

Great DJ

The Ting Tings

Fed up with your indigestion
You swallow worries 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
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, 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 the 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
As 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 The drums, the drums, the drums
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The drums, the drums, the drums
The drums, the drums 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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