

# The Sound of Silence

Paul Simon

B

7 Lis-ten to the sound Lis-ten to the sound Lis-ten to the sound of

13 si-lence Hel-lo dark-ness my old friend I've come to talk with you a - gain

18 Be-cause a vi-sion soft-ly creep-ing left its seeds while I was sleep-ing and the

26 vi-sion that was plant-ed in my brain still re - mains with-in the sound of

36 si-lence a - lone cob-bled stone of a street lamp I to the cold damp when my

41 eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne-on light that split the night and touched the

46 sound of si-lence. And in then na-ked light I saw ten thou-sand peo-ple, may be

52 more. Peo-ple talk-ing with-out spea-king pep-ple hear-ing with-out lis-ten-ing Peo-ple

58 writ-ing songs that voic-es ne-ver share and no one dare Dis-turb the sound of

63 si - lence. "Fools"" said I, "you do like a can - cer, grows.

68 Hear my words that I might teach you. Take my arms that I might reach you" But my

75 words like si-len rain drops fell in the wells of si - lence

And the peo - ple bowes and prayed to the ne - on god they made

79



And the sign flashed out its warm-ing in the words that is was for-ming

83



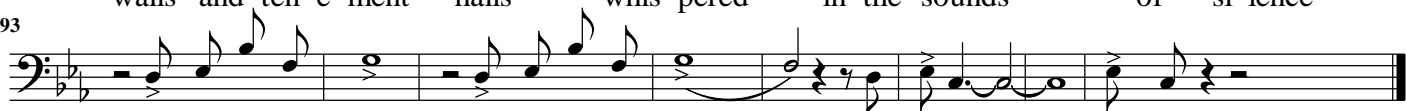
And the signs said, "The words of the proph-ets are writ-ten on the sub-way

86



walls and ten-e-ment halls" whis-pered in the sounds of si-lence

93



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