

The Ting Tings, Great DJ

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
Who 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
There's a future 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
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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, eee
And the drums, the drums, the drums, the drums