

# 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 <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>