

Fill in the gaps

You get a sniver 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 alright 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
Ah but the horns, they blowin' that sound
Way on down south
Way on down south, London town
Check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords
Mind he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't want to make it cry or
sing
Yes and an old (1) is all he can afford
When he gets up (2) 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
We're the (3) of Swing
Then a crowd of young boys, they're fooling around in the
corner
Drunk and dressed in (4) best brown baggies
and their (5) soles
They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band
It ain't what (6) call (7) and roll
Then the Sultans
Yeah, the Sultans (8) played creole
Creole
And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone
And says at last just as the time (9) rings
Goodnight, now it's time to go home
Then he makes it fast with one more thing
We are the Sultans
We are the Sultans of Swing



1. guitar

- 2. under
- 3. Sultans
- 4. their
- 5. platform
- 6. they
- 7. rock
- 8. they
- 9. bell

Fill in the gaps