

The sound of silence · Simon and Garfunkel

lam Sol hello darkness, my old friend
lam I've come to talk with you again
Do Fa Do because a vision softly creeping,
Fa Do left its seeds while I was sleeping
Fa and the vision that was planted
Do lam in my brain still remains
Sol lam with the sounds 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 touch the sound of silence

and in the naked light I saw
ten thousand people may be 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! said I 'you do not know
silence like a cancer grows'
'hear my words that I might reach you,
take my arms that I might reach you'
but my words like silent
rain-drops fell and echoed
in the wells of silence

and people bowed and prayed
to the neon god they made

and the sign flashed out its warning
in the words that I was forming
and the signs said: 'the words
of the prophets are written on
the subway walls and tenement halls'
and whispered
in the sound of silence

