

Count in 1,2,3,4,

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

[NC] In restless dreams I walked a-[G]lone, narrow streets of cobble-[Am]stone.

`Neath the halo of a [F] street [C] lamp,
I turned my collar to the [F] cold and [C] damp,
When my [F] eyes were stabbed by the [F/C] flash of a neon [C] light, that split
the [Am] night and touched the [G] sound of [Am] silence.

[NC] And in the naked light I [G] saw, ten thousand people, maybe [Am] more,
People talking without [F] spea-[C]king,
[Am] People hearing wi-[F]thout [C] listening,
People writing [F] songs that [F/C] voices never [C] share,
And no-one [Am] dare disturb the [G] sounds of [Am] silence.

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

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