Hello darkness my old friend
I've come to talk to you again
Because a vision softly creeping
Left its seeds while I was sleeping
And the
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 dared
Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools" said I, "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 its 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 whisper'd in the sounds of silence...