Hey Mister DJ  
Put a record on  
I wanna dance with my baby

Hey Mister DJ  
Put a record on  
I wanna dance with my baby  
And when the music starts  
I never want to stop  
It's gonna drive me crazy

Music, music, music, music  
Music, music, music, music, music

Music makes the people come together  
Music makes the bourgeoisie and the rebel

Don't think of yesterday  
And I don't look at the clock  
I like to boogie-woogie, uh, uh  
It's like riding on the wind  
And it never goes away  
Touches everything I'm in  
Got to have it everyday

Music makes the people come together, yeah  
Music makes the bourgeoisie and the rebel

Hey Mister DJ

Hey Mister DJ  
Put a record on  
I wanna dance with my baby  
And when the music starts  
I never wanna stop  
It's gonna drive me crazy  
Uh, uh, uh

Music (music) makes the people (makes the people)  
Come together, yeah  
Music (music) makes the bourgeoisie (makes the bourgeoisie)  
And the rebel