

Jimmy Buffett, Quietly Making Noise

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
No one ever calls me here
Traveling by my self these days
I'm into jazz and felt berets
Far from the that old eastern shore
Searching for strange metaphors
I don't want to be another victim of fashion
I don't want to see my name in the paper each day
Leave that to the young Turks
They're more handsome and dashing
Posing for paparazzi's down Laguna way
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, 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, I found myself in this patois spot

Outside a blizzard was blowing but inside the joint was hot
Zouk songs, rubber thongs, sing-a-longs
The words flew right by my face
Rhythm and motions, a blamma jamma potion
You cannot erase

Quietly making noise, making noise
Pissin off the old killjoys
Glass packs on a hot Mustang
A Telecaster with a twang
Quietly, quietly, quietly making noise

Singers and writers and poets
Have flocked here for centuries
The city of light is built upon mountains of memories
Baritone saxophone, monotones
Speak of the voice I've heard before
It's a lasting impression
A Gypsy expression you cannot ignore