

The Sound of Silence

Paul Simon

A

Lis-ten to the sound Lis-ten to the sound Lis-ten to the sound of
7
si-lence Hel-lo dark-ness my old friend I've come to talk with you a - gain
13
Be-cause a vi-sion soft-ly creep - ing left its seeds while I was sleep - ing
17
and the vi-sion that was plant-ed in my brain still re - mains with-in the
24
sound of si - lence In rest - less dreams I walked a - lone
29
nar - row streets of cob - bled stone 'Neath the ha - lo of a street lamp
33
I turned my col-lar to the cold and damp when my eyes were stabbed by the
37
flash of a ne-on light that split the night and touched the sound of si - lence.
44
saw may be more with-out spea-king Peo-ple with-out lis-ten-ing Oh
54
Oh Dis-turb the sound si-lence. "Fools"" said I, "you do not know
61
si - lence, like a can - cer, grows. Hear my words that I might teach you.
65
Take my arms that I might reach you" But my words like si-len rain drops fell
72
in the wells of si - lence And the peo-ple bowes and prayed to the ne-on god they

78
made 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" And whis-pered in the sounds in the sounds of si-lence

93
Lis-ten to the sound Lis-ten to the sound sound of si-lence si-lence