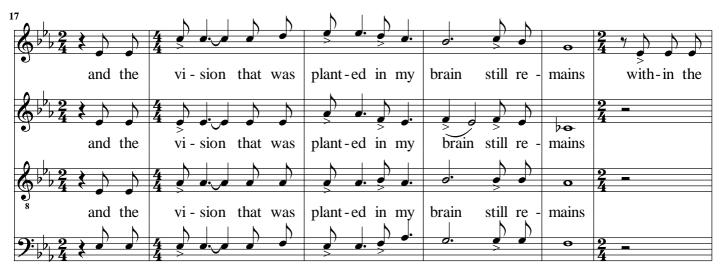
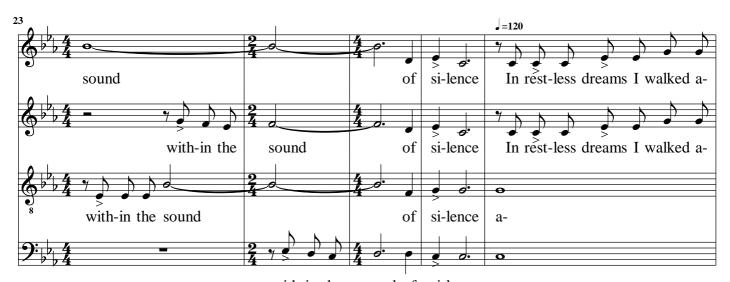
The Sound of Silence

Paul Simon

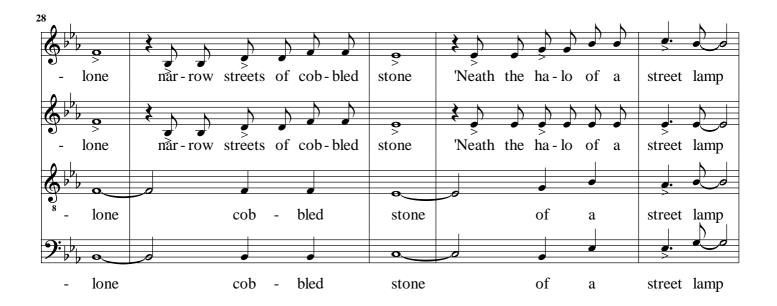


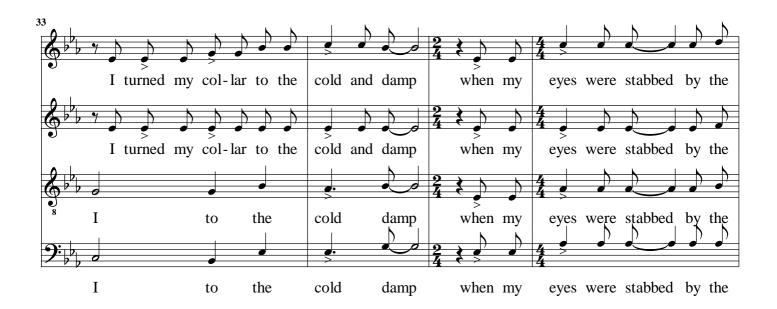


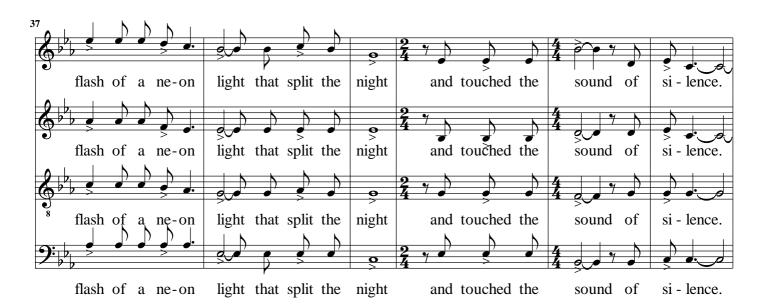
and the vi-sion that was plant-ed in my brain still re-mains

