

Dm Bb
London town
C Dm C Bb C

[Verse 2]

Dm C
Check out guitar George
Bb A
He knows all the chords
A7 Dm
Mind, it's strictly rhythm
C Bb A
He doesn't want to make it cry or sing
F C
They said an old guitar is all he can afford
Bb
When he gets up under the lights to play his thing
Dm Bb C Dm C Bb A A7
And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene
Dm C Bb A
He's got a daytime job, he's doing alright
F C
He can play the honky tonk like anything
Bb Dm Bb
Savin' it up, for Friday night

[Pre-Chorus]

C Bb
With the Sultans
C Dm C Bb
With the Sultans of Swing

[Chorus]

C Dm C Bb C

[Verse 3]

Dm C
And a crowd a young boys They're
Bb A
foolin' around in the corner

A7 Dm **C** **Bb**

Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies

A

And their platform soles

F

They don't give a damn

C

Bb

About any trumpet playin' band

Dm Bb

It ain't what they call rock and roll

[Pre-Chorus]

C

Bb

And the Sultans

C

Dm

C Bb C

Yeah, the Sultans, they play creole, creole

[Chorus]

Dm C Bb C

[Solo 1]

Dm C Bb A A7 Dm C

Bb A F C Bb

Dm Bb C Bb

C Dm C Bb C Dm C Bb

C

[Verse 4]

Dm

And then the man

C

Bb

A

He steps right up to the microphone

A7 Dm **C**

And says at last

Bb

A

Just as the time bell rings

F

C

Bb

"Goodnight, now it's time to go home"

Then he makes it fast

Dm Bb

With one more thing

[Pre-Chorus]

C **Bb**
We are the Sultans

[Chorus]

C **Dm C Bb C Dm C Bb C**
We are the Sultans of Swing

[Solo 2]

Dm C Bb C Dm C Bb C
Dm C Bb C Dm C Bb C
Dm C Bb C Dm C Bb C
Dm C Bb C