

The sounds of silence : P. SIMON (1964)

C#m B  
Hello darkness my old friend  
 C#m  
 I've come to talk with you again  
 A E  
 Because a vision softly creeping  
 A E  
 Left its seeds while I was sleeping  
 A E B C#m  
 And the vision that was planted in my brain, still remains  
 B C#m  
 Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone  
 Narrow streets of cobblestone  
 'Neath the halo of a street lamp  
 I turned my collar to the cold and damp  
 When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light that 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 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  
 In the words that it was forming  
 And the sign said "the words of prophets are written on the subway walls"  
 And tenement halls  
 And whisper'd in the sounds of silence