

The Sound of Silence

Paul Simon

T
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 and the
18
vi - sion that was plant-ed in my brain still re - mains with-in the sound
25
of si-lence a - lone cob-bled stone of a street lamp I to the cold damp
35
when my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne-on light that split the night
40
and touched the sound of si - lence. And in then na-ked light I saw
45
ten thou - sand peo - ple, may be more. Peo - ple talk - ing with - out spea - king
49
pep-ple hear-ing with-out lis-ten-ing Peo-ple writ-ing songs that voic-es ne-ver
54
share and no one dare si - lence. "Fools"" said I, "you do
62
like a can-cer, grows. Hear my words that I might teach you. Take my arms that I might
66
reach you" But my words like si-len rain drops fell in the wells of
74
si - lence And the peo-ple bowes and prayed to the ne-on god they made

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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

94
Lis-ten to the sound Lis-ten to the sound of si-lence si-lence