

# Mark Knopfler, Sultans Of Swing

You get a shiver 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

You step inside but you don't see too many faces  
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down  
Too much competition too many other places  
But not too many horns can make that sound  
Way on downsouth way on downsouth London town

You check out Guitar George he knows all the chords  
Mind he's strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make it cry or sing  
And an old guitar is all he can afford  
When he gets up under 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 honky tonk just like anything  
Saving it up for Friday night  
With the Sultans with the Sultans of Swing

And a crowd of young boys they're fooling around in the corner  
Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform soles  
They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band  
It ain't what they call rock and roll  
And the Sultans played Creole

And then the man he steps right up to the microphone  
And says at last just as the time bell rings  
"Thank you good night now it's time to go home"  
And he make it fast with one more thing  
"We are the Sultans of Swing"