

The Sound of Silence – Simon & Garfunkle

Moderately

(1.) Hel - lo dark-ness, my old friend.

I've come to talk with you a - gain, Be - cause a vi - sion soft - ly

creep - ing, left its seeds while I was sleep - ing,

And the vi - sion that was plant - ed in my brain still re -

mains with - in The Sound Of

Si - lence.

(2.) In rest - less dreams I walked a - lone

(3.) And in the nak - ed light I saw

nar - row streets of cob - ble - stone, ten thou - sand peo - ple, may - be more.

'Neath the ha - lo of a Peo - ple talk - ing with - out

street lamp - ing, I turned my col - lar to the cold and damp - peo - ple hear - ing with - out lis - ten - ing

Bb F

When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light that split the
Peo - ple writ - ing songs that voi - ces nev - er share and no one

Dm F C Dm

night dare and touched The Sound Of Si - lence.
dis - turb The Sound Of Si - lence.

Dm C Dm

(4.) "Fools!" said I, "You do not know si - lence like a can - cer grows."

F Bb F

"Hear my words that I might teach you, Take my arms that I might

Bb F Bb

reach you."

F Dm F C

But my words like si - lent rain - drops
fell, and ech - oed in the wells of

Dm C

si - lence. (5.) And the peo - ple bowed and prayed

Dm F

to the ne - on god they made. And the sign flashed out its

Bb F Bb F

warn - ing. — In the words that it was form - ing. —

Bb

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

F Dm F

walls — and ten - e - ment halls" And whis - per'd — in The

C Dm

Sounds Of Si - lence. —

Dm C F Bb

Dm C F Bb