

The Sound of Silence

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel

[Am]
[Am] Hello darkness, my old [G]friend,
I've come to talk with you a-[Am]gain,
[C] Because a vision sof-[F]tly cree-[C]ping,
Left it's [C]seeds while I wa-[F]as slee-[C]ping,
And the [F]vision that was planted in my [C]brain
Still re-[Am]mains

[C]Within the [G]sound of [Am]silence.
[Am]In restless dreams I walked a-[G]lone
Narrow streets of cobble-[Am]stone,
[C]'Neath the halo of [F]a 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
[C]And touched the [G]sound of [Am]silence.

[Am]And in the naked light I [G]saw
Ten thousand people, maybe [Am]more.
[C]People talking with-[F]out spea-[C]king,
People hearing with-[F]out liste-[C]ning,
People writing [F]songs that voices never [C]share
And no one [Am]dare [C]disturb the [G]sound of [Am]silence.

[Am]Fools said I, you do not [G]know
Silence like a cancer [Am]grows.
[C]Hear my words that I mi-[F]ight teach [C]you,
Take my arms that I mi-[F]ight reach [C]you.
But my [F]words like silent raindrops [C]fell,
And [C]echoed
In the wells of [Am]silence

[Am]And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon God they [Am]made.
[C]And the sign flashed out i-[F]it's war-[C]ning,
In the words that it wa-[F]as for-[C]ming.
And the sign said, the [F]words of the prophets
Are written on the subway [C]walls
And tenement [Am]halls.
And [C]whispered in the [G]sounds of [Am]silence.