

The Sounds of Silence

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(Paul Simon 1964)

Intro: [Am]/// ///

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

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

And in the naked light I [G] saw ///
Ten thousand people, maybe [Am] more ///
People [C] talking with[F]out spea[C]king //
People hearing with[F]out list[C]ening //
People writing [F] songs, that voices never [C] shared //
And no-one [Am] dare /// ///
Disturb the [G] sounds /// of [Am] silence ///

Fools, said I, you do not [G] know ///
Silence like a cancer [Am] grows ///
Hear my [C] words, that [F] I teach [C] you //
Take my arms that I [F] might reach out to [C] you //
But my [F] words // like silent raindrops [C] fell ///
[Am] And echoed /// ///
In the [G] wells /// of [Am] silence ///

And the people bowed and [G] prayed ///
To the neon god they'd [Am] made ///
And the [C] sign flashed [F] its war[C]-ning //
In the words that it [F] was for[C]-ming //, and the sign said
The [F] words of the prophets are written on the subway [C] walls //
And tenement [Am] halls /// ///
And (SLOW) [G] whispered // in the sounds /// of [Am] silence / / /

