The Sound Of Silence
Words & Music by Paul Simon

Hello darkness my old friend, I've come to talk with you again,
because a vision softly

creeping, left its seeds while I was sleeping and the
D
vi-sion that was plant-ed in my brain still re-mains
A

A
within the sound of si-lence
E
In rest-less dreams I walked a-
F#m add9

F#m add9
-lone, nar-row streets of cob-bles-
stone, 'neath the ha-lo of a

E add9

D
street-lamp.. I turned my col-lar to the cold and damp.. when my
A

D
A
eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne-on light, that split the night.

and touched the sound of si-lence. And in the nak-ed light I

saw ten thou-sand peo-ple may-be more, peo-ple talk-ing with-out

speak-ing, peo-ple hear-ing with-out listen-ing, peo-ple writing
songs that voices never share, and no-one dare

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,
and 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.
and 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 in the sound of silence.

a tempo

rit.

N.C. poco rit.