

# Great DJ (Original Radio Edit)

## The Ting Tings

Fed up with your indigestion.

Swallow words one by one.

Your folks got high at a quarter to five.

Don't you feel your growing up undone. Nothing but the local DJ.

He 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,

Eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee. And the drums, the drums. Nothing was the same again.

All about where and when.

Blowing our minds in our life unkind.

Gotta love the bpm.

When the smoke was all baton

Remember how this begun.

We wore his love like a hand in a glove.

Where the future plays it all night long. 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,

Eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee. And the drums [Repeat x19] 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,

Eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee. And the drums,

Ah ah ah ah, ah, ah, ah, oh. 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,

Eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee. And the drums, the drums, the drums, the drums

Songwriters

WHITE, KATIE / DE MARTINO, JULES Published by

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