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[Intro]
| Dm | Dm C | x4
[Verse 1]
                                              Bb
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
Bb
                                          Dm Bb - C
 You feel alright when you hear that music ring
[Verse 2]
                                     Bb A
Well now, you step inside but you don't see too many faces
                      С
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down
Competition in other places
 Uh, but the horns they blowin' that sound
Bb - C
      way on down south
Bb - C
      way on down south
Dm
London Town
[Instrumental]
Dm - C - Bb - C
Dm - C - Bb - C
[Verse 3]
                        C Bb
            Dm
You check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords
                             С
                                           Bb
Mind he's strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make it cry or sing
 They say an old guitar is all he can afford
                                           Dm Bb - C
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When he gets up under the lights to play his thing
[Verse 4]
                   С
                       Bb
 And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene
                       Bb
Dm
                   С
He's got a daytime job, he's doin' alright
He can play the honky tonk like anything
Bb
                             Dm
                                   Bb - C
 Saving it up for Friday night
                Bb - C
with the Sultans
                  Dm
with the Sultans of Swing
[Instrumental]
Dm - C - Bb - C
Dm - C - Bb - C
[Verse 5]
                                 C Bb
      Dm
Then a crowd of young boys, they're foolin' around in the corner
                               С
                                            Bb
 Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform soles
They don't give a damn about about any trumpet playin' band
Bb
                                        Bb - C
  It ain't what they call rock and roll
              Bb - C
and the Sultans
Yeah, the Sultans, they play Creole
[Instrumental]
Dm - C - Bb - C
             Creole
Dm - C - Bb - C
[Lead]
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Dm
      C Bb A
                     | A
       | F | C
| F
                      | C
| Bb
       | Bb
              Dm
                      Dm Bb
| C
       | C Bb | C
                      | C
[Instrumental]
Dm - C - Bb - C
Dm - C - Bb - C
[Verse 6]
                             Bb
And then the man he steps right up to the microphone
                          Bb A (A7)
And says at last just as the time bell ring
Goodnight, now it's time to go home
                                         Bb - C
 Then he makes it fast with one more thing
               Bb - C
We are the Sultans
We are the Sultans of Swing
[Instrumental]
Dm - C - Bb - C
Dm - C - Bb - C
[Outro Solo]
Dm - C - Bb - C
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(repeat and fade, approx x7)