

Fill in the gaps

You get a shiver 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 (1) four time	Then a crowd of young boys, they're fooling around in the
You feel alright when you hear that (2) ring	corner
Well now you step inside but you don't see too (3)	Drunk and dressed in their best (7) baggies and
faces	their platform soles
Coming in out of the (4) to hear the jazz go down	They don't give a damn (8) any trumpet playing
Competition in other places	band
Ah but the horns, they blowin' that sound	It ain't what they (9) rock and roll
Way on (5) south	Then the Sultans
Way on (6) south, London town	Yeah, the Sultans they played creole
Check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords	Creole
Mind he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't want to make it cry or	And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
sing	And says at last just as the time bell 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 Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene	We are the Sultans
He's got a daytime job, he's doing alright	We are the Sultans of Swing
He can play the honky tonk like anything	



1. double

- 2. music
- 3. many
- 4. rain
- 5. down
- 6. down
- 7. brown
- 8. about
- 9. call

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