

# Making A Noise

Robbie Robertson

Making a noise in this world  
Making a noise in this world  
You can bet your ass  
I won't go quietly  
Making a noise in this world

Everyone has a song  
God gave us each a song  
That's how we know who we are  
Everyone has a song

We have come, beat the drum  
The land trembles with dancing  
We have come, bang the drum  
The land trembles with dancing

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I don't want your promise  
I don't want your whiskey  
I don't want your blood on my hands  
Only want what belongs to me

I think you thought I was gone  
I think you thought I was dead  
You won't admit that you was wrong  
Ain't there some shit that should be said

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The Indian dancers stop and stare at him  
Like he was bad weather  
He keeps dancing  
And knocks loose an eagle feather  
The drums stop  
This is the kind of silence that frightens white men

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No Indians allowed  
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