

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# Sultans Of Swing

Par Dire Straits

*Album : Money For Nothing [CDA]*

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

You feel alright when you hear that music ring

Well, now you step inside, but you don't see too many faces

Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down

Competition in other places

Ah, but the horns, they blowing that sound

Way on down south

Way on down south, London town

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

Yes and an old guitar is all he can afford

When he gets up under the lights to play his thing

And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene

He's got a daytime job, he's doing alright

He can play the honky-tonk like anything

Saving it up for Friday night

With the Sultans

With the Sultans of Swing

And a crowd of young boys, they're fooling 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-playing band

It ain't what they call rock and roll

And the Sultans

Yeah, the Sultans, they played creole

Creole

And then the man, he steps right up to the microphone

And says at last, just as the time bell rings

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

Then he makes it fast with one more thing

"We are the Sultans

We are the Sultans of Swing"