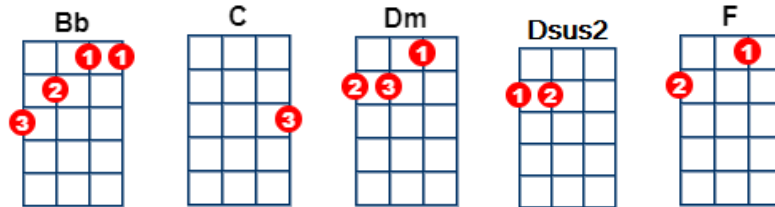


The Sound of Silence – Simon & Garfunkel



(Intro) [Dsus2]

[Dm] Hello darkness, my old [C] friend,
I've come to talk to you a-[Dm]gain,
Because a [F] vision softly [Bb] is cree-[F]ping,
Left its seeds while I [Bb] was slee-[F]ping,
And the [Bb] vision that was planted in my [F] brain,
Still re-[Dm]mains,
Within the [C] sound of [Dsus2] sil[Dm]ence.

[Dm] In restless dreams I walked a-[C]lone,
Narrow streets of cobble-[Dm]stone.
'Neath the [F] halo of [Bb] a street [F] lamp,
I turned my collar to the [Bb] cold and [F] damp,
When my [Bb] eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon [F] light,
That split the [Dm] night,
And touched the [C] sound of [Dm] silence.

[Dm] And in the naked light I [C] saw,
Ten thousand people, maybe [Dm] more,
People [F] talking with-[Bb]out speak-[F]ing,
People hearing with-[Bb]out [F] listening,
People writing [Bb] songs that voices never [F] share,
And no-one [Dm] dare,
Disturb the [C] sounds of [Dm] silence.

[Dm] Fools, said I, you do not [C] know,
Silence like a cancer [Dm] grows,
Hear my [F] words, that I [Bb] might teach [F] you,
Take my arms that I [Bb] might reach [F] you,
But my [Bb] words like silent raindrops [F] fell,
[Dm] and echoed,
In the [C] wells of [Dm] silence.

[Dm] And the people bowed and [C] prayed,
To the neon god they'd [Dm] made.
And the [F] sign flashed out [Bb] its war-[F]ning,
In the words that it [Bb] was for-[F]ming.
And the sign said, the [Bb] words of the prophets are written in the subway [F] walls,
And tenement [Dm] halls,
And whispered in the [C] sounds of [Dm] silence.