

Fill in the gaps

You get a sniver in the dark	Saving it up for Friday night
t's raining in the park, but meantime	With the Sultans
South of the river you (1) and you hold everything	We're the Sultans of Swing
A band is blowing dixie double four time	Then a crowd of young boys, they're fooling around in the
You (2) alright when you hear that (3)	corner
ring	Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their
Well now you step inside but you don't see too many faces	platform soles
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down	They don't give a damn (9) any trumpet playing
Competition in other places	band
Ah but the horns, they blowin' (4) sound	It ain't what they call rock and roll
Nay on down south	Then the Sultans
Nay on down south, London town	Yeah, the Sultans they played creole
Check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords	Creole
Mind he's (5) rhythm, he doesn't want to	And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
make it cry or sing	And says at last just as the time (10) rings
Yes and an old guitar is all he can afford	Goodnight, now it's time to go home
When he gets up under the lights to play his thing	Then he makes it fast with one more thing
And (6) doesn't mind if he doesn't (7)	We are the Sultans
he scene	We are the Sultans of Swing
He's got a daytime job, he's doing alright	
He can (8) the honky tonk like anything	



- 1. stop
- 2. feel
- 3. music
- 4. that
- 5. strictly
- 6. Harry
- 7. make
- 8. play
- 9. about
- 10. bell

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