

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



- 1. dixie
- 2. hear
- 3. inside
- 4. make
- 5. doing
- 6. young
- 7. baggies
- 8. time
- 9. bell

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