Great DJ

DJ Mustang

Fed up with your indigestion
You swallow words one by one
Folks got high at a quarter to five
Don?t you feel you?re growing up undone?
Nothing but the local DJ
You said, he had some songs to play
What went down from his fooling around
Gave hope and a brand new day
Imagine all the girls, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
And the boys, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
And the strings, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee
And the drums, the drums, the drums
The drums, the drums, the drums
The drums, the drums, the drums
The drums, the drums, the drums, oh
Nothing was the same again
All about where and when
Blowing our minds in a life unkind
You gotta love the BPM
When his work was all but done
Remembering how this begun
We wore his love like a hand in a glove
Then the preacher plays it all night long
Nothing but the girls, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
And your boys, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
And the strings, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee
And the drums, the drums, the drums
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Imagine all the girls, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
And the boys, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
And the strings, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee
And the drums, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, oh
All the girls, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
And the boys, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah

And the strings, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee, ee
And the drums, the drums, the drums, the drums

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