

Great DJ

The Ting Tings

Fed up with your indigestion
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
He said he had some songs to play
What went down from this 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, 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 This preacher plays it all night long
And nothing but 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, 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
And the strings
Eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eeeAnd the drums
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, oh
All the girls
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
And the boys
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
And the strings
Eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee
And the drums, the drums, the drums, the drums

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>