Sultans Of Swing

Words & Music by Mark Knopfler

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Verse 2:

Well now you step inside, but you don't see too many faces Comin' in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down Competition in other places
But the horns, they're blowin' that sound,

Way on down south in London town.

Verse 3:

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 They're sayin' an old guitar is all he can afford When he gets up under the lights to play his thing.

Verse 4:

And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene He's got a daytime job he's doin' all right He can play the honky-tonk like anything Savin' it up for Friday night.

With the Sultans
With the Sultans Of Swing.

Verse 5:

And a crowd of young boys, they're foolin' 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 playin' band It ain't what they call rock and roll.

And the Sultans Yeah, the Sultans play Creole.

Verse 6: Instrumental

Verse 7:

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 makes it fast with one more thing.

"We are the Sultans Of Swing."