

117. SOUND OF SILENCE

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

F#m E
In restless dreams I walked alone
F#m
Narrow streets of cobblestone,
F#m D A
'Neath the halo of a street lamp,
F#m D A
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
D
When my eyes were stabbed
A
by the flash of a neon light

F#m
That split the night
E F#m
And touched the sound of silence.

F#m E
And in the naked light I saw
F#m
Ten thousand people, maybe more.

D A
People talking without speaking,
F#m D A
People hearing without listening,
D A
People writing songs that voices never share
F#m
And no one dare
E F#m
Disturb the sound of silence.

F#m E
Fools said I, you do not know
F#m
Silence like a cancer grows.

D A
Hear my words that I might teach you
F#m D A
Take my arms that I might reach you
D A
But my words like silent raindrops fell
F#m E F#m
And echoed in the wells of silence

F#m E
And the people bowed and prayed
F#m
To the neon God they made.
D A
And the sign flashed out its warning,
F#m D A
In the words that it was forming.
D
And the sign said, the words of the prophets
A
Are written on the subway walls
F#m
And tenement halls.
E F#m
And whispered in the sounds of silence.