

# Sultans Of Swing (With sax)

## Dire Straits

You get a shiver in the dark,  
It's a 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 the music ring  
Well now you step inside but you don't see too many faces  
Coming in out of the rain they hear the jazz go down  
Competition in other places  
Uh but the horns they blowin' that sound  
Way on downsouth  
Way on downsouth  
London town  
Check out guitar george, he knows-all the chords  
Mind he's strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make them cry or sing  
They said 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  
Savin' it up, for Friday night  
With the Sultans  
We're the Sultans of Swing  
Then a crowd a young boys they're a foolin' 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 playin' 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  
And he makes it fast with one more thing

Songwriters

KNOPFLER, MARK Published by

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