

The Sound of Silence

Paul Simon | 1964



| em |

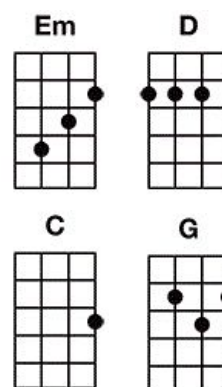
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Hello darkness my old (D) friend
I've come to talk with you a(em)gain
Because a vision soft(C)ly creep(G)ing
Left its seeds while I (C) was sleep(G)ing
And the (C) vision that was planted in my (G) brain
Still re(em)mains
Within the (D) sound... of (em) silence (em↓)

In restless dreams I walked a(D)lone
Narrow streets of cobble(em)stone
'Neath the halo of (C) a street (G) lamp
I turned my collar to the (C) cold and (G) damp
When my (C) eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon (G) light
That split the (em) night
And touched the (D) sound... of (em) silence (em↓)

And in the naked light I (D) saw
Ten thousand people maybe (em) more
People talking with(C)out speak(G)ing
People hearing with(C)out listen(G)ing
People writing (C) songs that voices never (G) share
And no one (em) dared
Disturb the (D) sound... of (em) silence (em↓)

"Fools!" said I, you do not (D) know
Silence like a cancer (em) grows
Hear my words that I (C) might teach (G) you
Take my arms that I (C) might reach (G) you
But my (C) words like silent raindrops (G) fell
(em) (*extra bar*)
And e(em)choed
In the (D) wells of (em) silence (em↓)



And the people bowed and (D) prayed
To the neon God they (em) made
And the sign flashed (C) its warn(G)ing
In the words that it (C) was form(G)ing
And the sign said, the (C) words of the prophets are written on the subway
And tenement (em) halls (G) walls
And (em) whispered
ritardando
In the (D) sounds... of (em) silence

