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SOMEWHERE THEY CAN'T FIND ME • WE'VE GOT A GROOVEY THING GOIN' • BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES
SPECIAL "FAKE" SECTION \$2.50

SOUNDS OF SILENCE

Words and Music by
PAUL SIMON

Moderato

Hel-lo dark-ness my old friend, I've come to talk with you a-

gain, Be-cause a vi-sion soft-ly creep - ing, left its seeds while I was

sleep - ing, And the vi-sion that was plant-ed in my brain

still re-mains with-in the sound of si-lence.

P

(Melody)

Chord diagrams: Dm, C, Dm, F, Bb, F, Bb, F, Dm, F, C, Dm.

Dm C Dm

(2.) In rest-less dreams I walked a-lone through nar-row streets of cob-ble-stone,
 (3.) And in the nak-ed light I saw ten thou-sand peo-ple may-be more.

mp

F Bb F Bb F

Be-neath the ha-lo of a street lamp, — I turned my col-lar to the cold and damp —
 Peo-ple talk-ing with-out speak-ing, — peo-ple hear-ing with-out lis-ten-ing —

Bb F

When my eyes were stabbed — by the flash of a ne-on light — split the night —
 Peo-ple writ-ing songs — that voi-ces nev-er shared — no one dared —

Dm F C Dm Dm C

— and touched the sound of si-lence. — (4.) "Fools!" said I "You do not know
 dis-turb the sound of si-lence. —

Dm F Bb F

si-lence 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 si-lent rain-drops fell, and

ech-ood — in the wells of si-lence. — (5.) And the peo-ple bowed and prayed

to the ne-on god they made. And the sign flashed out its warn-ing... In the words that it was

form-ing, — And the signs said "The words of the proph-ets are writ-ten on the sub-way walls — and ten-e-ment

halls" And whis-per — in the Sounds Of Si-lence. —

SOUNDS OF SILENCE

By PAUL SIMON

1. ^{Dm} Hello ^C darkness my old friend, I've come to talk with you again, ^{Dm F}
^{Bb F} Because a vision softly creeping, left its seeds while I was sleeping, ^{Bb F}
^{Bb} And the vision that was planted in my brain still remains within the sound of silence. ^{F Dm F C Dm}
2. ^C In restless dreams I walked alone through narrow streets of cobblestone, ^{Dm F}
^{Bb F} Beneath the halo of a street lamp, I turned my collar to the cold and damp ^{Bb F}
^{Bb} When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light split the night ^{F Dm F}
^{C Dm} And touched the sound of silence.
3. ^C And in the naked light I saw ten thousand people maybe more, ^{Dm F}
^{Bb F} People talking without speaking, people hearing without listening ^{Bb F}
^{Bb} People writing songs that voices never shared no one dared disturb the sound of silence. ^{F Dm F C Dm}
4. ^C "Fools!" said I "You do not know silence like a cancer grows." ^{Dm F}
^{Bb F} "Hear my words that I might teach you, take my arms that I might reach you." ^{Bb F}
^{Bb} But my words like silent raindrops fell, and echoed in the wells of silence. ^{F Dm F C Dm}
5. ^C And the people bowed and prayed to the neon god they made. ^{Dm F}
^{Bb F} And the sign flashed out its warning. In the words that it was forming, ^{Bb F}
^{Bb} And the signs said "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls ^F
^{Dm F C Dm} And tenement halls". And whisper in the Sounds Of Silence.

Somewhere They Can't Find Me

PAUL SIMON

1. I can hear the soft breath-ing of the girl that I love As she lies here be-
 2. Oh ba-by, you don't know what I've done. I've com-mit - ted a
 3. Oh my life seems un - re - al, my crime an il - lu - sion, A - scene bad - ly

side me a - sleep with the night. Her hair in a fine mist and just
 crime, I've brok - en the law. While you were here sleep - ing I know it's
 writ - ten in which I must play. And though it puts me up tight to leave you,

floats on my pil - low, Re - flect - ing the glow of the win - ter moon - light. But I've got to
 dream - ing of me, I held up and robbed a liqu - or store,
 not right to leave you, When morn - ing is just a few hours a - way.

creep down the al - ley - way, fly down the high - way, Be - fore they come to
 catch me I'll be gone. — Some - where — they can't find me.

Chords: Gm, F, Gm, D7, Gm, Eb, D7, CHORUS, Bb, Gm, F, Gm, C, Gm, Eb, D7, Bb, Gm, D.C.

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Sounds Of Silence

PAUL SIMON

Hel-lo dark-ness my old friend, I've come to talk with you a - gain, Be-cause a vi - sion soft-ly
 saw ten thou-sand peo-ple may-be more. — Peo-ple talk-ing with-out

creep-ing left its seeds while I was sleep-ing, And the vi - sion — that was plant-ed in my brain-
 speak-ing, peo-ple hear - ing with-out list -'ning, Peo-ple writ-ing songs that voic-es nev-er shared,

— still re - mains, — with-in the sound of si - lence. — 2. In rest - less dreams I walked a -
 — no one dared — dis - turb the sound of si - lence. — 4. "Fools!" said I, "You do not

lone through nar-row streets of cob-ble stone. Be-neath the ha - lo of a street lamp,
 know — si-lence like a can-cer grows." "Hear my words that I might teach you,

I turned my col - lar to the cold and damp, When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne - on light, —
 — Take my arms that I might reach - you." But my words — like — si - lent — rain-drops fell, —

— split the night, — and touched the sound of si - lence — 3. And in the na-ked light I
 — and ech-oed in the wells of si - lence — 5. And the peo-ple bowed and prayed — to the ne-on god they

made. — And the sign flashed out its warn-ing, In the words that it was form-ing, And the signs said "The words of the prophets are
 writ - ten on the sub-way walls — and ten - e - ment halls," and whis - per — in the Sounds Of Si - lence. —

Chords: Dm, C, Dm, F, Bb, F, Bb, F, Dm, F, C, Dm, C, Dm, F, Bb, F, Bb, F, Bb, Dm, F, Dm, F, C, Dm.

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