

# Ian Hunter, Noises

(Ian Hunter/Tommy Morrongiello)

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 vapours 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 ages  
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 Godot 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!