

# Great Dj

## The Ting Tings

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  
The drums, the drums, the drums  
The drums, the drums, the drums  
The drums, the drums, the drums  
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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