

Words & Music by Paul Simon

1 3 5 1 2

Hel - lo dark- ness, my old friend.

1 3 5 1 2

I've come to talk with you a -

4 Dm

4 2

8

- gain,

1 4

1

2 1 4 1

B \flat

5 1

F

be - cause a vi - sion soft - ly creep - ing,

3 5

7

B^b F

left its seeds while I was sleep - ing, and the

2/4 4/4

10

B \flat

5 1

3

5 1 4 1 3 1

F

2 1

5 3 4 2

Dm

2 1

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

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14 F C Dm

with-in the sound of si - lence. In rest-less dreams I walked a -

2

18 C Dm

- lone, nar-row streets of cob-ble - stone. 'Neath the ha - lo of a

2

22 Bb F Bb F

— street lamp, I turned my col - lar to the cold and damp, when my

26 Bb F Dm/F

eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne-on light that split the night,

30 F C Dm

and touched the sound of si - lence.