

Fill in the gaps

You get a sniver in the dark	Saving it up for Friday night
t's raining in the park, but meantime	With the Sultans
South of the river you stop and you hold everything	We're the Sultans of Swing
A (1) is blowing dixie double four time	Then a crowd of young boys, they're fooling around in the
You feel alright when you hear that (2) ring	corner
Well now you step inside but you don't see too many faces	Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies and
Coming in out of the (3) to hear the jazz go down	(5) platform soles
Competition in other places	They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band
Ah but the horns, (4) blowin' that sound	It ain't what they call rock and roll
Nay on down south	Then the Sultans
Nay on down south, London town	Yeah, the Sultans (6) (7) creole
Check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords	Creole
Mind he's strictly rhythm, he doesn't want to make it cry or	And then the man, he (8) right up to the
sing	microphone
Yes and an old guitar is all he can afford	And says at last just as the time bell rings
When he gets up under the lights to play his thing	Goodnight, now it's time to go home
And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene	Then he makes it (9) with one more thing
He's got a daytime job, he's doing alright	We are the Sultans
He can play the honky tonk like anything	We are the Sultans of Swing



- 1. band
- 2. music
- 3. rain
- 4. they
- 5. their
- 6. they
- 7. played
- 8. steps
- 9. fast

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