit [Straits Dire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.