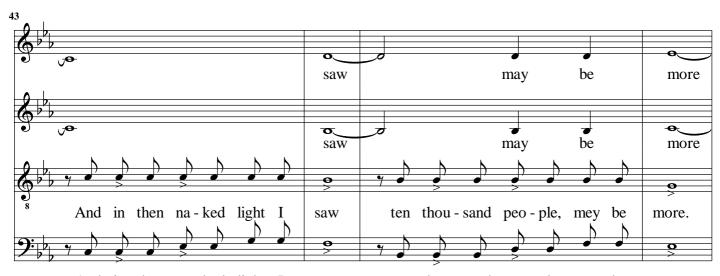


with-in the sound of si-lence a-

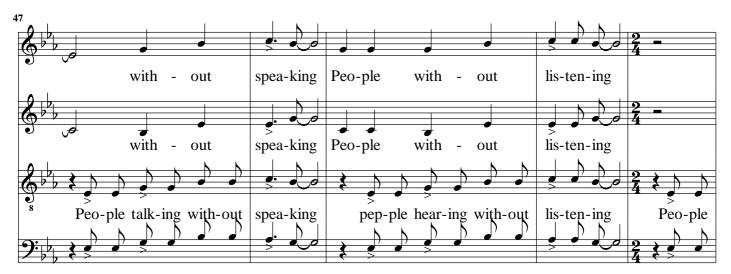






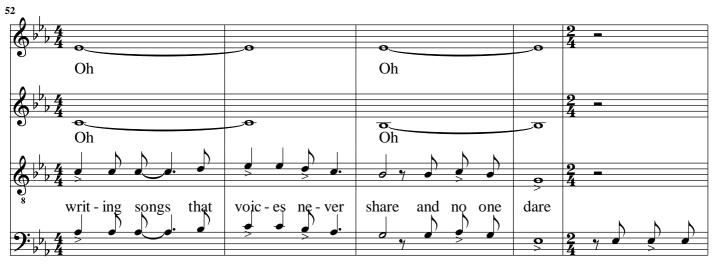


And in then na-ked light I saw ten thou-sand peo-ple, may be more.

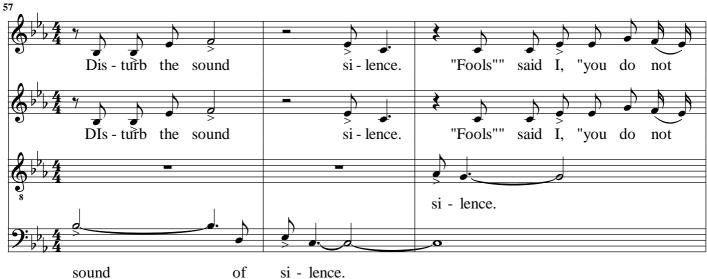


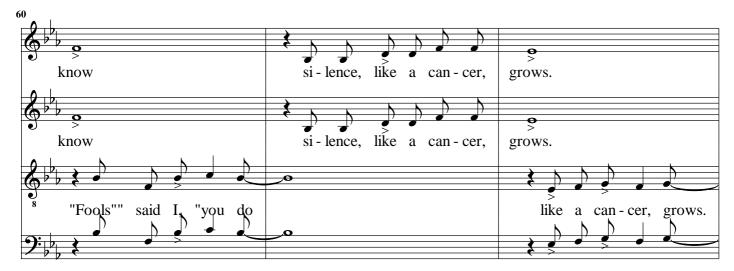
Peo-ple talk-ing with-out spea-king

pep-ple hear-ing with-out lis-ten-ing Peo-ple



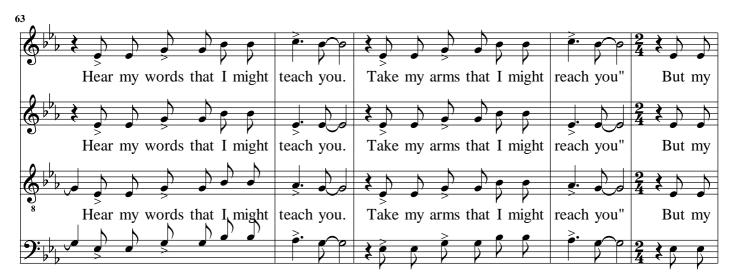
writ - ing songs and no one DIs-turb the that voic - es ne - ver share dare



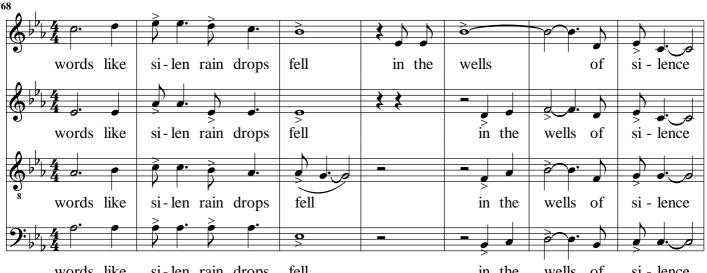


"Fools"" said I, "you do

like a can-cer, grows.

