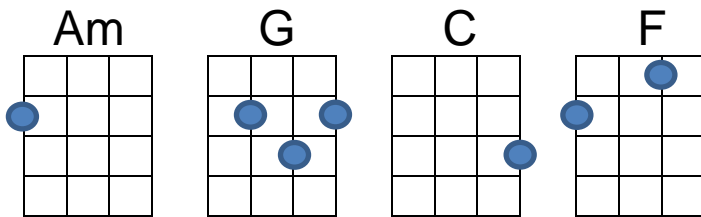


Sound of Silence

Written by: Paul Simon - 1963

Recorded by: Simon and Garfunkel - 1964



(Am) Hello darkness my old (G) friend, I've come to talk with you (Am) again,
Because a vision soft(F)ly creep(C)ing,
Left his seeds while I (F) was sleep(C)ing,
And the (F) vision that was planted in my (C) brain,
Still re(Am)mains, within the (G) sound, of (Am) silence.

In restless dreams I walked (G) alone, narrow streets of cobbled (Am) stone,
'Neath the halo of a (F) street (C) lamp,
I turned my collar to the (F) cold and (C) damp,
When my (F) eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon (C) light,
That split the (Am) night, and touched the (G) sound, of (Am) silence.

And in the naked light I (G) saw, ten thousand people maybe (Am) more,
People talking with(F)out speak(C)ing,
People hearing with(F)out liste(C)ning,
People writing (F) songs, that voices never (C) share,
And no one (Am) dare, disturb the (G) sound, of (Am) silence.

Fools said I you do not (G) know, silence like a cancer (Am) grows,
Hear my words that I might (F) teach (C) you,
Take my arm that I might (F) reach (C) you,
But my (F) words, like silent raindrops (C) fell, (Am)
And echoed, in the (G) wells, of (Am) silence.

And the people bowed and (G) prayed, to the neon god they (Am) made,
And the sign flashed out its (F) warn(C)ing,
In the words that it was (F) form(C)ing,
And the sign said the (F) words of the prophets are written on the subway (C) walls,
Tenement (Am) halls, whispered, in the (G) sounds, of (Am) silence.