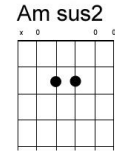


Sound Of Silence

by Paul Simon (1964)

Amsus2 *G* *G* *Amsus2*
Hello darkness my old friend, I've come to talk to you again.
C *F(½)* *C(½)*
Because a vision softly creep-ing,
C *F(½)* *C(½)*
Left its seeds while I was sleep-ing,
C(½) *F* *F* *C*
And the vision that was planted in my brain, still
 Am *C(½)* *G* *Amsus2* *Amsus2*
remains, within the sound of silence.



In restless dreams I walked alone through narrow streets of cobblestone.
Beneath the halo of a street lamp,
I turned my collar to the cold and damp.
When my eyes were stabbed by a flash of the neon light,
And split the night, and touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw ten thousand people maybe more.
People talking without speaking,
People hearing without listening.
People writing songs that voices never shared,
No one dared disturb the sound of silence.

"Fools," said I, "you do not know, silence like a cancer grows.
Hear my words that I might teach you,
Take my arms that I might reach you."
But my words like silent raindrops fell,
Echoed in the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed to the neon god they made.
And the sign flashed out its warning,
In the words that it was forming, and the sign said:
"The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls
and tenement halls," and whispered the sounds of silence.