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135

# THE SOUND OF SILENCE

(Am^4)

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HELLO DARKNESS, MY OLD FRIEND, ----- I'VE COME TO TALK WITH YOU AGAIN  
 BECAUSE A VISION SOFTLY CREEPING, -----LEFT IT'S SEEDS WHILE I WAS SLEEPING  
 AND THE VISION THAT WAS PLANTED IN MY BRAIN - STILL REMAINS - -  
 WITHIN THE SOUND OF SILENCE.

IN RESTLESS DREAMS I WALKED ALONE, NARROW STREETS OF COBBLESTONE  
 NEATH THE HALO OF A STREET LAMP, I TURNED MY COLLAR TO THE COLD AND DAMP  
 WHEN MY EYES WERE STABBED BY THE FLASH OF A NEON LIGHT THAT SPLIT THE NIGHT  
 AND TOUCHED THE SOUND OF SILENCE.

AND IN THE NAKED LIGHT I SAW -----TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE, MAYBE MORE  
 PEOPLE TALKING WITHOUT SPEAKING, PEOPLE HEARING WITHOUT LISTENING  
 PEOPLE WRITING SONGS THAT VOICES NEVER SHARE - AND NO ONE DARE ----  
 DISTURB THE SOUND OF SILENCE.

"FOOLS", I SAID, "YOU DO NOT KNOW - SILENCE LIKE A CANCER GROWS  
 HEAR MY WORDS THAT I MIGHT TEACH YOU--TAKE MY ARMS THAT I MIGHT REACH YOU"  
 BUT MY WORDS LIKE SILENT RAINDROPS FELL, AND ECHOED ---  
 IN THE WELLS OF SILENCE.

AND THE PEOPLE BOWED AND PRAYED - TO THE NEON GOD THEY MADE  
 AND THE SIGN FLASHED OUT IT'S WARNING, IN THE WORDS THAT IT WAS FORMING  
 AND THE SIGN SAID "THE WORDS OF THE PROPHETS ARE WRITTEN ON THE SUBWAY WALLS, AND TENEMENT HALLS"  
 AND WHISPERED IN THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE.