

# 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, 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  
Eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee 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  
Eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee, eee  
And the drums, the drums, the drums, the drums

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>