

# Quietly Making Noise

Jimmy Buffett

Quietly making noise

By: jimmy buffett, michael tschudin

1993

Oscar wilde died in bed  
Several floors above my head  
Living well beyond his means  
In that crazy paris scene  
Rain falls down in sheets so clear  
And no one ever calls me hear  
Travelin' by myself these days  
I'm into jazz and felt berets  
Far from that old eastern shore  
Searchin' for strange metaphors  
I don't want to be another victim of fashion  
No I don't want to see my name in the paper each day  
Hey you can leave that to the young turks  
They're handsome and dashing  
Posing for paparazzi's down laguna way  
Now down in the metro I feel the world start to multiply  
Bastille, rubber wheels, spiked heels  
Subterranean lullaby  
Met an african prancer, a hemisphere dancer  
Spied the ghost of brassens  
We smiled at the secret we shared  
And I hid it like contraband  
Quietly making noise (quietly making noise)  
Starts with kindergarten toys  
Not too soft, not too loud  
Just enough to draw a crowd  
Quietly, quietly, quietly making noise  
Followed the beat  
Hey I found myself in this patois spot  
Outside a blizzard was blowin'  
But inside the joint was hot  
Zouk songs, rubber thongs, sing-a-longs

The words flew right by my face  
You know rhythm and motion's a blamma jamma potion  
You cannot erase

Quietly making noise (quietly making noise)  
Pissin' off the old kill-joys  
Glasspacks on an hot mustang  
A telecaster with a twang  
Quietly, quietly, quietly making noise  
Yes  
Singers and writers and poets  
Have flocked here for centuries  
The city of light is built upon mountains of memories  
Baritone saxophones, monotones  
Speak with a voice I've heard before  
It's a lasting impression  
A gypsy expression you cannot ignore  
We're quietly making noise (quietly making noise)  
Starts with kindergarten toys  
Not too soft, not too loud  
Just enough to draw a crowd  
Quietly, quietly, quietly making noise  
Yeah, we're quietly making noise (quietly making noise)  
Pissin' off the old kill-joys  
Not too soft, not too loud  
Just enough to draw a crowd  
We're quietly, quietly, quietly  
Quietly, quietly, quietly  
Quietly, quietly, quietly making noise  
That's right, ooh yeah  
A whole lot of beautiful noise  
--spoken:  
"oh come on children, play those, play those kindergarten toys.  
Everybody's a drummer tonight. all right. let it ring now, let  
It ring."

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