Capo IV

Am % % **G** % Hello darkness my old friend I've come to talk with you again % Because a vision softly creeping % Left its seeds while I was sleeping And the vision that was planted in my brain Am C **G** % Still remains, within the Sound of Silence. Am % G

In restless dreams I walked alone
% % Am %

Narrow streets of cobble-stones
% F C %

Neath the halo of a street lamp
C % F C %

I turned my collar to the cold and damp
F % % % C

When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon ligth
% Am C G % Am %

That split the night, and touched the Sound of Silence.

Am % G %

And in the naked light I saw
% % Am %

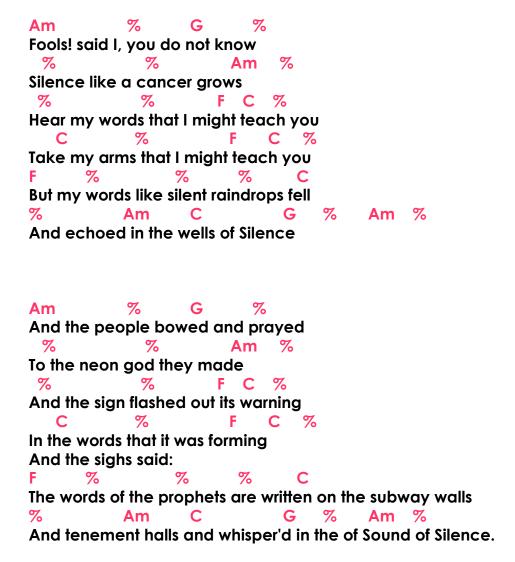
Ten thousand people maybe more
% % F C %

People talking without speaking
C % F C %

People hearing without listening
F % % %

People writing songs that voices never share
% Am C G % Am %

No one dare, disturb the Sound of Silence.



FIN.