

Ian Hunter

"Noises"

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Noises are taking away my freedom
Noises seem to rob me of myself
Noises are the sound of mediocrity
Noises to take that from out of myself

Noises are taking away my casualness
Noises are making me scared
Big noises are made by big shots
Some noises should never be heard

Noises, noises, noises, noises
Give me noises

Noises are looking over my shoulder
Noises are the sound of the herd
Noises make the planet colder
Noises are noises that should never be heard

Noises, noises, noises, noises
Will destroy me, noises

Why not join some junky jewels
Who wreck the clines on canvas fools
Who take the vapors from the mind
Neo nothing, shallow kind

A ritzy Nazi owns the game
He plays at God but that was fame
And music masturbates his mind
And stones get rolled up in the slime

A New York butch becomes a blond
While changing gears while from beyond
Agree to consecrate
The music makers have gotta take

Owls with trowels as big as spades
Dig down among those sequined graves
Work out their ages, turn the pages
Caught in cages, locked in age
Media momenta
Who can prevent her

Noises, noises, noises, noises

Did you find a certain street
They're looking for thoughtless thoughts to preach
The street, the street, they're not your drain
While waiting in the pouring rain

For your old lady out of work
Brought the baby, bet your shirt
Waiting for God did it
Then what's happening the other end

Rewards and gallant knights with blunted swords
Locked away in isolation
Trying to figure out why they wanna die
And that's the state of the nation

Noises, noises, noises, noises
Oh, oh, oh, I love noises

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