

Bette Midler

"Big Noise From Winnetka - Divine Madness Version"

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[Harlettes:] This is the story of a young girl
who was the hippest chick in town.
They call her Big Noise from Winnetka.
Miss Birdie's sure to get around.
Big Noise flew in from Winnetka,
stole each fellow's heart and then
Big Noise flew in from Winnetka,
Big Noise flew right out again.
Stop! Look! Listen! Here comes the Big Noise!
Stop! Look! Listen! Here comes the Big Noise!

[Bette:] I am the one they call the Big Noise.
I'm looking fine and feeling sharp.
I just flew in from Winnetka, don't you know?
I'm gonna blow this joint apart!

I got my high heels! I don't need no wheels!
My footwork is an art!
You know the joint is jumpin',
my heart is pumpin',
and this is just the start!
Whoa! I was a big noise from Winnetka,
I'll be a big noise in your heart!
Whooooo!

[Harlettes:] Tempting when she's walkin',
tempting when she's talkin'!
Listen to her squakin'!
There she goes 'round again,
up and then down again,
in and then out, oooh, bop!

"Hi! Welcome to another foul evening with the Divine
Miss M!
"After many a summer dies the swan,"
but not when their stuck in a turkey as big as this one!
Watch us as we scratch and claw out hour
upon the stage in yet another feeble-minded attempt
to turn chicken shit in to chicken salad.
Make no mistake about it, eggs will be laid tonight!
Ain't that right girls? Oh, my girls.

My three favorite schochkies on the breakfront of life.
I'll never forget the first time I found these girls,
selling their papayas on 42nd Street. So flushed, so
filthy.

The astonishing verbal abuse they heaped upon me
made me certain

we were destined to share the stage someday.

Not only are my girls fine singers and dancers,
not only are they gorgeous and talented,

but they also think I'm god!

Ain't that right, girls?

They function as a greek chorus.

These girls don't know shit about Euripides,

but they know plenty about Trojans.

Ladies and gentlemen, a rousing hand for the semi-
classical

Harlettes! Laides!

Alright girls, sing 'em your siren song, go ahead.

Turn them men into pigs. Not the band, you idiots.

Those, that bunch right over there in the front row.

Not much of a challenge, huh?

This group is already well on its way to oink oink land.

Oops, so sorry. Once again behaving in a manner I had
sworn to aschew.

Thank you. Once again falling into the vat of vulgarity.

Oh tut tut. I did so want to leave my sordid past behind
and emerge

form this project beathed in a new and ennobling light.

I wanted to come out and be the sweet, pure, honest,
unadorned person that I really really am.

I wanted to show you the good beneath the gaudy,

the saint beneath all this paint, the sweet, pure,

winsome little soul that lurks beneath this lurid exterior.

But fortunately, just as I was about to rush down the
path

to repectability and righteousness,

a wee small voice called out to me in the night

and reminded me of the motto by which I've always
tried to live my life:

F\$CK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE!"

[From the soundtrack:] "Hi! "After many a summer dies
the swan,"

but not when she's stuck in a turkey the size of this
one!

Make no mistake about it folks, eggs will be laid
tonight!

Ain't that right girls? Oh, my girls.

My three favorite schochkies on the breakfront of life.

I'll never forget the first time I found these girls,

peddling their papayas on 42nd Street.
Not only are my girls fine singers and dancers,
not only are they gorgeous and talented,
but they also think I'm god!"

[Bette:] I am the one they call the bi-i-i-i-g noise!
I am a living work of art!
I just flew in from Winnetka, daddy-o!
I'm gonna blow this joint apart!

Everyone has a bit of big noise in his heart.
Everyone loves a little sin.
Well, I'm gonna be the first girl in the line
when the festivities begin!

I was a scandle, too hot to handle!
They said, "You'd best depart!"
Oh! Exit Big Noise from Winnetka.
Enter . . .

[Harlettes:] Enter! Enter!
Big Noise in his heart!

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