

# Big Noise from Winnetka

Bette Midler

This is the story of a young girl who was the Einstein of the dance.  
They called her Big Noise from Winnetka, against her no one stood a chance.

Big Noise blew in from Winnetka, stole each fellow's heart and then,  
Big Noise blew in from Winnetka, Big Noise blew right out again.

Boys were sighing, their girlfriends crying, hearts were pounding when;

The Big Noise dances, hence romances, it's just astounding when;  
Big Noise blew in from Winnetka, Big Noise blew right out again.

Stop! Look! Listen! Listen to the Big Noise.

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I am the one they call the Big Noise. I got to dance my way to fame.

I just blew in from Winnetka, that town will never be the same.

Now I had my fun, and yet there's just one who's got me from the start.

I'd love to conga a little bit longer but it keeps us apart.

Exit Big Noise from Winnetka, enter Big Noise in his heart.

Big men move me out. Senors zonk me out.

Zim zom zup ma ma. Big men boo bop ba, bah ba doo wop.

Boodeeah baby boodeeah baby boodeeah baby.

Boodeeah baby boodeeah baby boodeeah baby baby baby over 'n' out.

She loves the bass. She loves the drum.

She loves to stay out late and dance the samba, samba, how she loves to samba,

rhumba, salsa, limbo and pachenga.

She's so restless she's on every guest list.

None can please her. She'd say no to Ceaser.

Teach me, why don't you teach me. Show me how to let go!

There she goes 'round again, up and then down again, in and then out.

Hooo!

When Big Noise waltzes through the door the bouncer has to clear the floor,

'cause everybody wants to see the girl get down, the girl get down.

And if you try to hold me tight, I'll disappear into the night.

My lover's waiting home for me (she don't do that! She don't do that!)

Everyone's got a bit of Big Noise in his heart,

everyone likes to toot his horn.

I've been the Big Noise from Winnetka for so long,

time for a new noise to be born.

'Cause I had my fun and yet there's just one who's got me from the start.

Exit Big Noise for Winnetka, enter Big Noise in my heart.

Once she was pickin' up the big boys . . .

Now I'm pickin' up my little kids' toys . . .  
Big Noise we miss you.