

Fill in the gaps

You get a (1) in the dark	Saving it up for Friday night
It's raining in the park, but meantime	With the Sultans
South of the river you stop 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 feel alright (2) you (3) that music	corner
ring	Drunk and dressed in their best brown (8)
Well now you step (4) but you don't see too	and their platform soles
many faces	They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down	It ain't what they call rock and roll
Competition in other places	Then the Sultans
Ah but the horns, they blowin' that sound	Yeah, the Sultans they played creole
Way on down south	Creole
Way on down south, London town	And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
Check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords	And (9) at last just as the time bell rings
Mind he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't (5) to make it	Goodnight, now it's time to go home
cry or sing	Then he makes it fast with one more thing
Yes and an old guitar is all he can afford	We are the Sultans
When he gets up under the lights to play his thing	We are the Sultans of (10)
And (6) 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 (7) like anything	



- 1. shiver
- 2. when
- 3. hear
- 4. inside
- 5. want
- 6. Harry
- 7. tonk
- 8. baggies
- 9. says
- 10. Swing

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