

I'm home, lost my job, and incurably ill
You think this is easy, realism
I've got a girl out there, I suppose
I think she's dancing
Feel like Dan Dare lies down
I think she's dancing, what do I know?
I am a D.J., I am what I play
Can't turn around no, can't turn around, no, oh, ooh
I am a D.J., I am what I play
Can't turn around no, can't turn around, no, oh no
I am a D.J., I am what I play
I got believers (kiss-kiss)
Believing me, oh
One more, weekend, of lights and evening faces
Fast food, living nostalgia
Humble pie or bitter fruit
I am a D.J., I am what I play
Can't turn around no, can't turn around no, ooh
I am a D.J., I am what I say
Can't turn around no, can't turn around, ooh
I am a D.J., I am what I play
I've got believers (kiss-kiss)
Believing me
I am a D.J., I am what I play
Can turn around no, can't turn around
I am a D.J., I am what I play
Can turn around no, can't turn around
I am a D.J., I am what I play
Can turn around no (kiss-kiss)
Time flies when you're having fun
Break his heart, break her heart
He used to be my boss and now he is a puppet dancer
I am a D.J., and I've got believers
I've got believers
I've got believers
I've got believers in me
I've got believers
I am a D.J., I am what I play
I am a D.J.