

# Sultans Of Swing

## Flamenco Guitar Masters

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 all right 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  
But the horns, they blowing that sound  
Way on down south  
Way on down south in London town  
You check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords  
But it's strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make it cry or sing  
Yes then 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  
And the Sultans  
Yeah, the Sultans played Creole, Creole  
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  
"We are the Sultans  
We are the Sultans of Swing"