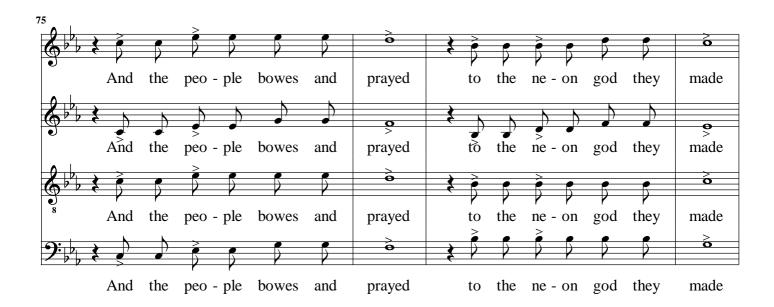


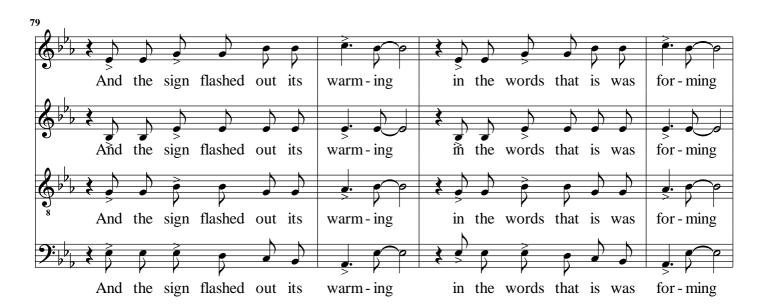
Hear my words that I might teach you. Take my arms that I might reach you" But my

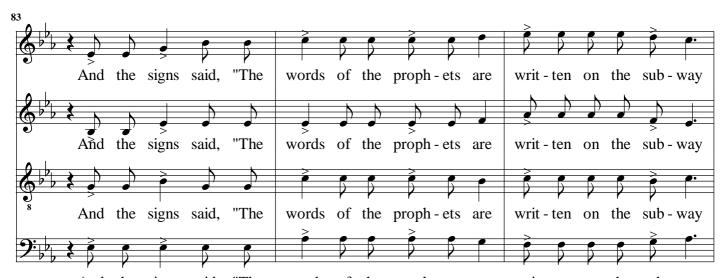


words like fell si-len rain drops

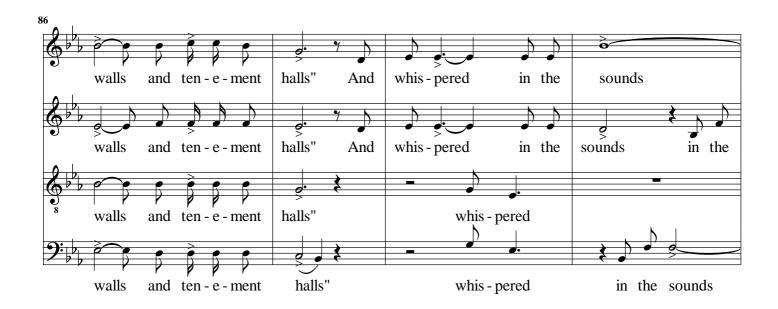
in the wells of si - lence

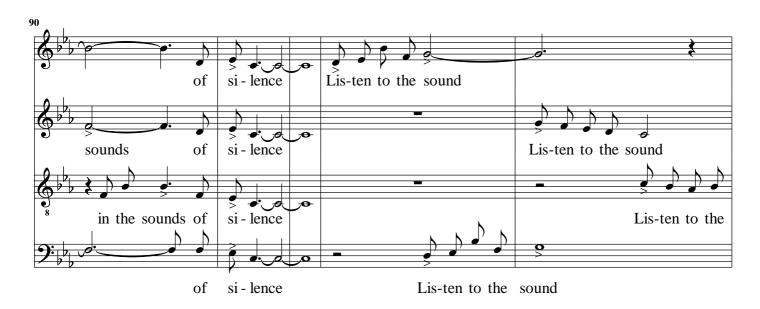


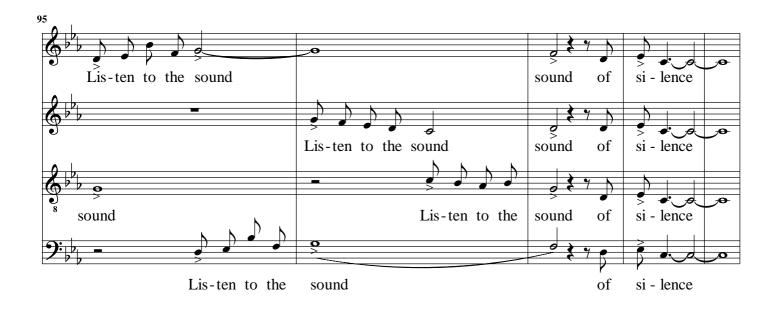


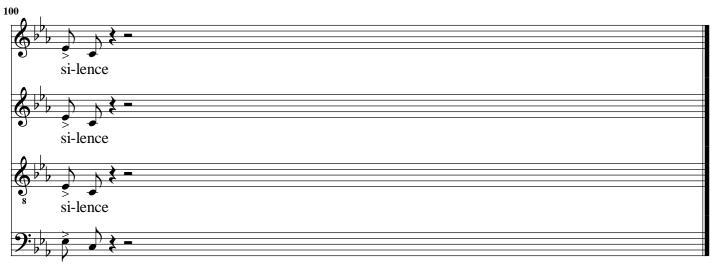


And the signs said, "The words of the proph-ets are writ-ten on the sub-way









si-lence