

# Sultans of Swing - Dire Straits

Dm / C C / Dmi/ C C  
Intro lead

          Dmi                          C          Bb          A  
you get a shiver in the dark it's raining in the park but meantime  
Dm                          C          Bb          A  
south of the river you stop and you hold everything  
F                          C  
a band is blowing Dixie double four time  
          Bb                                  Dmi  Bb  C  
you feel alright when you hear that music ring

          Dmi                          C          Bb          A  
(Now) you step inside but you don't see too many faces  
Dmi                          C          Bb          A  
coming in out of the rain to (you) hear the jazz go down  
F                          C  
too much competition too many other places  
Bb                                  Dmi  
but not too many horns can make that sound  
(But not too many horns are blowing that sound)  
Bb  C                          Bb  C  
          way on downsouth                  way on downsouth  
Dmi                  Dmi  C  Bb  C          Dmi  C  Bb  C  
London town

          Dmi                          C          Bb          A  
you check out Guitar George he knows all the chords  
Dm  C  Bb          A  
mind he's (his) strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make it cry or sing  
F                          C  
and an old guitar is all he can afford  
Bb  Dmi  Bb  C  
when he gets up under the lights to play his thing  
Dmi                          C          Bb          A  
(and) harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene  
Dmi                  C          Bb          A  
he('s) got a daytime job he's doing al(l)right  
F                          C  
he can play honky tone just like anything  
(He can play the honky tonk like anything)  
Bb                          Dmi          Bb  C  
saving it up for friday night  
          Bb  C  
with the sultans  
          Dmi          Dmi  C  Bb  C  
with the sultans of swing  
          Dmi  C  Bb  C

          Dmi                          C          Bb          A  
and a crowd of young boys they're fooling around in the corner  
Dm  C          Bb          A  
drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and their platform soles  
F                          C  
they don't give a damn about ('bout) any trumpet playing band  
          Bb                          Dmi          Bb  C  
it ain't what they call rock and roll  
          Bb  C  
and the sultans

Dmi Dmi C Bb C  
and the sultans played creole  
(Yeah the Sultans they played Creole)

Dmi C Bb C

Lead 1:

Dmi C Bb A  
and then the man he steps right up to the microphone  
Dmi C Bb A A7  
and says at last just as the time bell rings  
F C  
thank you goodnight now it's time to go home  
Bb Dmi Bb C  
and he makes it fast with one more thing  
Bb-C  
we are the sultans  
Dmi Dm C Bb C  
we are the sultans of swing